

**Comment
of the
day**

KUWAIT

KUWAIT must lay claim to the doubtful record of being the first state in the world to become involved in an international dispute within a week of gaining freedom.

Britain had no sooner given up its protective rights than General Kassem decided that Iraq had a proprietary interest in the oil-rich sheikdom.

Control over the sheikdom's international affairs was meant to safeguard the United Kingdom's investments.

Imperialism, as far as Britain is concerned, is now only a word in the Communist vocabulary and the fact that Kuwait has been given entire freedom of action gives the lie to Red allegations.

Unfortunately, there is imperialism of another sort and this has clearly been demonstrated by General Kassem.

Russian influence has been strong in Baghdad ever since the bloody uprising in mid-1958 which overthrew Iraq's Hashemite monarchy.

The Communists have been attempting to gain more control over the country, but General Kassem managed to keep them at arms length.

The new situation in the Arab world may bring Moscow strongly on to the side of the Baghdad regime, distract attention from Berlin and strengthen the Kremlin's hand once more in Iraq.

But an odd situation has now developed. The Arab nations have rallied to Kuwait's cause. Britain and the United States are with the Sheik and Mr Chou En-lai sends his greetings.

Surely this is the most curious line-up of nations in many years. It is understandable that the Arab nations are affronted, the British and the Americans join hands, but to have Peking in the same ranks only seems to point to a further widening of Sino-Russian differences.

Volunteers reinforce small defence force WAR THREAT TO KUWAIT

Iraqi army said ordered to move towards border

Kuwait, June 30.
Kuwait tonight armed tough Bedouin tribesmen and officials announced "we are ready to meet any aggression."

Assistant Secretary of State Talate Hussein told newsmen after a long conference at Security Headquarters that volunteers flocking in from the desert have been given rifles to form a sort of national guard.

They will reinforce Kuwait's small but well equipped defence force estimated at one brigade. Hussein said defence was the sole topic of the ruling Sheik's conference with top advisers and local sheiks from outlying regions.

He added British political agent John Richmond today once more assured the Kuwaiti government Britain is ready to send aid if needed.

This weekend
Hussein said he and other top officials still do not know whether the Sheik had asked the British to send in military help.

He added Iraqi tanks which were sighted on the border since Iraqi Premier Kassem staged his claim to Kuwait on Sunday have made no further move.

Asked about Washington reports that the State Department had warned Britain to expect an Iraqi attack on Kuwait this weekend, Hussein said "All we know about that is what we've heard on the radio."

Great concern
In Cairo, the U.A.R. Government has received reports that the Iraqi army has been ordered to move towards Kuwait's borders. It was officially stated tonight.

The statement was made by UAR Minister of State Abdel Kader Hatem. He said the reports of Iraqi Army moves had been received through "different UAR sources," adding that "some Iraqi circles were seriously considering the possibility of military intervention" in Kuwait. He said the UAR was following developments with "great concern."

It was reported from Washington that the United States has told Iraq that it trusts the Baghdad Government will use only "peaceful means" in pressing its claim to Kuwait. The State Department said today.

British troops stand by in Kenya

Nairobi, June 30.
All leave has been cancelled for troops of the British 24th Infantry Brigade in Kenya which is on a "stand-by" to go to Kuwait.

A rugby match in which a combined services team was due to take part tomorrow has been put off.

SIGNS

Military signs appeared on main roads in Nairobi today.

An East Africa command spokesman said this was a precautionary measure and that the signs were intended to direct troops from up-country through the city to the airport.

But there has been no movement of troops from up-country so far.

Air Commodore J. G. MacDonald, Senior Royal Air Force officer in East Africa, said today that aircraft and crews were standing by to help if required in Kuwait.—*Reuters*.

Two satellites didn't part

Washington, June 30.
The U.S. Navy said today there were indications that two of the three satellites launched together early yesterday by a single rocket had not separated from each other.

But the third satellite, the Navy's experimental "Transit IV-A," with a nuclear-powered battery aboard, had separated from the other two and was "working perfectly," the Navy said.

It said that signals from "injury" and "G" the other two satellites, indicated that they had not come apart on their orbits as planned. They were therefore working at reduced efficiency.—*Reuters*.

Message to Laos commission

Geneva, June 30.
Britain and the Soviet Union are close to agreement on the draft of a message they plan to send about the supply of equipment to the International Control Commission in Laos, authoritative sources said here tonight.

The sources said Mr Malcolm MacDonald and Mr Georgi Pushkin, British and Soviet co-chairmen of the 14-power Laos conference, made "progress" on the drafting of the message at a 90-minute meeting tonight.

Agreement on its final text may be reached during the next few days, "possibly even tomorrow," the sources added.

The sources said today's discussion was based on a "common draft document." This is a synthesis of separate messages drafted earlier by the British and Soviet delegations.

The commission, which is "polishing" the cease-fire in Laos, is composed of India, Canada and Poland.—*Reuters*.

KILLER SENT TO MENTAL HOME FOR 40 YEARS

Bristol, June 30.
A judge ordered here yesterday that a 26-year-old former mental patient found guilty of manslaughter, should be detained in a mental hospital for 40 years.

Ronald Derek Sowle, who has been in mental homes almost continuously since 1940, was found not guilty of the murder of an 18-year-old schoolgirl in a local beauty spot near here but guilty of manslaughter.

Sowle, who collapsed three times while giving evidence, had left a mental home on the day the girl, Diana Locke, was found strangled.

TWO DOCTORS

The judge made his order after seeing an assurance from two doctors that if he made it, Sowle would be "kept there and not let out."

They said Sowle was suffering from severe sub-normality warranting his detention and they did not think any improvement likely in the foreseeable future.

The judge, ordering Sowle's detention, said he hoped the most searching inquiry would be made into the circumstances in which Sowle was released before the crime took place.—*China Mail Special*.

STORM MOVING TOWARDS TAIWAN

The Royal Observatory reports that at 7 am today tropical storm Loris was centred near 22 degrees North, 122.2 degrees East, that is about 440 miles south of Hongkong and was moving towards the southern tip of Taiwan at 8 knots.

A secondary centre of low pressure has formed in the Taiwan Straits about 270 miles east of Hongkong.

Rochdale welcomes new cotton move

London, June 30.
Lord Rochdale, Chairman of the Cotton Board, said tonight that he welcomes the news, as reported from Hongkong, that the British Government had asked the local textile industry to accept an 11-month extension of the voluntary limitation of exports to Britain.

He said that discussions with the Hongkong Government on renewing this undertaking, it expires at the end of next January, had not been very fruitful.

Hongkong's reluctance to discuss any long-term agreement was understandable in the light of the Geneva talks in July on trade in cotton textiles and also in the light of the awaited decision by Britain over the Common Market.

SERIOUSLY AFFECTED

"Nevertheless," he said "I have left the government in no doubt whatever that as a result of the growing uncertainty as to what may happen next year when the Hongkong understanding is due to end — which would mean the ending of the Indian and Pakistan agreements also — trade for the future is being most seriously affected, and, equally important, the whole success of the government's re-equipment scheme is dangerously in the balance."

"Against this background I welcome the government's proposals because I am convinced that this interim arrangement should engender the confidence which is now so lacking and which would be further sustained by a subsequent long-term understanding on the lines foreshadowed in the statement from the Hongkong government"—*AFP*.

GERMAN ISSUE

Western nations draft reply to Russia

Washington, June 30.
The United States and three Western allies conferred here today and agreed on the broad outline of a reply to the Soviet Union's pressure for a German settlement by the end of the year.

Diplomats of the Western nations, which have pledged to keep their rights in West Berlin even if Moscow signs a separate peace treaty with East Germany, met for an hour at the State Department.

They discussed the coming US reply to the aide memoir on Berlin which Mr Nikita Khrushchev handed to President Kennedy at the end of their meetings in Vienna earlier this month.

The diplomats were Mr Foy Kohler, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, Lord Hood, the British Minister, Mr. Alphand, the French Ambassador, and Mr. Wilhelm Grewe, the West German Ambassador.

NEXT WEEK

Mr Alphand told reporters after the meeting that there was general agreement about the terms of the U.S. reply.

Mr Grewe said the note was almost completely drafted and he expected it would be sent to the members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation probably next week and then despatched to Moscow.

He said that only technicalities remained to be worked out in the note.

He added that the four powers had agreed on the substance of the note.—*Reuters*.

8 DEGREES JUMP TEMPERATURE HITS 85 IN BRITAIN!

London, June 30.
One of Britain's hottest months in recent years ended appropriately today with the highest temperature for four years.

By mid-afternoon the thermometer had reached 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

This was eight degrees warmer than the same time yesterday.

In the House of Commons steeped in afternoon tradition, members of parliament peeled off their jackets for a debate on cereals.

High court counsel abandoned their wigs to address shirt sleeves juries.

Crowds of students and off-duty adults rushed for swimming pools, lidos and seaside resorts. Thousands made early starts to their annual holiday as the warm sunshine caused the tar surface of many roads to melt.

COLLAPSED

At the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships, arm-balance men treated over 100 spectators overcome by the heat in two hours. The temperature there rose to 82 degrees Fahrenheit by mid-afternoon.

It was so hot in Birmingham that 1,500 girls working in Cadbury's chocolate factory were sent home for the second consecutive day because the chocolate would not set.

About 30 American airmen at the United States Air Force base at Southorpe in Norfolk collapsed in the heat during their monthly parade today.—*Reuters*.

JUDGE KEEPS COOL

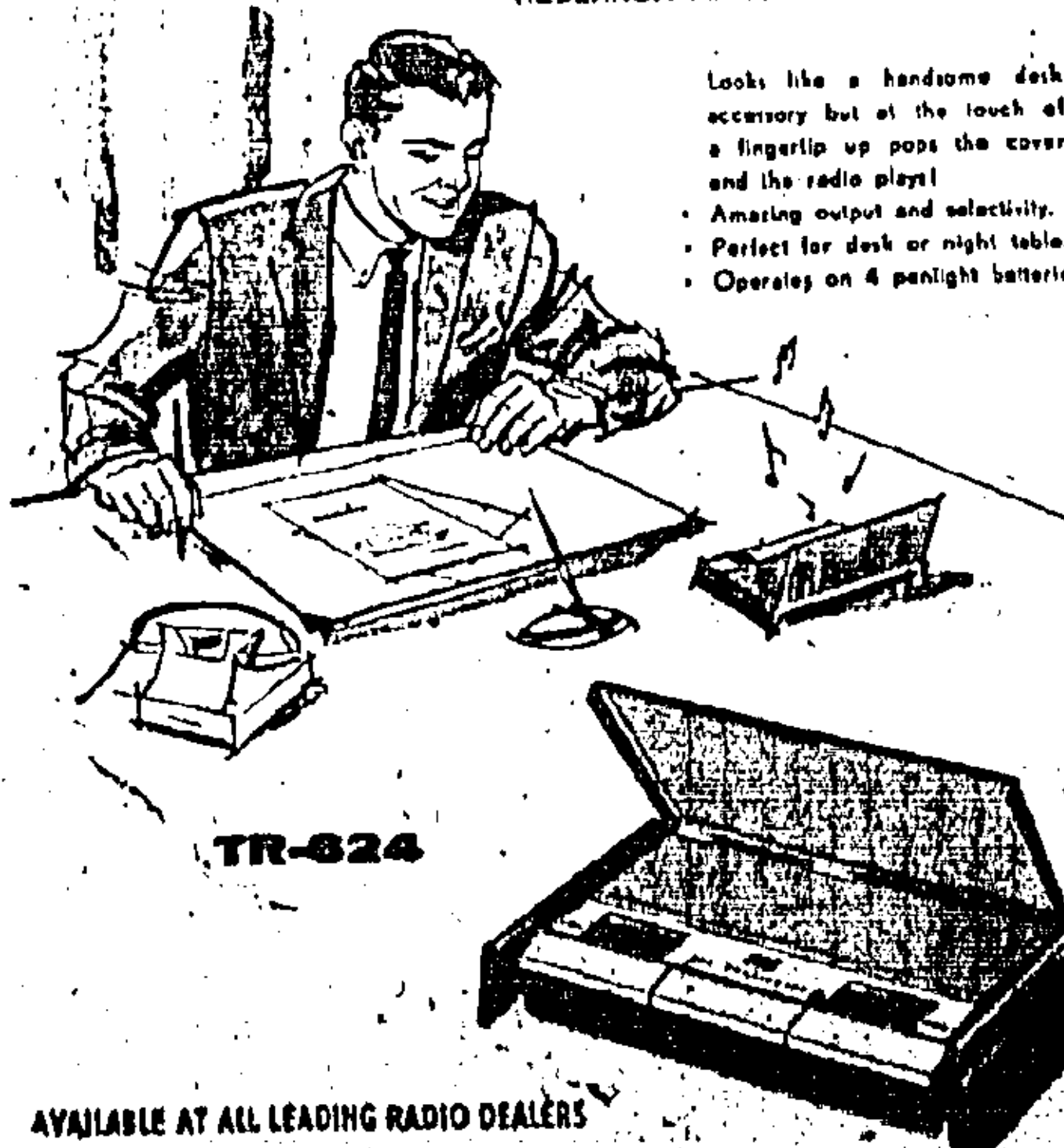
London, June 30.
It got so hot in London today that a judge whipped off his wig.

"It's obviously going to be hot," said Judge Henry Elam, acting chairman of the London sessions. "I intend to remove my wig and counsel are quite at liberty to do the same."

Wigs came off. It was the fourth day in a row that the mercury crawled into the 80s, rare for usually cool London.—*Associated Press*.

SONY

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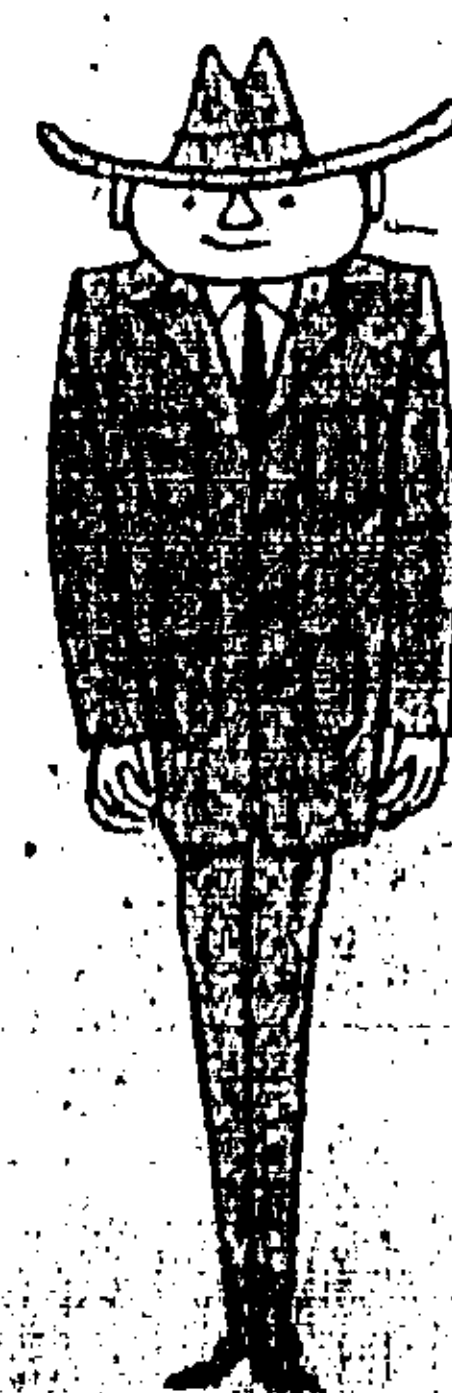
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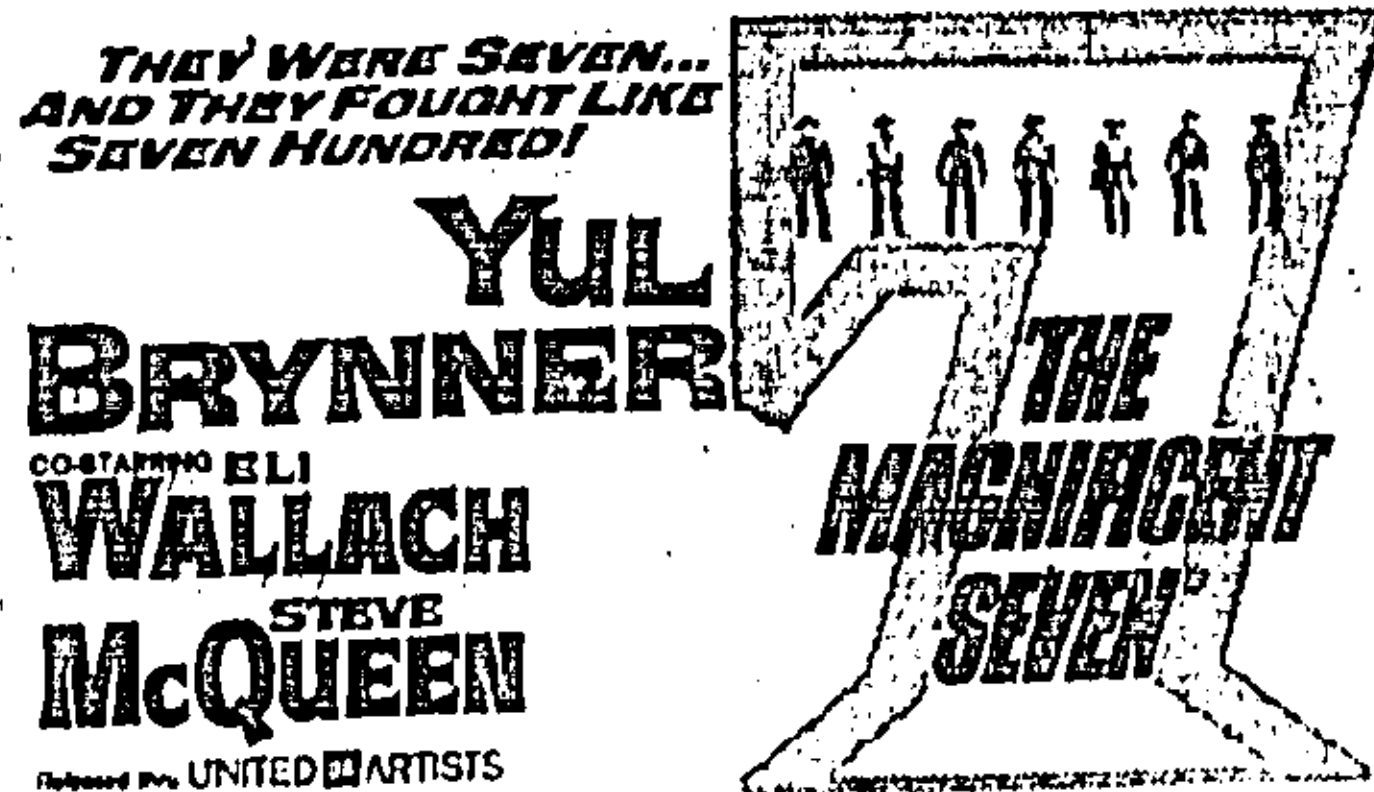
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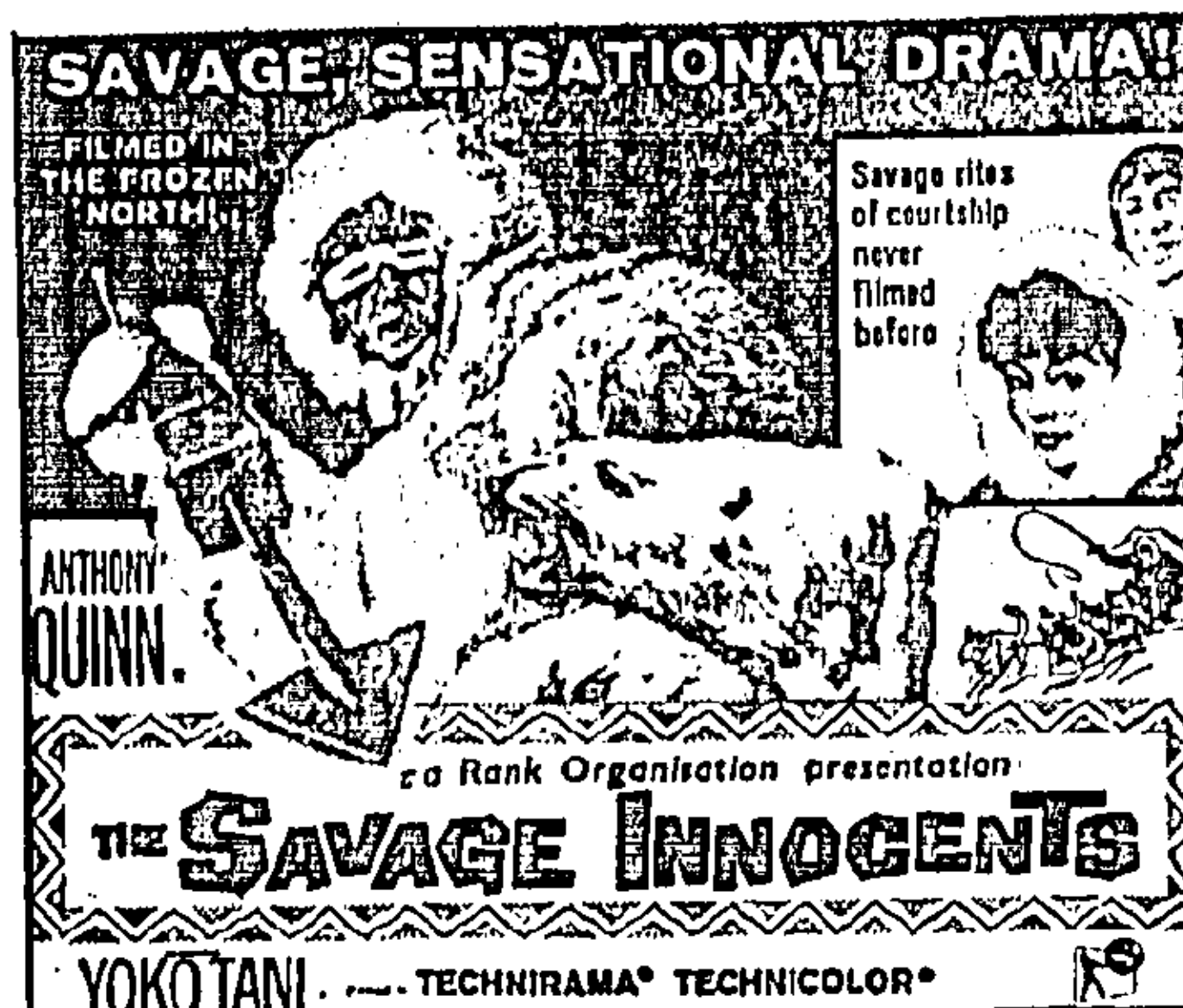


Sunday Morning Shows:
Kings: At 11.00 a.m. Paramount Color Cartoons.
At 12.15 p.m. Burl Ives in "REPARATE TABLES."
Broadway: At 11.00 a.m. Fox Color Cartoons.
At 12.30 p.m. Alan Ladd in "MAN IN THE NET."

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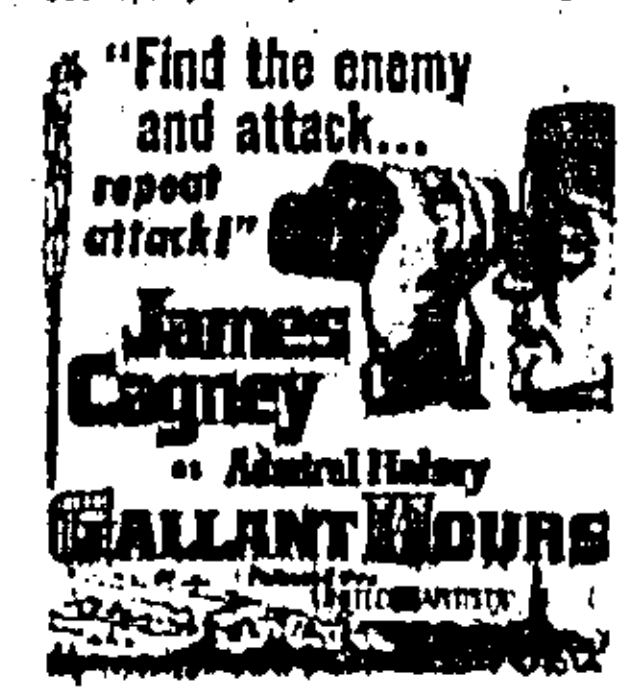
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon Rock HUDSON Doris DAY in "PILLOW TALK" In CinemaScope & Color
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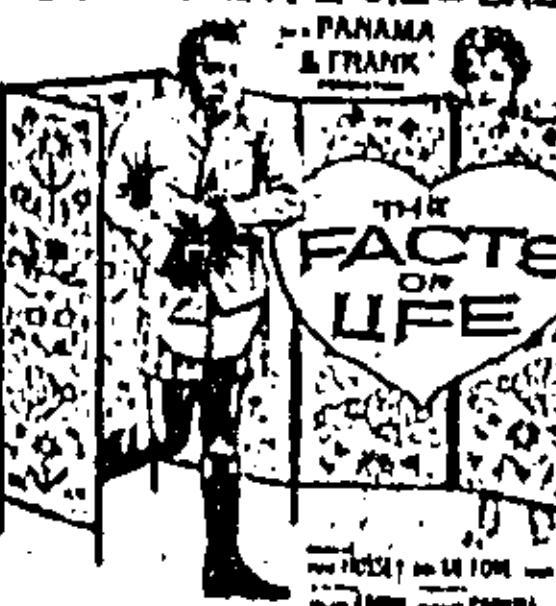
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BOB HOPE in "LUCILLE BALL"



TO-MORROW
"DAY OF THE OUTLAW"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ISABEL HOWARD

"THE SUNDOWNERS" (Lee and Princess). All the qualities on which the Australians pride themselves, as well as their idiosyncracies, are shown in this film.

The background, very well photographed, shows us the arid outback with its uniformity, shocks and isolated farmsteads, bush-land and scrub, with kangaroo, wallaby, kookaburra and the roaming dingoes or wild dogs.

It shows you, under the hard exterior, the humanity of these adventurous people, the Sundowners, who rise and go to sleep with the sun and who have no home.

Deborah Kerr, as usual, gives an impeccable performance. She plays the part of Ida Carmody, roughened by the hard life but sticking to her mate Paddy, played by Robert Mitchum, the embodiment of masculine devil-may-care adventure.

Her son, Sean, superbly played by Michael Anderson, Jr., almost steals the show at times. There is some magnificent riding by both Mitchum and the boy.

Deborah Kerr's role must have tested her endurance but with her enormous flair for changing her personality to suit any role, she manages to look, and sound, like a real "Aussie."

They travel with their 15-year-old son wherever Paddy Carmody can find work; he is a skilled sheep-shearer and many other things besides, and is fond of a good bottle of beer and a game of "Two-Up," at which he often loses his shirt.

Moving

Ida loves him passionately, and in some of the scenes in her tent, the still young and beautiful wife is moving in her unexpected tenderness in a setting of extreme hardship.

Ida longs for security and fears the uncertain future which the kind of life Paddy loves inevitably means. She is specially anxious for their son to have some kind of fixed home and schooling. But Paddy thinks otherwise.

Paddy brings his urbanity and polish to the scene—a welcome contrast force—in the form of another adventurer, an Englishman who has known better days but who is now a sheep drover. He joins forces with the trio and gives a lot of food for thought to young Sean, with his strange and deep philosophy and his kindly adult humour.

This is not lost on the cheery barmaid of an outback hotel, played by Glynis Johns with her usual competent charm.

There are many other fine players in this film, some no doubt, members of the real outback and experts on the sheep farm, which we are shown as it really is, homestead and all. The democratic, good-neighbourly attitude there and the rough and tumble rivalry, the



The normally savage Inuk (Anthony Quinn) with his Eskimo wife (Yoko Tani) admiring their new son. A scene from "The Savage Innocents," a film of life in the Arctic.

like those of all humans but whose worldly knowledge is almost nil.

At home in the wastes of snow, able to spear an animal or build an igloo with the greatest of ease, Inuk (played by Anthony Quinn) is looking for a wife. Quinn gives a fine performance in a difficult part, which required him to play in appalling conditions in the Arctic.

The talented Yoko Tani plays opposite him as his wife and the other characters, few but impressive, are well cast. The opening photograph of an eskimo on a sled far away over the expanse of snow, a black moving spot against dazzling white, indicates at once the promise of the film, which is admirably fulfilled, while a seal speared expertly, the slow red stain of its blood creeping over the snow, sets the note of savagery.

Nostalgic

To anyone who has experienced a bush fire "down under" with its flaming bush, and eerie stillness after the flames have licked the branches bare and died down leaving the smell of ash hanging in the air, this is the very breath of Australia.

And again the blue mountain ranges far beyond the olive green and grey, and the golden fields in the foreground are nostalgic scenes enjoyable specially to those who know these parts, and very beautiful in themselves.

To anyone who is thinking of going to Australia to live, I must confess I think this film might be rather frightening. For that reason—admittedly not an aesthetic one—perhaps a few indications of a more luxurious life and the variety and charm of Australia's more urban communities would have added attraction to the picture.

But for the world of the sheep-farmer, the sport loving Australian race-goer and the striving, adventurous ones, this is a peach of a picture, not to be missed. It gives a valuable commentary, on a most important side of Australian life without which the great cities and the gradually emerging culture of a splendid new country could not have grown up.

The drama of the story is the drama of Australia, with its story of human courage and toil, renewed every morning with the glowing sun.

★ ★ ★
"THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS" (Royal and State). This is a completely satisfying film, with inspired direction and excellent photography.

It tells the simple story of an eskimo and his family whose joys and sorrows are

DETAIL

The innocence of these unspoiled people, with a simple code of their own, is contrasted cleverly with the morals of the "civilised" world, members of whom, penetrating Inuk's snowy stronghold, almost bring him and his family to disaster.

The life of the Eskimos was carefully studied before this film was made and is shown in fascinating detail, while the struggle for survival of animals and men against the terrifying yet beautiful background of walls of ice and snow makes a film which is always interesting and exciting.

The film was adapted from a novel by Hans Ruesch, "The Top of the World," and is directed by Nicholas Ray. It was produced by Walter M. Reuther. An example of a great teamwork, artistry, intelligence and technique.

★ ★ ★
"SEPTEMBER STORM" (Roxy and Majes-

tic). This film has an interesting background of Majorca with some good colour photography by a new method.

Joanne Dru plays the part of a model and cover girl from New York and Paris, vacationing on the Mediterranean island. She meets Joe Balfour (played by Mark Stevens) and his friend Ernie Williams (Robert Strauss) who are setting out on an adventurous journey.

Exciting underwater skirmishes and the adventures of Anne and three men who go looking for treasure in a yacht, provide good entertainment and for those who like adventure stories with drama and romance this scintillating beautiful film is worth a visit.

★ ★ ★

STAR NEWS

Across France Nuyen is to co-star with Lawrence Harvey in "A Girl Named Tamiko," to be filmed in Japan, under the direction of John Sturges.

This film will be based on a romantic drama based on a novel by Ronald Kirkbridge about a Japanese girl who changes the lives of a photographer and an American girl.

Miss Nuyen's elusive quality is said to be perfectly suited to the role of Tamiko.

The screenplay is by Edward Anhalt.

Another star of first quality, Yul Brynner, is to take the lead in a picture to be filmed in a desert area in California, "Escape from Zahrain."

William Holden, Lilli Palmer and Hugh Griffith are filming final scenes in an exciting spy-story set in Sweden, "The Counterfeit Trail."

The film is an adaptation of Alexander Klein's best-seller about a naturalized Swede, Eric Erickson, one of the greatest spies of World War II.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

LEE AND PRINCESS: "The Sundowners"—A story set in Australia with its sun-drenched "Outback". Interesting for the fine acting of the stars, Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum, Peter Ustinov and Glynis Johns.

KING'S AND BROADWAY: "The Magnificent Seven." This is a usual Western starring Yul Brynner, Eli Wallach, and the popular young Horst Buchholz is still running. A story of poor villagers in Mexico and their struggles with invading bandits, in splendid colour. Original and exciting.

ROYAL AND STATE: A contrast here: "The Savage Innocents" of the Arctic North. Stars Anthony Quinn

and Yoko Tani in a warm romance, the background of which was carefully studied and is authentic. This is a moving story of Eskimo life, with the drama of a Polar murder hunt.

ROXY AND MAJESTIC: "September Storm," a drama of adventure and romance in colour, with underwater photography—filmed in Majorca. Starring are Joanne Dru, Mark Stevens and Robert Strauss.

HOOVER AND GALA: "Ben Hur"—the superb award-winning spectacle of the Roman Empire and Jerusalem in the time of Christ continues to draw large audiences.

COMING

LEE AND PRINCESS: "Scarface Mob"—a gangster picture, starring Robert Stack, Keenan Wynn and Barbara Nichols.

KING'S AND BROADWAY: "There was a Crooked Man," a comedy starring Norman Wisdom. Produced by John Bryan and directed by Stuart Burge, with Joan Clarke and Alfred Marks in supporting roles.

ROXY AND MAJESTIC: "Return to Peyton Place," an absorbing story of human life in a small town in New England. Sequel to Grace Metalious's successful "Peyton Place." A cast of important players including the late Jeff Chandler,

Eleanor Parker, and Carol Lynley.

ROYAL AND STATE: "Texas Slaughter," the toughest of the rugged Lawmen called the Texas Rangers. Tom Tryon as the legendary John Slaughter in his many exciting encounters with outlaws. Produced by James Pratt and directed by Henry Keller. Fast moving Western with a romantic interest. Norma Moore takes the part of John Slaughter's wife, Adeline.

HOOVER AND GALA: "Ben Hur" will continue for some weeks but among films expected to follow it is "Morgan the Pirate," starring Steve Reeves, an exciting adventure story,

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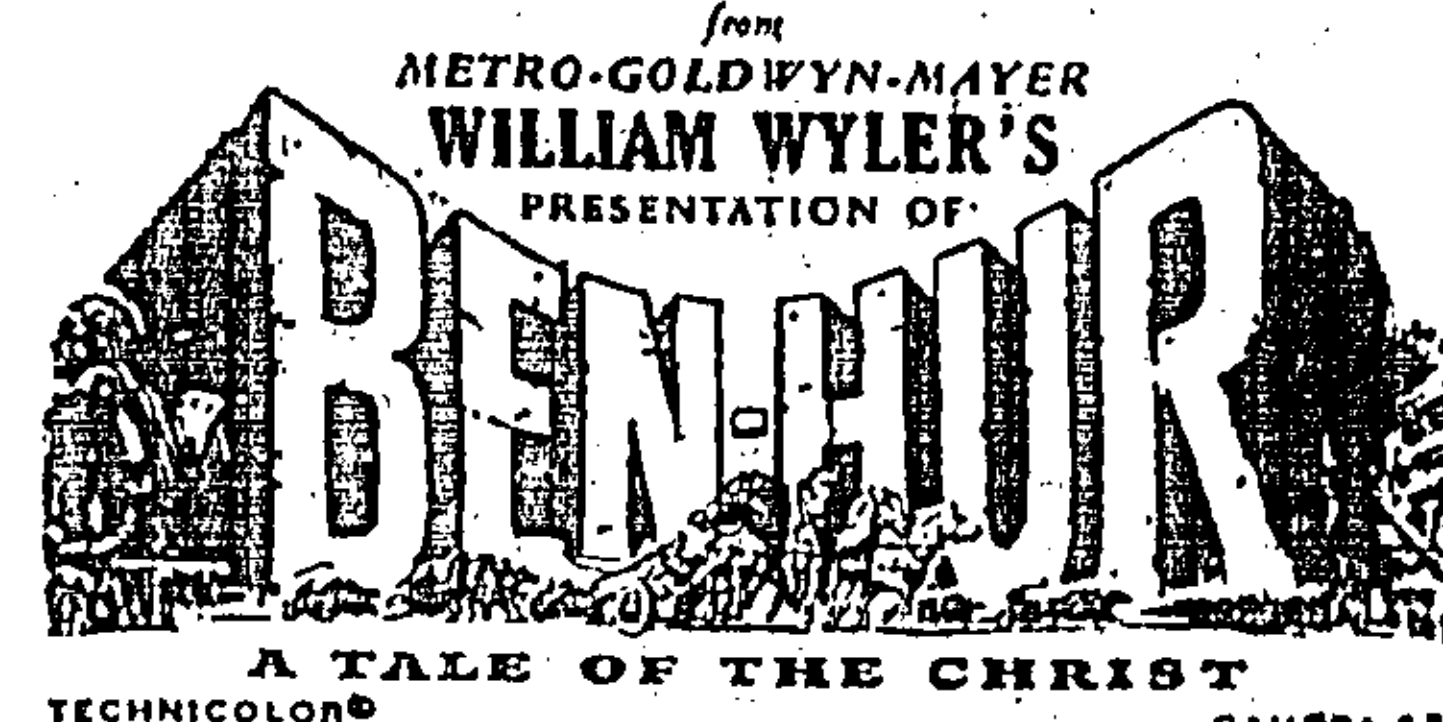
PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m. Paramount COLOR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. "A WOMAN LIKE SATAN"

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12.30 p.m. Sal Mineo in "A PRIVATE AFFAIR"
Hoover 11.00 a.m. Walt Disney's COLOR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Robert Mitchum in "ANGRY HILLS"

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CONDITIONAL AGREEMENT
REACHED IN U.S. STRIKE

POWERS FOR ABEL?

America, Russia
said planning
exchange of spies

New York, June 30.

The New York World-Telegram and Sun said today that negotiations are under way to exchange convicted Soviet spy Colonel Rudolf Abel for Francis Gary Powers, American U2 spy plane pilot imprisoned in Russia.

The story said the deal is nearing completion. The trade first was proposed a year ago by Oliver W. Powers, father of the flier who was downed over Russia on May 1, 1960, the newspaper said. Powers was sentenced to 10 years in prison.

Abel, described by the U.S. Government as a top Soviet

intelligence agent, was convicted of espionage conspiracy in the Federal District Court here on Nov. 15, 1957. He is serving a 30-year sentence at the Federal Prison in Atlanta, Georgia.

"SENSITIVE"

"The highly sensitive prisoner exchange is nearing completion," the story said. "Following the recent intervention and agreement by an East German lawyer allegedly speaking for Colonel Abel's family."

"Since the Soviet Government never admitted the Russian Army officer was their spy, negotiations have been carried on through Communist East Germany and the Colonel's family." Justice and State Department officials in Washington were quoted as saying they knew nothing of the current negotiations but that they did not deny the report that such talks were going on.—AP.

NOTICE

LANE, CRAWFORD,
LIMITED

At a Meeting of the Board of Directors held on 30th June, 1961, in connection with the purchase by the Company of Telephone House, Hong Kong, it was Resolved that:—

(1) 350,000 Shares of the nominal value of \$10 each be offered in the proportion of seven new shares for every complete number of ten shares held, to the persons who on the 10th day of August, 1961, were registered in the Company's Share Register as the holders of the 500,000 issued shares in the capital of the Company at a premium of \$30 per share, the full amount of \$40 per share being payable on or before 20th September, 1961. Such new shares, when allotted, will rank for Dividends hereafter declared in respect of the Accounts commencing 1st March, 1961, and in all other respects pari passu with the existing issued shares and any shares not taken up and paid for by 20th September, 1961, shall be disposed of in such manner and at such time or times and upon such terms and conditions as the Company's Directors shall at their absolute discretion see fit. If any person shall be entitled to a fractional share, the Directors will in lieu of issuing fractional certificates issue the whole share or shares representing fractions to be sold and the proceeds distributed proportionately among the persons entitled to such fractions.

(2) The Transfer Books of the Company will be closed from 5th August, 1961 to 19th August, 1961, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board of Directors,

R. S. HUTHART,
Director and Secretary.

Hong Kong, June 30th, 1961.

Board concludes
hearings on
maritime issue

New York, June 30.

A "conditional" agreement between the striking U.S. National Maritime Union and two shipping groups was announced here today.

The announcement was made by Mr. David Cole, Chairman of the fact-finding board which was set up by President Kennedy to investigate the nation-wide shipping strike, now in its 16th day. The three-man board had earlier concluded its public hearings into the strike. The board's report was due to be given to President Kennedy on Monday.

CONDITION

The shipping groups involved in the agreement are the American Merchant Marine Institute and the Tanker Labor Service Committee.

Mr. Cole said the condition of the agreement was that it did not become a contract until agreements had also been reached with two other seamen's unions.

The "conditional" agreement called for a four-year contract which would give an immediate four per cent wage increase, followed by rises of two and a quarter per cent in each of the second, third and fourth years.

THE ISSUE

The issue which sparked off the strike—the union claim to bargain for crews aboard American-owned "flag-of-convenience" vessels—would be referred under the agreement to a fact-finding committee.

Mr. Cole said neither side was legally bound to abide by the agreement, but would disregard it "over the board's dead body."—Reuter.

1,000 natives
arrested
in S. Africa

Johannesburg, June 30.

Eight hundred to 1,000 prisoners — mostly blacks — were held today after a massive raid by hundreds of police in Johannesburg and the neighbouring governmental capital of Pretoria last night.

The raid was termed the greatest ever staged in South Africa.

Police delayed giving official figures on the number arrested. However, the pro-government Afrikaans newspaper Vaderland reported 1,000 blacks were caught in the raid, aimed at petty criminals, Isotols (black hoodlums) and drug and liquor traffickers.

It reported few illegal weapons were seized but police said the raids would be continued.—AP.

TURNING POINT IN SEPTEMBER

Australian stockbrokers
see end to recession

Sydney, June 30.

Leading stockbrokers in two states today forecast that September should be the turning point in Australia's present economic recession.

Sydney Brokers, Ralph W. King and Yuill in their latest letter to clients state that "the evidence suggests September." Simultaneously Walter P. Ham, from Melbourne, says, "the snowball is still rolling downhill, but it can be expected to reach its trough about September."

The Sydney brokers point out that the biggest influence on the

level of business activity in September will be what businessmen think and feel about the Federal Budget in August.

NO DOUBT

"There can be no doubt," says the clients, "that this year's budget will be designed to stimulate economy."

The brokers say Australia stands higher than ever, both absolutely and relatively, to other developing countries, in the esteem of overseas investors.

Walter P. Ham says that despite the still deteriorating employment situation, with all it implies, the "silver lining is showing through the clouds" as

the natural optimism of the people is beginning to reassert itself.—China Mail Special.

WATER SHORTAGE

Bari, June 30.

A long drought has brought a severe shortage of water to this southern Italian area, and black marketers are selling water at five cents a quart.

The parched area extends through the regions of Puglia and Lucania, at the heel of the Italian boot. Many reservoirs are nearly dry after weeks without rain.—AP.



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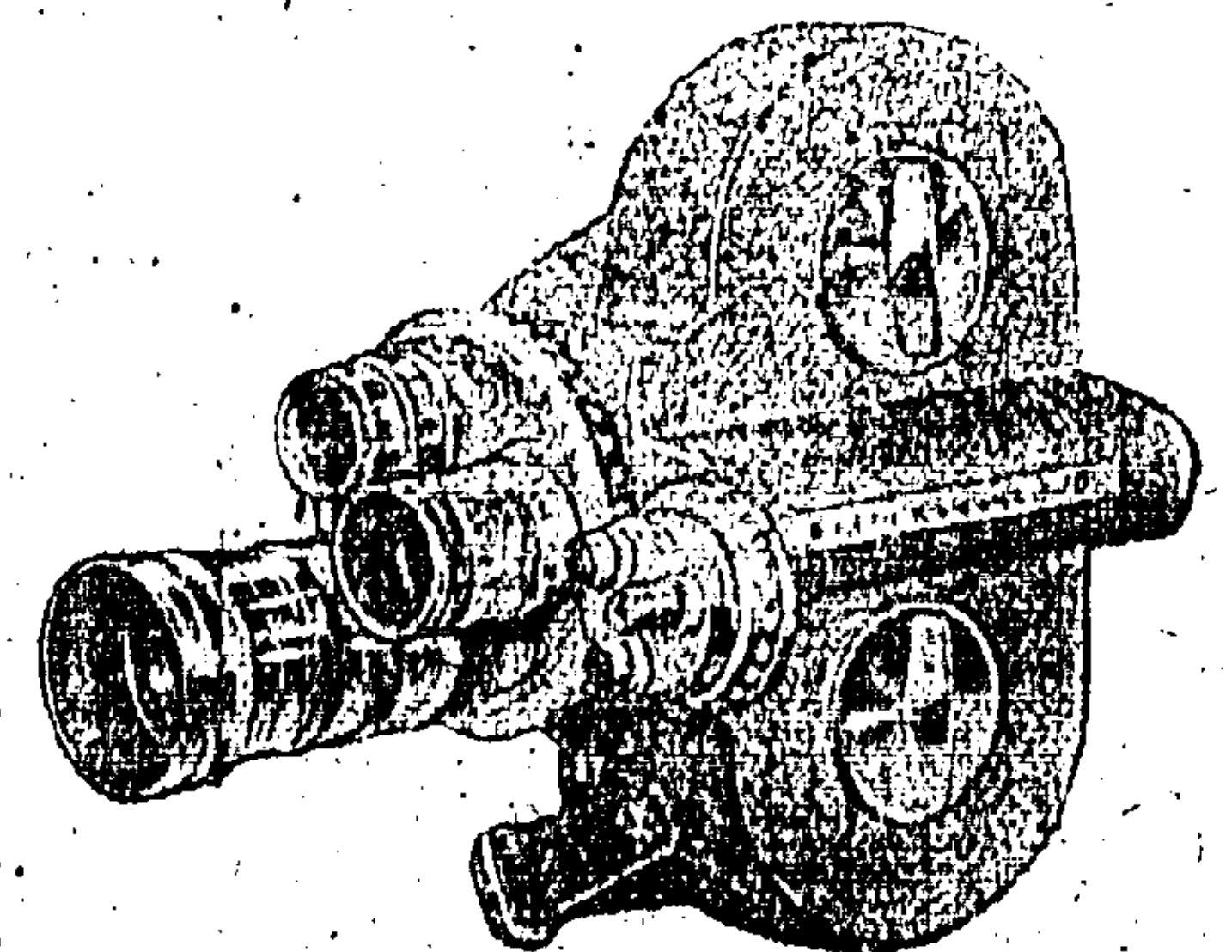
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



LEFT: Coloured women are careful shoppers in London's Brixton Market, where they can buy the foods they liked back home in Africa or the West Indies.

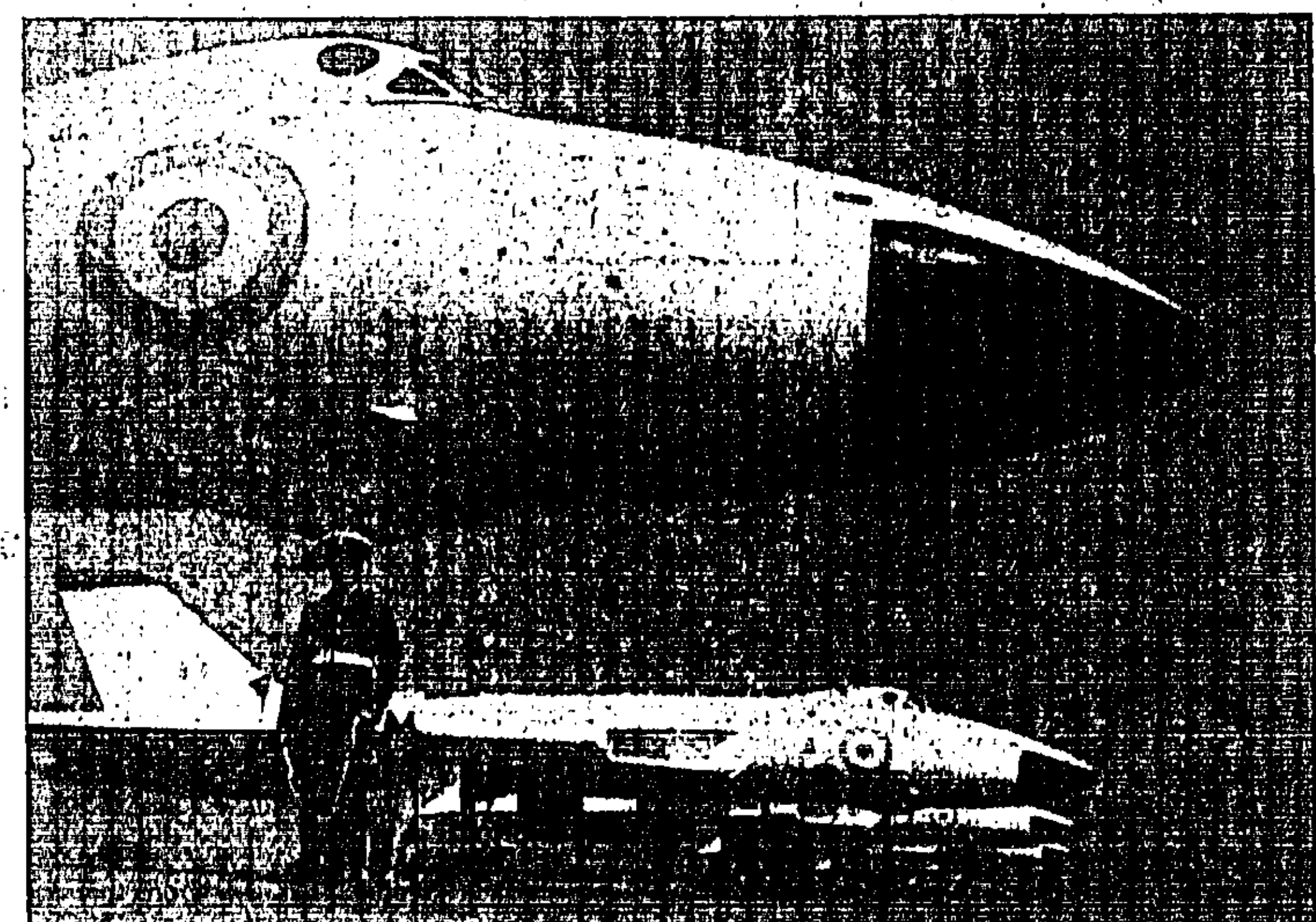
★ ★ ★

RIGHT: The battle of the fares has begun. Some 200 red Dauphine Minicabs went into service in London against 9,000 taximen facing the biggest ever threat to their monopoly. The cabs are run by Wolbeck Motors—with Michael Gotla as the boss—and backed by millionaire tycoon Isaac Wolfson. The Minicabs will not ply for hire like ordinary cabs—but will be booked and detailed by radio telephone. Photo shows before going into service—the Minicabs and the drivers being briefed by the boss—Michael Gotla.



RIGHT: An expectant Lady Olivier taking a sea-front stroll at Brighton after her return from America where she married Sir Laurence in March.

BELOW: A Royal Air Force Vulcan bomber—Britain's atom-bomb-carrying front line of defence—landed in Australia the other day after a 12,000-mile non-stop flight from Britain. The longest non-stop flight by a Vulcan bomber—and the first from Britain to Australia—which took 20 hours eight minutes—ended when the aircraft touched down at Richmond Royal Australian Air Force base near Sydney. The Vulcan, which averaged 573 m.p.h., was refuelled three times during the flight. Picture shows the nose of a Vulcan bomber, like the one that flew non-stop to Australia in 20 hours, in a row of nine Vulcans protected by an Alsatian dog.



ABOVE: Representatives of the Ancient Druid Order—An Druidh Uilleach Braithrechas—celebrated the summer solstice at the traditional enclosure of Stonehenge to mark the day of longest light.

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: The latest project proposed by the Glass Age Development Committee is called "Crystal 61." It would be the tallest building project Britain has known and is planned for a site near St Pancras. It would be three times as high as St Paul's—would be made of concrete and glass and cost £10 million—and would be where Britain shows off her products to the rest of the world. Picture shows Lord Morrison talking with an official of the Glass Age Development Committee before a model of "Crystal 61."

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: As part of her State visit to Ireland with her husband, Prince Rainier, Princess Grace of Monaco, went fishing recently at Westport. And she was successful as a fisherman. Dressed for the occasion in waterproof togs, they fished the waters off Westport in their Monaco bo-flagged boat.



ABOVE: Madame Ekaterina Furtsova, the Soviet Minister for Culture, arrived at London airport recently to begin her first official visit to London since her appointment as Minister. Despite her 51 years, she completely outshone her 19-year-old daughter Svetlana by laughing all the time as she talked to the Press. She was wearing a feminine turquoise linen suit and a beige gabardine coat.

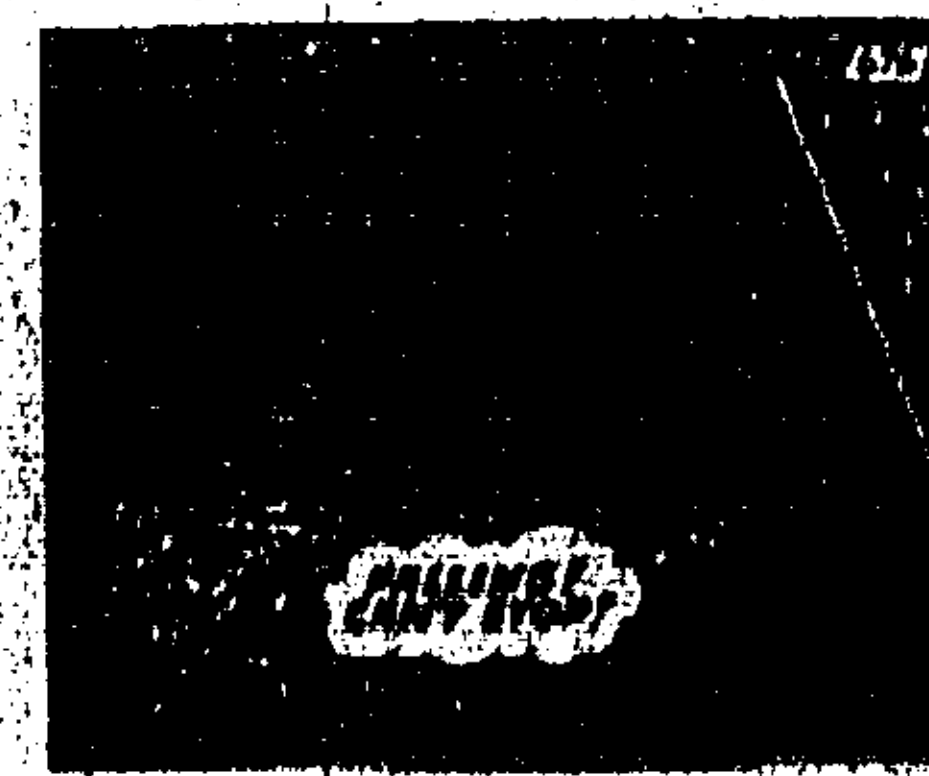
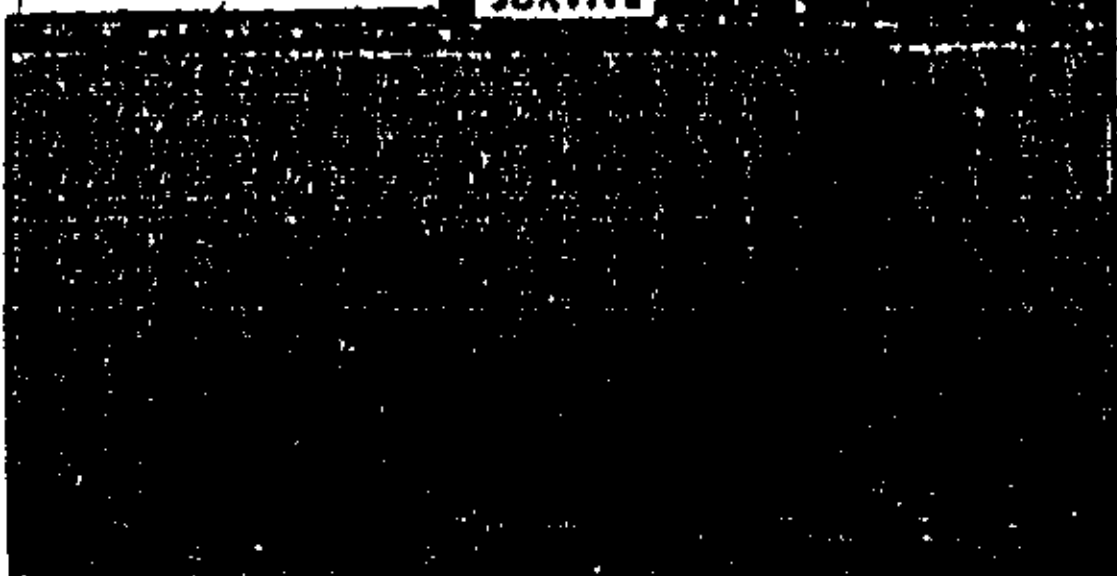


THERE'S MANY A SLIP
TWIXT CUP AND LIP
BUT NO ONE WILL WASTE
THEIR

Carlsberg

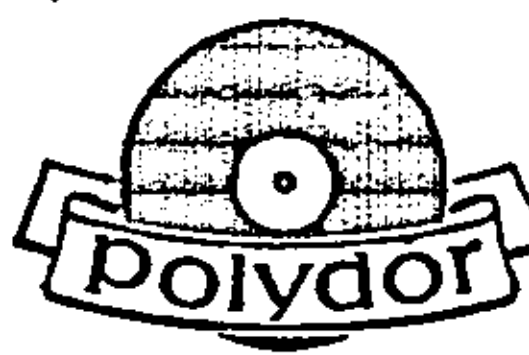
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TODAY TO FRIDAY JULY 7

Page 1

RADIO HONGKONG 860 kcs 370m and FM 91 m/cs

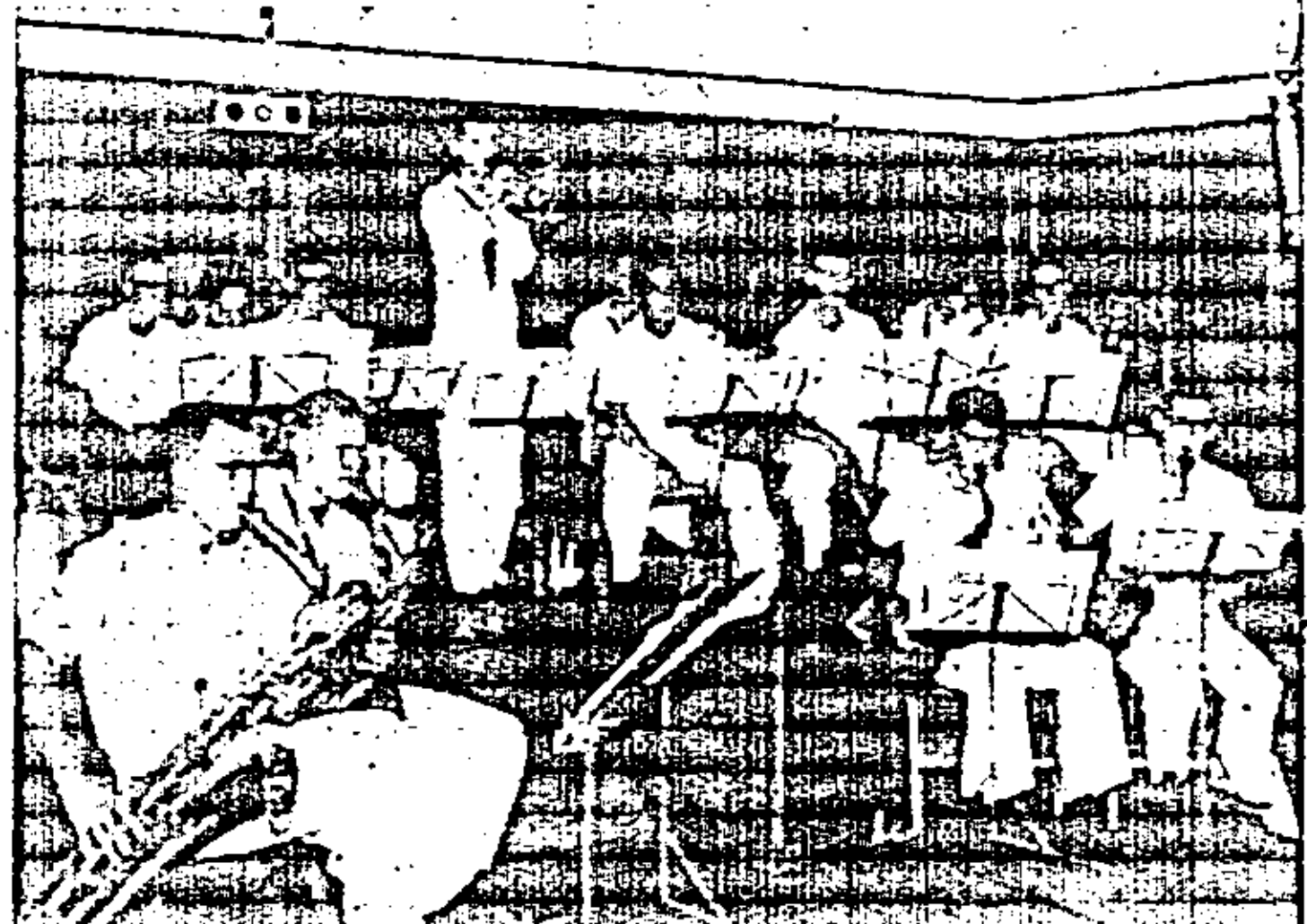
TODAY'S WALKATHON AND HK SHORT STORIES

THE WALKATHON: Today—starting 2.35 p.m.—The gruelling midsummer Round-the-Island race, 40 miles plus, will be amply covered by Radio Hongkong's team of English commentators this afternoon and evening. The times of the reports are:—

2.35—2.50 The start (Government Stadium);
4.50—5.00 Progress Report (Windy Gap);
7.00—7.15 Progress Report—as part of "Today" (Stanley Fort);
9.10—9.20 Progress Report (Chung Shing Bathing Pavilion);
10.15 approx. The Finish (Government Stadium).
The three progress reports — from the V.H.F. mobile transmitters—will consist of live and recorded commentaries and interviews with competitors and officials by Victor Price who is in overall charge of the operation. Bill Dorward who has talked his way through many a previous Walkathon, newcomer James Duthie who, as H.K. University's P.T. specialist, will be able to give the expert's viewpoint on performance, physical stress-and-strain, and such burning technical questions as "Are They Running or Walking?", and Patricia Penn will look at things from the very lay woman's angle. In addition to the five broadcasts scheduled, listeners can count on impromptu telephone coverage of the Walkathon between times should anything dramatic happen.

THE THIRD TEST: Nightly coverage on FM 91 mcs. — The battle resumes between the Australians and England on Thursday, this time at Leeds. Radio Hongkong's coverage of the match will be the same as for the second Test — direct relays of BBC commentaries will be carried on the station's FM wavelength from 7.25 pm onwards. (The Medium Wave and FM transmissions will divide at 7.15 each night, and normal programmes will be carried on Medium Wave.)

WIMBLEDON FINALS: Friday, 10.30 pm—Radio Hongkong is relaying the BBC's commentaries on the final of the Men's Singles in the All England Championships—the most coveted title in the amateur game. Australian players are again the favourites: No. 1 seed is holder Neale Fraser, and No. 2 the defeated finalist of the last two years—Rod Laver (both are left handers).



The Band of the Aircraft Carrier U.S.S. Bon Homme Richard is shown recording in Radio Hongkong's Concert Hall a couple of weeks ago. The 16-piece orchestra plays big band jazz but also subdivides itself on demand into smaller groups—a dixieland group, a modern jazz combo, or an octet playing Dave Pell arrangements. Their prowess in each field can be judged from the three programmes Producer Ray Cordetro has prepared from their recordings. The first is on Monday at 6.15 pm.

by his service with the P. and O. liner on which he serves as a steward. He is, of course, a Welshman and Victor Price comments that his stories are very reminiscent of the press of that other Welshman, Dylan Thomas. "Captain Jenkins"—describing characters in a small Welsh village—is read on Wednesday night by yet another Welshman, David Howard-Williams.

TAKE IT FROM HERE: Wednesday, 10.15 pm — Not an entirely new series—yet. But such is the popularity of this BBC programme that requests have come in for the repeat series to be given an evening spot rather than a midday one, starting from here. . . .

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "LOUISE": Thursday, 8.30 pm — One of the BBC's "Thirty Minute Theatre" series, based on Maugham's short story about a beautiful woman who spent a lifetime blackmailing her nearest and dearest with her fragility, her charm, and her insistence that she hasn't long to live. Outliving two husbands this demanding woman begins work on her daughter—and when the girl at last breaks away toward freedom and marriage she finds on the very day of the wedding that Louise has one last trump up her sleeve.

Today

- 10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
- 10.15 THE VOICE OF JOHNNY MATHIS.
- 10.30 PARIS STAR TIME.
- 10.35 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 SYMPHONY—Overture in D Major, Op. 43 (Boccherini), Symphony in C Major ("The Great") Op. posth. (Shubert), 1st Mov.—Andante, 2nd Mov.—Andante con moto, 3rd Mov.—Scherzo: Allegro vivace, 4th Mov.—Finale: Allegro vivace, (Orchestral Music of Liszt) (Kalamora, Op. 63).
- 12.00 Noon PERSPECTIVE — Invitation to Learning.
- 12.30 pm BIG BAND SHOW.
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
- 1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 1.30 AFTERNOON RECITAL—Malcuzynski (piano) (Chopin and Szymanowski).
- 2.00 HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR—(Repeat Series).
- 2.30 MAINLY MUSIC—Speak low (Kurt Weill—Ogden Nash), Lullaby Blues (Philip Brahm — Douglas Furber), Lover man, (Davis—Ramirez—Sherman).
- 2.35 ROUND THE ISLAND WALKATHON.
- 3.00 YOU AND I.
- 3.30 THEME AND VARIATIONS—(Repeat).
- 3.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 4.00 JUST LIKE A BOOK—A comedy by Alan Sangster.
- 4.30 BOY MEETS GIRL—Caterina Valente and Hank Thompson.
- 4.50 ROUND THE ISLAND WALKATHON.
- 5.00 TEA DANCE.
- 5.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 6.10 INTERLUDE.
- 6.15 MORE TALK OF ALEXANDER.
- 6.30 COMPOSER CAVALCADE—TIME SIGNAL, TODAY—A daily news magazine produced and edited by Michael Page. Including a progress report on Walkathon from Stanley Fort.
- 7.15 THE TWIN PLANOS OF FRED KREITZER AND BUDDY BRENNAN.
- 7.30 DOMINION DAY.
- 7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
- 8.15 DR BRADLEY REMEMBERS.
- 8.45 FIRST HEARING—Introduced by Arthur Pateman.
- 9.10 ROUND THE ISLAND WALKATHON.
- 9.30 CANADA'S OWN WESLEY WHEATFIELD—A comedy.
- 9.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
- 10.15 ROUND THE ISLAND WALKATHON — The finish from the Government Stadium, Hongkong.
- 10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND BIG BEN, RADIO NEWSREEL.
- 11.15 SATURDAY NIGHT HOP.
- 11.57 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.57 NEWS HEADLINES.
- 12.00 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Sunday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, FIRST DAY FAVOURITES.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 FIRST DAY FAVOURITES—(Cont'd).
- 7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, HOLIDAY FOR STRINGS.
- 8.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 9.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
- 9.15 THE GEORGE SHEARING QUINTET AND ORCHESTRA.
- 9.30 FORCES FAVOURITES.
- 10.30 MUSIC WE LOVE.
- 10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 SERVICE FROM ST ANDREWS CHURCH, KOWLOON.
- 12.15 pm THE ART OF DINU LIPATTI—Jesu, Joy of man's desiring (from Church Cantata No. 147) (J.S. Bach arr. Hess), Sonata in E major, L. 23 (D. Scarlatti), Sonata in D minor (Pastorale) L. 413 (D. Scarlatti), Alborada del Gracioso (No. 4 of "Miroirs") (Ravel), Dinu Lipatti (pianist), Concerto No. 21 in C Major, K. 467 (Mozart), 1st Mov., 2nd Mov., 3rd Mov.
- 1.00 TIME SIGNAL, GOING TO THE PICTURES — Chairman: Timothy Birch.
- 1.15 WEATHER REPORT.
- 1.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 1.30 THE AFTERNOON CONCERT Hungarian March (Berlioz), Concerto No. 4 in C Minor, Op. 44 (Saint-Saens), 1st Mov.—Allegro moderato — Andante, 2nd Mov.—Allegro vivace — Andante—Allegro.
- 2.00 THE ARCHERS.
- 3.00 HOME AND HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

- 3.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 4.00 STRICTLY MUSIC.
- 5.00 RECITAL BY HENBYK SZERBYNG (VIOLIN)—Chaconne in G minor (Vivaldi), The Devil's Trill (Tartini—Transcribed by Fritz Kreisler), Danza de la Gitana (Elizabet-Heifetz), with Charles Reiner at the piano.
- 5.30 ORBITER—K-No. 14, "The Final Round."
- 5.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 6.10 INTERLUDE.
- 6.15 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
- 6.30 SERVICE FROM LEICESTER CATHEDRAL.
- 7.15 DOES THE TEAM THINK?—(Repeat).
- 7.45 GERMAN SONGS BY ALFONS RAUER AND CAROLA KRAUS—Ich find das Leben so schön (Schmid-Verard), Unbeschwert (Bauer), Herzengrube (Bauer), Jodelbaby (Peth-Hertha), Herzensfreude (Kraus).
- 7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.
- 8.15 HORIZONS WEST — "Westwards to Iceland."
- 8.30 SUNDAY CONCERT—Bachus et Ariane—2. Suite (Bachus and Ariane Suite No. 2) (Albert Roussel), Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra (Castellano-Tedesco), 1st Mov.—Allegretto giusto, 2nd Mov.—Andantino alla romanza, 3rd Mov.—Ritmico e cavalleresco, "And the Fallen Petals"—A Triolet for Orchestra (Chou Wen-Chung), Symphony No. 3 in C minor, Op. 73 (Saint-Saens), 1st Mov.—Adagio, Allegro moderato Poco adagio, 2nd Mov.—Allegro moderato, Presto Maestoso, Allegro.
- 9.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.
- 10.15 STARLIGHT SENEADE.
- 10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.
- 11.15 EPILOGUE — Film Sunday after Trinity from The Chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge.

- 11.30 MUSIC — SWEET AND LOVELY.
- 11.57 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.57 NEWS HEADLINES.
- 12.00 Midnight TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Monday

- 7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, SUNRISE MELODIES.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 SUNRISE MELODIES—(Cont'd).
- 7.45 WEATHER REPORT.
- 7.45 SUNRISE MELODIES—(Cont'd).
- 7.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.
- 8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.
- 8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY, MUSIC DURING BREAKFAST.
- 8.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.
- 9.05 HOME TILL TEN — With Michael Hall.
- 10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (Repeat).
- 10.15 THE VOICE OF WILLIAM CLAUSON.
- 10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US—Writing in Canada—"Street of Riches" chapter of Book by Gabrielle Roy.
- 10.55 WEATHER REPORT.
- 11.00 SONATA—Sonata No. 3 in G minor (Debussy), 1st Mov.—Allegro vivo, 2nd Mov.—Intermezzo, 3rd Mov.—Finale: Tres anime, Jascha Heifetz (Violin) & Emanuel Bay at the piano, Melody in E flat, Op. 42 No. 3 (Tchaikovsky), Prophet Bird Op. 22 No. 7 (Schumann), Sonata in B minor (Brahms), 1st Mov.—Moderato, 2nd Mov.—Andante espressivo, 3rd Mov.—Passeggiata: Allegro moderato ma energico.
- 11.45 UNMAN, WINTERING AND ZIGO.
- 12.45 pm HOMER AND JETHRO—Keep them cold (7 fingers off of me (John Larr), Bill weevil

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Radio HK (cont'd)

No. 2 (Van Ness-Bruna-Haynes), High Geared Daddy (Karl Davis-M.M. Cole), Dig me a Grave in Missouri (Jerome - Schell), Tennessee (Harris - Blair-Jack Gillette), Down where the white lilies grow, Homer and Jethro (Vocal group).

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

1.45 FOR YOUR DELIGHT—(Repeat Series).

2.00 GUILTY PARTY—“Hospital Case.”

2.30 BBC BANDSTAND.

2.45 WE LIVE AND LEARN—English Writing—Palgrave's Golden Treasury. “Elizabethan Song and Lyric.”

3.00 MONDAY CONCERT—Concerto for Horn & Orch. in E flat major (Rachmaninoff), 1st Mov.—Allegro moderato, 2nd Mov.—Romance—Adagio non tanto, 3rd Mov.—Allegretto non troppo, Symphony No. 52 in G major, K. 318 (Mozart).

3.55 WEATHER REPORT.

4.00 MEN OF THE SEA.

4.15 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Pamela.

4.30 LUCKY DIP—Presented by Valerie.

4.55 WEATHER REPORT.

5.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

5.15 INTERLUDE.

5.30 U.S. “SON HOMME RICHARD” BAND CONCERT—Part 1.

5.45 THE ARCHERS.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY.

6.15 JAZZ FROM CANADA—Featuring: Dave Robbins Group From Toronto (Bell-Peacock), The Duke (Brubaker), There'll never be another you (Bergman), Fascinating Rhythm (Gershwin).

7.00 SHOW BUSINESS—Compiled by Jackie Lewis.

7.50 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

8.15 A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS—A new play by Philip Marston.

8.45 MUSIC BY STARLIGHT—Hugo Winterhalter and his Orchestra.

9.00 WEATHER REPORT.

9.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

9.30 THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE.

9.45 MUSIC OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Quartet No. 3 (1st) (Bela Bartok), Prima Parte (Moderato), Seconda Parte (Allegro), Rhapsodie—della prima parte (Moderato), Coda (Allegro molto). The Juillard String Quartet, R. Mann, R. Koff, (Violins), R. Hillier (Viola), A. Whopond (Cello), Quartet for Harpsichord, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Op. 23 (Dmitri Shostakovich), Zuzanne Ruzickova (Harpsichord), Members of the Vlach Quartet.

10.00 WEATHER REPORT.

10.15 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL.

10.30 CANDLELIGHT—Presented by Pamela Johnston.

10.45 WEATHER REPORT.

10.55 NEWS HEADLINES.

11.00 Midnight, TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Tuesday

1.00 am TIME SIGNAL, BRIGHT AND EARLY.

1.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

1.30 BRIGHT AND EARLY—(Cont'd).

1.45 WEATHER REPORT.

1.55 BRIGHT AND EARLY—(Cont'd).

2.00 WEATHER REPORT.

2.15 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

2.30 PROGRAMME PARADE.

2.45 DIARY FOR TODAY.

2.55 WEATHER REPORT.

3.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

3.15 HOME TILL TEN—With Michael Bulmer.

3.30 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (Repeat).

3.45 THE VOICE OF SAMMY DAVIS JR.

3.55 THE WORLD AROUND US—(A) The European Complex, No. 3 “The Unity and Diversity of Europe,” by Salvador de Madariaga; (B) Tagore and England—An illustrated talk by Haiman Tenenbaum.

4.00 WEATHER REPORT.

4.15 BBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY SIR ADRIAN BOULT.

4.30 Nona MAX STEINER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

4.45 pm MID-DAY PRAYERS—By Rev. F. Roe.

4.55 FOUR CORNERS (Repeat).

5.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

5.15 WEATHER REPORT.

5.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

5.45 DO YOU REMEMBER—(Repeat).

6.00 WOMAN'S WORLD.

6.15 ARTIST IN RHYTHM.

6.30 WE LIVE AND LEARN—English Writing—Palgrave's Golden Treasury “The Sonnet.”

6.45 MUSICAL LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.

6.55 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 BEWARE THE HUNTER—A serial in 8 parts, by Howard Jones, Ep. 5 “Breakaway.”

7.15 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Pamela.

7.30 HOMEWARD BOUND—Music for tired workers.

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

7.55 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

8.00 INTERLUDE.

8.15 SEMPRINI SERENADE.

8.30 THE ARCHERS.

8.45 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY.

8.55 AT THE PIANO—AMPAIO (HUBER) — Scherzo — Value (Chabrier), Idylle (Chabrier), Bourree Fantaisie (Chabrier), Amparo (HUBER) (piano).

9.00 COMPOSER AT WORK—Tristram Cary—compiled and narrated by Rene Cuthforth.

7.55 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

8.15 FILM FOCUS.

8.45 RECORD REVIEW—Introduced by Clive Simpson.

9.15 THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE—A talk by the Director of Fire Service W. J. Gorman.

9.45 THE MELLACHINGO STRINGS.

9.55 WEATHER REPORT.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN.

10.15 THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE.

10.30 SOIREE MUSICALE—Trousseau Concert Royal in A Major (Francois Couperin), Thomas Brandis (violin), Josef Ulsmer (“Viola da Gamba”), Edwin Koch (Cello), Karl Grebe (Cembalo), Romance (Pier), Le printemps arrive (Berguere) (Ronde villageoise), Suzanne Danco (Soprano), Francesco Molinari-Pradelli (piano), Concerto Op. 37 in E Minor (Joseph Bodin de Bois-mortier), Bernhard Schaeffer (flute), Hermann Tottcher (oboe), Thomas Brandis (violin), Fritz Henker (Bassoon), Edwin Koch (Cello), Karl Grebe (Cembalo), Ah dora en paix, mon bel enfant (Bertini), Le dante dans le paradis (Orsini), Suzanne Danco (Soprano), Francesco Molinari-Pradelli (piano).

10.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND BIG BEN.

11.15 RADIO NEWSREEL.

11.30 POEM—John Peijerman reading a selection from his “Collected Poems.”

11.45 MUSIC FOR SWEETHEARTS—With Eric Jupp and his Orchestra.

11.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.59 NEWS HEADLINES.

12.00 Midnight, TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Wednesday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, RISING NOTES.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 RISING NOTES—(Cont'd).

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

7.55 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.

8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY, MID-WEEK MELODIES.

8.30 WEATHER REPORT.

8.45 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

9.00 HOME TILL TEN—With David Dinkley.

9.15 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (Repeat).

9.30 THE VOICE OF MIGUEL FLITA—Amparo (Joseph M. Lacelle), Nostalgia Andalus (Jimenez-Martinez), Princesita (Palmiro-Padilla), De Mi Aragon (Carrizosa - Fornas), with orchestra.

10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US—(a) Makers of British History—“Oliver Cromwell: A Hidden Letter”; (b) Life in Other Lands—Tangier, a Moroccan Port.

10.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 MARRIAGE OF FIGARO (MOZART), ACT 4—Giorgio Tosi (bass), Roberta Peters (soprano), Lisa Della Casa (soprano), George London (baritone), Rosalind Elias (mezzo-soprano), Fernando Corena (bass).

11.45 LET'S MAKE MUSIC.

12.30 pm THE GOON SHOW (Repeat).

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

1.45 LUNCH-TIME MUSIC.

2.00 DE BRADLEY REMEMBERS—(Repeat).

2.30 DO YOU REMEMBER?—Introduced by Aileen Woods (Repeat).

3.00 WE LIVE AND LEARN—English Writing—Palgrave's Golden Treasury “The Physical Lyric.”

3.30 MUSIC FROM CANADA—Serenade—Concertante (M. Adaskin), Esquise Opus No. 1 (F. Morel), Shadow on the Prairie (R. Fleming).

3.55 WEATHER REPORT.

4.00 THE GLOBE OF CANDOS—Episode 2 “Background.”

4.30 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Pamela.

5.00 HOMEWARD BOUND—Music for tired workers.

5.55 WEATHER REPORT.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

6.15 OLD HONGKONG—“Hong-kong Island's Proper Name” by K. M. A. Barnett.

6.30 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND—Dolf van der Linden and his Metropole Orchestra, Bubbles (Pi Scheffer), Angele (Dolf van der Linden), Belio (Idem), Adios Quasidun, Grand Canyon.

6.45 SPEAKING GENERALLY.

6.55 THE ARCHERS.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY.

7.15 MOTOR MAGAZINE—Presented by Timothy Birch.

7.45 THE BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA, CONDUCTED BY ARTHUR FIEDLER.

7.55 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY.

8.15 CAPTAIN JENKINS—A short story.

8.30 FROM THE CONCERT HALL—Sonata recital by Arrigo Foa (Violin) and Moya Rea (Piano).

9.00 LETTER FROM AMERICA—By Alistair Cooke (AM Only).

9.15 THE MUSIC OF BASUTO—Recorded in Africa and introduced by Hugh Tracey (AM Only).

9.45 PIANO DUETS—Russ Morgan and Eddie Wilser (Piano Duets) (AM Only).

9.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN (AM ONLY).

10.15 THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE—(AM Only).

10.30 TAKE IT FROM HERE—(Repeat) (AM Only).

10.50 CAMARATA AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Flower Song (from “Carmen”) (Bizet), Celeste Aida from “Aida” (Verdi), Camarata and his Orch. (AM Only).

10.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

10.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

11.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (AM ONLY).

11.15 THE “M” CORNER—Soothing sounds from Studio 7, with Mitch as your host (AM Only).

11.57 WEATHER REPORT.

11.59 NEWS HEADLINES.

12.00 Midnight, TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

FM ONLY

9.00 pm AT THE OPERA—“The Bartered Bride” (Smetana), with Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra of the Prague National Theatre conducted by Jaroslav Vogel.

Thursday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, UP WITH THE SUN.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 UP WITH THE SUN—(Cont'd).

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

7.55 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

8.10 PROGRAMME PARADE.

8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY, RHYTHM RENDEZVOUS.

8.30 WEATHER REPORT.

8.45 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

9.02 HOME TILL TEN—With John Caswell.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL (Repeat).

10.15 THE VOICE OF LURLEAN HUNTER.

10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US—(a) Perspective—A United Nations outline of a major international issue—recorded and edited by the International staff of United Nations Radio. No. 5 “Opex”; (b) Wayalashi—by Peter Frankel—experience of broadcasting in Central Africa. No. 3 “Cowboys on the Copperbelt.”

10.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 ENCORE—A programme of popular classics: The Bat (“Die Fledermaus”) Op. 352 (Joh. Strauss Jr.), Schon Rosmarin (Fr. Kreisler), Paul Godwin (Violin), Isidor Rosenthal (piano), “Winged of Youth” Suite No. 2 Op. 15 (Elgar), March (Alfa Marica)—Allegro moderato. The little bells (Schubert)—Allegro molto, Moths and butterflies (Dance)—Allegretto, Fountain Dance—Allegro moderato. The time bears—Allegro moderato. The wild bears—Presto. Carmen: Act II, La Fleur Que Tu M'asvals Jetse (Flower Song) (Bizet). On hearing the first cuckoo in Spring (Debussy).

11.45 RECORD REVIEW (Repeat).

12.15 pm MID-DAY PRAYERS—By Rev. Father J. Foley, S.J.

12.30 BAND BOX.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

1.45 MODERN JAZZ—Presented by Ray Cordeiro.

2.00 WOMAN'S WORLD.

2.30 YOUR RADIO CONCERT HALL—Gladys Swarthout (Mezzo-soprano) with Howard Barlow Chorus and Orchestra.

3.00 WE LIVE AND LEARN—No. 4 “Odes and Pastorals.”

3.30 VIRTUOSO—WALTER GIESSEKING (PIANO)—Sonata in C Minor, K 457 (Mozart), 1st Mov.—Allegro, 2nd Mov.—Adagio, 3rd Mov.—Molto allegro, Sonatine in F sharp major (Ravel), Modere, Menuet, Anime.

3.55 WEATHER REPORT.

4.00 FILM FOCUS (Repeat).

4.30 THE YOUNG IDEA—Presented by Pamela.

5.00 HOMEWARD BOUND—Music for tired workers.

5.55 WEATHER REPORT.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

6.15 INTERLUDE.

6.30 PORTUGUESE HALF HOIT—Presented by Don Carlos.

6.45 THE ARCHERS.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY.

7.15 HONGKONG HIT PARADE—(AM Only).

7.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY (AM ONLY).

8.15 MUSIC FROM SWITZERLAND—(Arr. by Walter Wild), Alpine Song, On the lake of Brienz, The Marcher, Spitzer Polka (AM ONLY).

8.30 THIRTY MINUTES THEATRE—“Louise”—A short story by Somerset Maugham (AM ONLY).

9.00 MUSIC LOVERS' HOUR—Introduced by Irene Yuen, 1812 Overture, Op. 49 (Tchaikovsky), Praeludium and Allegro (Pugnani - Kreisler), Thomas Magyar (Violin), W. Hielkema (piano), Piano Quintet (“The Trout”) in A Major, Op. 114 (Schubert), 1st Mov., 2nd Mov., 3rd Mov., 4th Mov. (Theme and Variations), 5th Mov., Clifford Curzon (piano) with the Members of the Vienna Octet. (AM ONLY).

9.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN (AM ONLY).

10.15 THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE—(AM Only).

10.30 THEME AND VARIATIONS TALKING ABOUT MUSIC—A music magazine introduced by John Amis (AM Only).

10.50 GERMAN LOVE SONGS BY WOLFGANG SAUER—Ein Wunder ist heut' Fur mich Geschehen (Helmut-Zacharias), Novemberlied (Karl Loubel), Featuring the Voice of Wolfgang Sauer. (AM ONLY).

10.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND BIG BEN.

11.15 RADIO NEWSREEL (AM ONLY).

11.30 MOONLIGHT AND STRINGS—(AM Only).

11.57 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

11.59 NEWS HEADLINES (AM ONLY).

12.00 Midnight, TIME SIGNAL, CLOSE DOWN—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN (AM ONLY).

FM ONLY

7.15 pm LIGHT MUSIC.

7.25 CRICKET—England v. Australia, The Third Test Match. The first day's play at Headingley, Leeds. Commentators: Rex Aitken, John Arlott, Bob Richardson, and Alan McGilvray. Summarisers: F. R. Brown, Norman Yardley, and Jack Fingleton.

Friday

7.00 am TIME SIGNAL, BREEZING ALONG.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.30 BREEZING ALONG—(Cont'd).

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

7.55 BREEZING ALONG—(Cont'd).

8.00 WEATHER REPORT.

8.10 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

8.15 DIARY FOR TODAY, FRIDAY FAVOURITES—Salvonic Dances (Dvorak), No. 11 in F, No. 12 in D-Flat, No. 13 in B-Flat Minor, Six Humoresques for violin and Orchestra Op. 67 and Op. 69 (Sibelius), Slavonic Dances (Dvorak), No. 14 in B-Flat, No. 15 in C. Philharmonia Orchestra cond. by Nicolai Malko, Zigeunerweisen (“Gypsy Airs”) (Sarasate).

8.55 WEATHER REPORT.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS HEADLINES.

9.02 HOME TILL TEN—With John Armstrong-Wright.

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWSREEL—(Repeat).

10.15 THE VOICE OF TEN BITTER.

10.30 THE WORLD AROUND US—(a) Australian Roundup, (b) The Land of the Bible No. 8 “The Northern Negev.”

10.55 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 CONCERTO—Interludes from “King Thomas” K 345 (Mozart), Peter Maag conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, Bassoon Concerto No. 3 in F (Vivaldi), 1st Mov. Allegro non molto, 2nd Mov. Andante, 3rd Mov. Allegro molto; Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor (Transcr. by E. Elgar), Concerto in E Major for violin and string Orchestra (Bach), 1st Mov. Allegro, 2nd Mov. Adagio, 3rd Mov. Allegro Assai.

12.00 Noon THE BILLY COTTON BAND SHOW—(Repeat) No. 1.

12.30 pm SINGING THROUGH THE AGES.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

1.45 LETTER FROM AMERICA—

By Alistair Cooke—(Repeat).

1.45 FASCINATING RHYTHM.

2.00 LONDON CALLING.

2.30 LET'S HARMONISE.

3.00 WE LIVE AND LEARN—English Writing—Palgrave's Golden Treasury “The Ballad.”

3.30 MAGNIFICATS V—Heinrich Schütz, Dietrich Buxtehude.

3.55 WEATHER REPORT.

4.00 THE CLITHEROE KID.

4.30 THE YOUNG IDEA.

5.00 HOMEWARD BOUND.

5.55 WEATHER REPORT.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.

6.10 INTERLUDE.

6.15 JAZZ HALF HOUR.

6.45 THE ARCHERS.

7.00 TIME SIGNAL, TODAY.

7.15 AT THE PIANO—ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN (AM ONLY) Preludes, Op. 28 (Chopin) No. 19 in E-Flat, No. 20 in C minor, No. 21 in B flat, No. 22 in G minor, No. 23 in F, No. 24 in D minor, Waltzes (Chopin) No. 6 in A flat, Op. 64 No. 3, No. 11 in G-Flat (Posthumous) Op. 70, No. 1. . . . Artur Rubinstein (Piano).

7.30 COME LISTEN WITH ME (AM ONLY) Introduced by Michael Bulmer.

7.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, COMMENTARY (AM ONLY).

8.15 CANADIAN SHOWCASE (AM ONLY) Lou Snider and his Orchestra with vocalist Peggy Brooks.

8.30 PORTRAIT OF A PRIMA DONNA (AM ONLY) Impressions of Dame Nellie Melba.

9.00 THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA (AM ONLY).

9.55 WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

10.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS, NEWS ABOUT BRITAIN (AM ONLY).

10.15 THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE (AM ONLY).

10.30 HAWAII CALLS (AM ONLY).

10.30 LAWN TENNIS (AM ONLY) The Wimbledon Championships The Final of the Men's Singles.

11.00 TIME SIGNALS, RADIO NEWS REEL (AM ONLY).

11.15 LAWN TENNIS (Cont'd) (AM ONLY) The Wimbledon Championships The final of the men's singles.

12.00 Midnight WEATHER REPORT (AM ONLY).

12.02 am NEWS HEADLINES (AM ONLY).

12.03 CLOSE DOWN (AM ONLY).

FM ONLY

7.15 pm LIGHT MUSIC.

7.25 CRICKET—England v. Australia. The second day's play at Headingley, Leeds.

8.15 THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE—A talk by the Director, Fire Service W. J. Gorman. (Repeat).

8.45 CRICKET (Cont'd) England v. Australia.

12.10 am approx. CLOSE DOWN.

REDIFFUSION DOMINION DAY SHOWS AND 'TEEN SCENE'

Dominion Day is celebrated today to mark the anniversary of Canadian Confederation in 1867. At 3 o'clock, Rediffusion is presenting the works of two noted Canadian composers—Claude Champagne and Francois Morel.

The longer work on this programme is “Altitude” by Dr Champagne, a composition which is described as “a tonal fresco inspired by Canada's Rocky Mountains.” It is performed by the CBC Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Houdret.

The work by Francois Morel on this programme is entitled “Antiphonie,” and the composer himself said that the main object in composing it was to create an atmospheric, tonally floating style. Of all Mr Morel's works for orchestra, this one has undoubtedly received the widest attention. It is performed by the CBC Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Geoffrey Waddington.

At 8.30 pm Rediffusion will broadcast a play by Charles Cohen and George Bloomfield, entitled “Canada's Own Wesley Wheatfield,” a comedy satirising a strange recurring phenomenon, the attempt to establish meaningless records such as flagpole sitting. In this case it's a “Sleep-A-Thon.”

Two bored newspaper reporters on an assignment in the country organise a “Sleepathon” in which an undistinguished farm boy whose only gift is his ability to sleep for long periods sets out to beat the world's record. The nation is whipped up into a patriotic fervour by the press and radio with resulting fame for the simple boy and riches for the cynical reporters.

Tony Myatt, Maureen Seymour and Barry Haigh will be pooling their efforts in a new show for teenagers entitled “Teen Scene.” Scheduled for Thursday at 7.15 pm, this show will include music, stories, competitions and news of interest to the Colony's teenagers.

Besides “Progressive Jazz,” “Delta City Jazz” and “Jazz From Canada,” Rediffusion is currently broadcasting “BBC Jazz Club” on Sundays at 6.30 pm.

Dick Jacobs is the host at the BBC Jazz Club, and the spotlight this week is on the Jazz Courtiers, led by Tenormen Ronnie Scott and Tubby Hayes, and the Eddie Thompson Quintet.

Today

11.30 am CAVALCADE OF MUSIC.

12.30 pm BIG BAND SHOW.

1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.

1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.

1.30 YOU SAID IT.

1.45 INTERNATIONAL THEATRE ORCHESTRA.

2.00 SATURDAY TELEPHONE REQUESTS.

3.00 DOMINION DAY, 1961.

3.30 YOUR SATURDAY DATE WITH MUSIC.

4.00 VICTOR SILVESTER AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

4.30 DAMON RUNYON THEATRE—“Madame La Gimp.”

5.00 ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

5.30 BBC BANDSTAND.

6.00 THE JOHNNY BOND SHOW.

7.00 DELTA CITY JAZZ.

7.30 LATIN QUARTER.

8.00 BBC NEWS.

8.05 WEATHER FORECAST.

8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.

8.15 MUSIC IN THE AIR.

8.30 CANADA'S OWN WESLEY WHEATFIELD.

9.00 THE SHRIRO HIT PARADE.

9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.

9.35 MUSIC FROM THE CACTUS ROOM.

10.05 THE JIM AMECHE SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW.

11.00 STOP PRESS.

11.05 THE JIM AMECHE SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW—Cont'd.

12.00 MID “GOD SAVE THE QUEEN”—Close Down.

Sunday

7.00 am SUNDAY SERENADE.

8.00 DINIE A. M. WITH THE DUKES OF DIXIELAND.

8.30 CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST.

9.00 NEWS, SPORTS RESULTS, WEATHER FORECAST AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

9.10 PIANO PLAYTIME.

9.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.

10.30 BEYOND OUR KEN (Repeat).

(Rediffusion cont'd)

- 11.00 MOVIE MAGAZINE (Repeat).
- 11.30 BRITISH CHAMBER MUSIC.
- 12.00 Noon SECOND SPRING.
- 12.43 pm PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 12.45 ORCHESTRA OF THE WEEK.
- 1.13 WEATHER REPORT, NEWS AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
- 1.30 THE JIM AMECHE SHOW - BBC Concert Hall.
- 1.30 SUNDAY CONCERT - BBC Concert Hall.
- 1.30 WAX TO WATCH.
- 4.30 ALBUM OF WALTZES.
- 5.00 YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT.
- 6.00 THE BALLAD HUNTER.
- 6.30 BBC JAZZ CLUB.
- 7.00 SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN - The Speculations of Jefferson Thorpe.
- 7.30 MUSIC FOR YOUNG PEOPLE - Varied Orchestral Music, presented by Fr. T. F. Ryan, S.J.
- 8.00 BBC NEWS.
- 8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
- 8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
- 8.15 EL TROBADOUR - Ricardo Montez.
- 8.30 THE PRINCE OF PEACE.
- 9.00 MAKE WAY FOR MUSIC.
- 9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
- 9.35 TAKE IT FROM HERE.
- 10.00 CLASSICS IN HI-FI.
- 10.00 STOP PRESS.
- 11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
- 12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" - Close Down.

Monday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK - Continued.
- 8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
- 9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
- 9.02 MORNING MATINEE - With Pamela Johnston.
- 10.00 MUSIC BY MELACHRINO.
- 10.30 SECOND SPRING.
- 10.43 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 10.45 MAKE WAY FOR YOUTH - (Repeat).
- 11.00 COFFEE TIME.
- 11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.
- 11.45 RECITAL.
- 12.00 Noon QUESTION MARK? - (Repeat) (Last).
- 12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE - Paul Temple and The Gilbert Case (Repeat).
- 1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
- 1.30 LUNCHEON CLUB.
- 2.00 MELODY TIME - Light Music.
- 4.00 TEA DANCE.
- 4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY.
- 5.28 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 5.30 MONDAY REQUESTS - Presented by Geoff Baker.
- 6.00 ANYTHING GOES - With Mike Ellery.
- 7.00 THE NATURALIST.
- 7.15 MUSIC BY MANTOVANI.
- 7.45 VOICE OF SPORT.
- 8.00 BBC NEWS.
- 8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
- 8.10 RADIO DOCTOR - "Tonics."
- 8.15 FILM TIME.
- 8.30 STARS ON WINGS - Compere Neville Powley.
- 9.00 "WE'VE IN BUSINESS."
- 9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
- 9.35 A MANY SPLENDOROUS THING.
- 10.00 SWINGIN' SHEPARD.
- 11.00 STOP PRESS.
- 11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
- 12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" - Close Down.

Tuesday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK - Continued.
- 8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
- 9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
- 9.02 MORNING MATINEE.
- 10.00 MOVIES AND MEMORIES.
- 10.30 SECOND SPRING.
- 10.43 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 10.45 JACK JONES SINGS.
- 11.00 COFFEE TIME.
- 11.30 OUT OF THE DARK.
- 11.45 RECITAL.
- 12.00 Noon PROGRESSIVE JAZZ - Orbiter X (Repeat).
- 12.30 pm LOCAL GOLD RATE - Diary For Today.
- 1.00 DIARY FOR TODAY.
- 1.15 NEWS AND WEATHER REPORT.
- 1.30 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS.
- 2.00 MELODY TIME.
- 4.00 TEA DANCE.
- 4.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
- 5.00 JOHN TURNER'S FAMILY.
- 5.28 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
- 5.30 TUESDAY REQUESTS.
- 6.00 ANYTHING GOES.
- 7.00 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND.
- 7.15 YESTERDAY'S HITS.
- 7.45 REDIFFUSION BYLINES.
- 8.00 BBC NEWS.
- 8.09 WEATHER FORECAST.
- 8.10 ANNOUNCEMENTS AND INTERLUDE.
- 8.15 MOVIE MAGAZINE.
- 8.45 JAZZ FROM CANADA.
- 9.00 PAUL TEMPLE AND THE GILBERT CASE - "A Warning From Miss Wayne."
- 9.30 TODAY'S BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES.
- 9.35 LAUGH TILL YOU CRY.
- 10.00 THE JIM AMECHE SHOW.
- 11.00 STOP PRESS.
- 11.05 A DATE IN DREAMLAND.
- 12.00 Mid. "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" - Close Down.

Wednesday

- 7.00 am MUSICAL CLOCK.
- 7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.
- 7.20 MUSICAL CLOCK - Continued.
- 8.00 NEWS AND WEATHER FORECAST.
- 8.10 BREAKFAST SESSION.
- 9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
- 9.02 MORNING MATINEE - With Tony Myatt.
- 10.00 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

TELEVISION

THE TICHBORNE CASE AND 'JUST MY LUCK'

Eight o'clock this evening is the starting time for a diverting tour of the Mediterranean with newspaperman, David Brinkley. Our Man In The Mediterranean is a strictly one man show with Brinkley reporting on what he found most interesting, entertaining and moving in the lands he visited.

His far flung itinerary took him from ancient Egypt to the tiny port in Andalusia from which Columbus set sail in 1492, and the programme is spiced with Brinkley's wry observations on present day manners and customs in the lands he visited.

Brinkley is an experienced traveller and penetrating observer and many people who remember his illuminating programme on Hongkong a few weeks back will welcome another Brinkley tour with its original and fresh approach.

Sunday sees the second of the "Hawallan Eye" series with this week's story Malihini Holiday starring Patricia Driscoll as a young lady prone to unusual accidents. In fact so recurrent are her misfortunes that Tracy Steele is called in to investigate.

The final episode of the present Sunday serial. The last Chronicles of Barset. Is at 9.15 and at 9.45 Norman Wisdom stars in the comedy film Just My Luck.

In the Americans also on Thursday that popular actor from M. Squad, Lee Marvin, is the guest. In an episode called The Reconnaissance, Marvin plays a battle-hardened Confederate captain Judd who leads a fatal mission behind Northern lines.

Life In The Thirties is the title of this week's project 20 feature on Thursday, a programme which deals with American and world affairs during the crucial pre-war decade of Franklin D. Roosevelt's administration. It recaptures the years 1929-1939 through fact-film, narration and music of the time.

One of the longest and strangest civil trials in English legal history will be reconstructed in this week's On Trial series. Popularly known as The Tichborne Case it began in 1871 and lasted for 103 days.

Today

- 2.00 pm CANTONESE FEATURE.
- 3.55 "I SPY."
- 4.20 "FANOUS FIGHTS."
- 4.35 "WILLY."
- 5.00 "THE BENGAL LANCERS."
- 5.25 "UNION PACIFIC."
- 5.35 CARTOON.
- 6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
- 6.00 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
- 7.05 "NEWSREEL ROUND UP."
- 7.35 "WONDERS OF THE SEA."
- 8.00 "OUR MAN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN."
- 8.35 "THE PHIL SILEY SHOW."
- 9.20 "ONE STEP BEYOND."
- 9.45 "BONANZA."
- 10.35 "THE LAWLESS YEARS."
- 11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

Sunday

- 2.00 pm CANTONESE FEATURE.
- 3.30 TV READERS DIGEST PRESENTS "SHADOW OF GOLD."
- 3.55 "CONRAD NAGEL" FEATURING "THREE SEARCHERS."
- 4.20 "THE MICKY ROONEY SHOW."
- 4.45 BARLETS DE FRANCE.
- 5.00 HOPALONG CASSIDY.
- 5.30 CARTOONS.
- 6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
- 7.30 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
- 7.35 "LOVE THAT BOB."
- 8.00 THE WORLD NEWS - (Chinese Commentary).
- 8.10 "HAWALLAN EYE" - Starring Anthony Esley.
- 9.05 THE WORLD NEWS - (English Commentary).
- 9.15 "THE LAST CHRONICLES OF BARSET" (Final).
- 9.45 A RANK ORGANISATION FEATURE - Just My Luck.
- 11.15 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

Monday

- 5.00 pm "JUNGLE JIM"
- 5.25 CARTOON.
- 5.30 "PONY EXPRESS" - With Grant Sullivan.
- 5.55 CARTOONS.
- 6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
- 7.30 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
- 7.35 THE SONG PARADE - Introduced by John Bow.
- 8.00 THE WORLD NEWS - (Chinese Commentary).
- 8.10 CHINESE CHESS.
- 8.25 MOVIE MAGAZINE - Introduced by John Bow.
- 8.50 "MEN OF SPORT" - Introduced by Lee Wai Tong.

- 7.35 "WELLS FAERG." - (Chinese Commentary).
- 8.00 THE WORLD NEWS - (Chinese Commentary).
- 8.10 "NO HIDING PLACE."
- 8.25 THE WORLD NEWS - (English Commentary).
- 9.15 "ON THE SPOT."
- 9.30 CANTONESE FEATURE.
- 11.15 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

Thursday

- 5.00 pm CHINESE CHILDREN'S STORY TIME.
- 5.10 SHARI LEWIS AND HER FRIENDS.
- 5.35 THE BOY ROGERS SHOW.
- 6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
- 7.30 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
- 7.35 THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD.
- 8.00 THE WORLD NEWS - (Chinese Commentary).
- 8.10 "THE MANTOVANI SHOW."
- 8.35 "MAN WITH A CAMERA."
- 9.05 THE WORLD NEWS - (English Commentary).
- 9.15 "THE AMERICANS."
- 10.05 LIFE IN THE THIRTIES.
- 11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

Friday

- 5.00 pm SONGS FOR YOUNG FOLK - Presented by Park Dutton.
- 5.20 BARBARA ANN GIBSON GIVES A DEMONSTRATION OF ICE SKATING.
- 5.35 "KIT CANNON."
- 6.00 CLOSE DOWN.
- 7.30 ENGLISH NEWS IN BRIEF.
- 7.35 "THE ADVENTURES OF AGGIE."
- 8.00 THE WORLD NEWS - (Chinese Commentary).
- 8.10 "YOU ASKED FOR IT."
- 8.35 "BOYD Q.C."
- 9.05 THE WORLD NEWS - (English Commentary).
- 9.15 MR ADAMS & EVE - Starring Ida Lupino.
- 9.40 "ON TRIAL" - Starring "THE TICHBORNE CASE."
- 10.35 "PETER GUNN."
- 11.00 LATE NIGHT FINAL.

COMMERCIAL RADIO 1530 kcs 196 mtr.

STORY AND MUSIC OF STEPHEN FOSTER

Tuesday - as well as being American Independence Day - is the birthday anniversary of Stephen Foster. Born in 1825, he is probably the best known of all American composers.

His songs are sung all over the world and are taught in the schools in Japan. His story and music can be heard from 9.30 to 10. The narrator is Allan Robinson and the story was written by Gerald Kean.

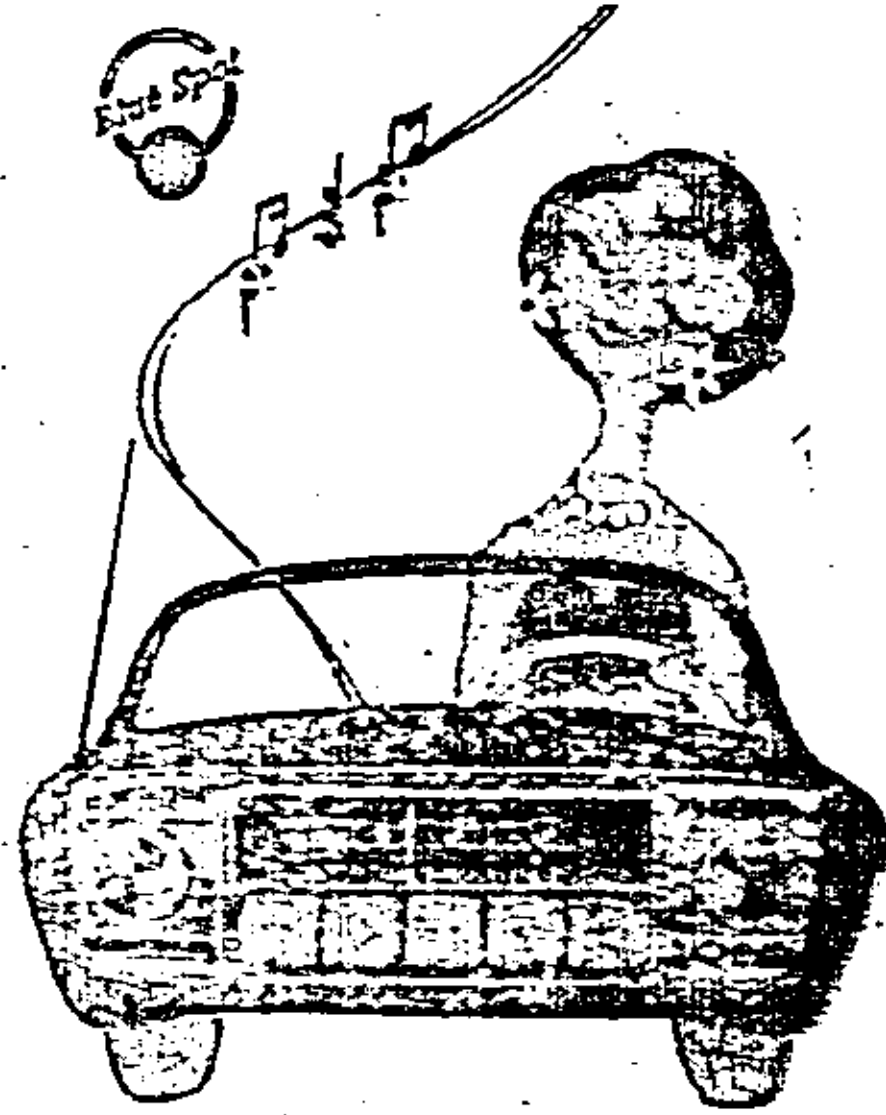
Although Stephen Foster's songs were all about the South, he was actually a Northerner and never crossed the Mason-Dixon Line. Genuine Southern Folk Music can be heard in the fourth of June Elliott's programmes at 8.30.

A popular and useful feature in 'For the Ladies' for the last eight months has been the Cantonese conversation lessons given by Robert Lo. Those who have been following the lessons through from the beginning have now reached a fairly advanced stage, and so to assist others who have joined in later, it has been decided to devote Friday's lessons to the beginners. Robert Lo's lessons can be heard from Monday to Friday at approximately 3.45.

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(Commercial cont'd)

Dick Sanchez, the young singer from Manila currently appearing in the Highball Nightclub, returns to the air on Sunday at 9.15 pm when he can be heard 'Singing For You.'

The birthdays of Gluck and Mahler are commemorated in the Composer of the Day Concerts (2-3 Monday-Friday) on Tuesday and Friday respectively.

The story and music of Robert Schumann is the third in the series Music Masters, and is on the air from 5.30-6 on Friday evening.

A composer who stretches his talents over too wide a field usually finishes up—neither fish nor fowl—without establishing himself in any field. The late George Gershwin's enormous success as a writer of songs for stage and films meant nothing to him. His ambition was to be accepted as a composer of serious music, and in this he was thwarted by the popularity of Rhapsody in Blue.

This was supposed to bridge the gap between jazz and serious music, and although it failed it has attained such popularity that it has completely over-shadowed all his other works including the Piano Concerto and Porgy and Bess. On Wednesday evening at 8.30 Nick Demuth pays a tribute to this multi-talented man in the Great Gershwin.

The Harry S. Goodman production, Radio Novels, to be heard on Friday evening at 8.30 is 'The Right Medicine.'

Today

- 11.30 am SOUTH OF THE BORDER.
12.00 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS—Presented by J. A. Rank Organisation.
1.45 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
2.00 HUBBLET'S OPEN HOUSE.
4.00 CONTINENTAL ENCORES.
4.30 DICK HALVORSEN / BRINGS YOU MUSIC FROM SCHWEPPE CONCERT HALL.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.

- 6.10 MAN ABOUT TOWN, BOBBY TROUP.
6.30 AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
7.30 A BRITISH INTERLUDE.
7.50 AN INSTRUMENTAL VERSION OF 'CARNIVAL.'
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 VOICES IN MODERN—The Four Freshmen.
8.30 MURDER AT MIDNIGHT—The House Where Death Lived.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES.
9.30 STRING SERENADE.
9.30 SPORTS NEWS—Presented by Bill Williams.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 6 POINT BAND SHOW.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 6 POINT BAND SHOW—Cont.
12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Sunday

- 7.00 am MUSIC FOR WAKING UP.
9.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
9.15 THE VOICE OF MARIAN ANDERSON.
9.30 SUNDAY VARIETY.
10.00 'YOURS FOR THE ASKING.'
10.00 PIANO INTERLUDE.
11.15 SUNDAY STRINGS.
11.45 SOUNDS FROM ESSES.
12.00 noon YOUR TEN MINUTE MUSICAL.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 YOUR TEN MINUTE MUSICAL—Cont.
1.45 PROMENADE.
1.45 DANCE MUSIC FROM BANDSTAND SEVEN—Introduced by John Gunstone.
3.15 SERVICES SPECIAL.
6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
6.10 approx SUMMER EVENING SERENADE.
6.30 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES AND TO YOU ALOHA.
7.30 SUNDAY CONCERT OF MUSIC—By Debussy.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 JONI JAMES SINGS SONGS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.
8.30 DICK HALVORSEN WITH MUSIC FROM THE HAPPY FAMILY.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, MUSIC WE LOVE.
9.15 SINGING FOR YOU.
9.30 WRITER'S CORNER.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 THE LATE SHOW.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 CHORALE, VOCAL MUSIC FOR SUNDAY NIGHT.

- 11.30 SOFTLY WITH STRINGS.
12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Monday

- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
8.30 HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.
10.00 BROWNS AROUND.
10.30 RICO, RHODES AND RESER.
11.00 THE QUIET TIME—With Roberto and Bill Snyder.
11.30 MUSIC FROM THE SHOWS.
12.00 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Bloch, Israel Symphony.
2.45 approx INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES—Presented by Mary Collins.
4.00 KEYBOARD MEDLEY.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 CLASSICAL CONCERT. MOZART PIANO CONCERTO IN B FLAT MAJOR K. V. 456.
5.30 COMBO TIME.
6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
6.10 approx CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE FOLLOWED BY MUSIC FROM BENEATH BLUE SKIES.
6.30 THE HI FI CLUB.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES AND THE LOCAL STORM WARNING SERVICE. A talk—By the Director of the Royal Observatory, Dr IEM. Watts.
7.15 GUITAR RECITAL—By Segovia.
7.30 AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL—(Repeat).
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 THE ORCHESTRAS OF FRANK CHACEFIELD AND DEAD HEATH.
8.30 DIAMOND TIME.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, WALTZ TIME—With Gainsborough.
9.15 RADIO REPORT.
9.30 TAKE THIRTY—With Dick Halvorsen.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 PIANO PLAYTIME.
10.30 MONDAY CONCERT OF MUSIC—By Chabrier.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Tuesday

- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
8.30 HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.
10.00 MUSIC FROM THE BALLET.
10.30 MUSIC FOR THE JOY OF LIVING.
11.00 WHEN WE WERE YOUNG—(Repeat).
11.30 DROP ME OFF UP TOWN.
12.00 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Gluck Birthday Concert.
2.45 approx INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES—Presented by Mary Collins.
4.00 VIBES FOR TEA TIME.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 THAT LATIN BEAT.
5.30 PASSPORT TO ROMANCE.
6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
6.10 approx CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE, FOLLOWED BY ON WINGS OF SONG.
6.30 NICK KENDALL AND THE TOP TEN.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES, BENGT HALLBERG AT THE PIANO.
7.15 EPISODE 105—'Superman.'
7.30 QUESTION AND ANSWER—With John Wallace.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 GREG PIANO RECITAL.
8.30 AMERICAN FOLK SONGS.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, ERWIN HALLETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

- 9.15 RADIO REPORT.
9.30 STEPHEN FOSTER, HIS STORY AND MUSIC.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 KENDALL'S CORNER.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL.
11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Wednesday

- 7.00 am RISE AND SHINE.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 RICE AND SHINE—Cont.
8.30 HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.
10.00 THE ORCHESTRAS OF FRANK DE VOL AND MANTOVANI.
10.30 HOOKAY FOR LOVE, LUCHO GATICA, JERRY FIELDING AND JOSE FAJARDO.
11.00 MUSIC FROM THE FILMS. ALL TIME HITS FROM YOUR FILM FAVOURITES.
11.30 HIGHLIGHT FROM THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR OPERAS.
12.00 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Dvorak Piano Concerto in G minor op. 33.
2.45 approx INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES—Presented by Mary Collins.
4.00 TEA DANCE.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 ARTISTS OF DISTINCTION.
5.30 BIG BAND BASH.
6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
6.10 approx THE MANY MUSICAL SIDES OF PERCY FAITH.
6.30 THE HI FI CLUB.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES, RECITAL OF PART SONGS—By Ralph Vaughan-Williams sung by the Choir of Kings College Cambridge.
7.15 EPISODE 106—'Superman.'
7.30 THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD—With Dick Halvorsen.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 3 STAR QUIZ—Compiled by Tom Cross.
8.30 THE GREAT GERSHWIN.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES AND TWO OF A KIND.
9.15 RADIO REPORT.
9.30 'HERITAGE'—(Repeat).
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD SINGS SONGS OF THE LUSTY LAND.
10.30 CONCERT. SIDELIUS VIOLIN CONCERTO IN D MINOR, OP. 47.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 MUSIC TILL MIDNIGHT.
12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

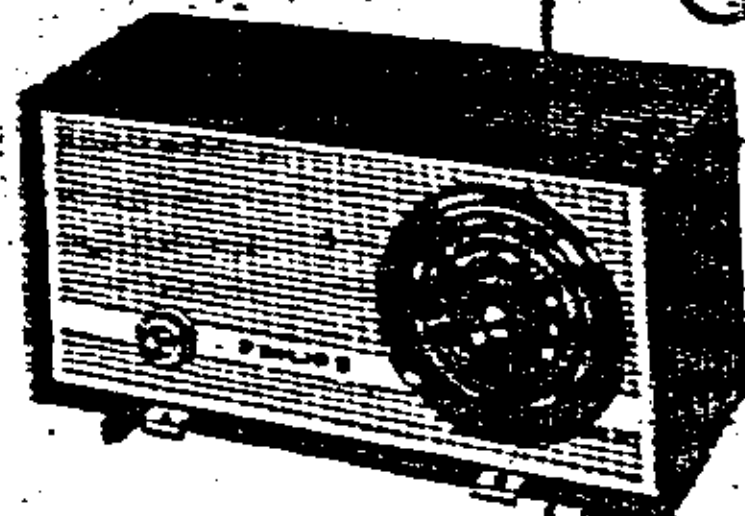
Thursday

- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
8.30 HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.
10.00 IN A SENTIMENTAL MOOD.
10.30 STOTT, SECORDE AND SHARKEY.
11.00 ON THE SERIOUS SIDE.
11.30 SALUTE TO THE SMOOTH BANDS.
12.00 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Tchaikovsky, The Seasons.
2.45 approx INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES—Presented by Mary Collins.
4.00 ONE HUNDRED VIOLINS.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 TANGO TIME.
5.15 BILL SAVILL PLAYS FOR DANCERS.
5.30 CLASSICAL CONCERT—Including Excerpts from Berlioz' Romeo and Juliet.

- 6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
6.10 approx CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE, FOLLOWED BY THE FOUR SERGEANTS SING, TERRY GIBBS PLAYS.
6.30 ALL STRINGS AND FANCY FREE.
6.45 THE NEW ONES.
7.00 NEWS HEADLINES, SONG RECITAL—By Richard Standen.
7.15 EPISODE 107—'Superman.'
7.30 THE FAR EAST MOTORS SHOW—Introduced by John Wallace.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 THE PIANO STYLINGS OF ART TATUM, BUD POWELL, TEDDY WILSON AND LOU STEIN.
8.30 THE NATIONAL HALF HOUR.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, AND THE GOLDEN PIANO HITS OF FERANTE AND TEICHER.
9.15 RADIO REPORT.
9.30 CONTINENTAL RENDEZVOUS.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 BILL VAUGHAN'S ORCHESTRA.
10.30 CONCERT.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 SCARLATTI HARPSICHOORD WORKS, FERNANDO VALENTI.
11.30 OPERA HIGHLIGHTS—Leoncavallo's Pagliacci part 2 with Gianni Poggi, Aureliana Beltrami and Aldo Protti.
12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

Friday

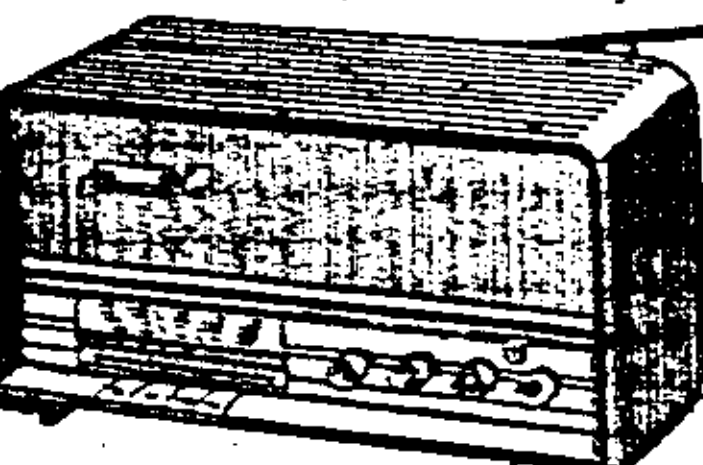
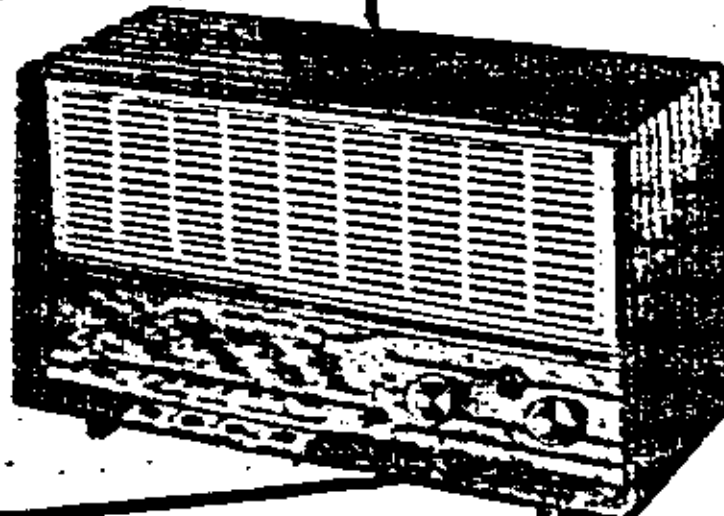
- 7.00 am LET'S FACE IT.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.10 LET'S FACE IT—Cont.
8.30 HOUSEWIVES' CHOICE.
10.00 THE STRINGS OF ROBERT STOLZ AND BETTY GLAMANN.
10.30 THE SOUND OF BRASS.
11.00 MUSIC FOR THE MILLIONS.
11.30 MUSIC AROUND THE WORLD.
12.00 noon LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS.
1.15 pm NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
1.30 LUNCHTIME RENDEZVOUS—Cont.
2.00 COMPOSER OF THE DAY—Mahler Birthday Concert.
2.45 approx INTERLUDE.
3.00 FOR THE LADIES—Presented by Mary Collins.
4.00 CAVALCADE OF STRINGS.
4.30 WEATHER REPORT.
4.31 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
5.00 30 MINUTE TRIP.
5.15 TO LONDON—Johnny Dankworth.
5.30 MUSIC MASTERS. 3. THE STORY OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.
6.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG.
6.10 approx CLOSING RATES FROM HONGKONG STOCK EXCHANGE.
6.15 THE HI FI CLUB REQUEST.
7.15 EPISODE 108—'Superman.'
7.30 CONCERT—Bach Concerto for Harpsichord and Strings in D major, Isidore Ahligman Harpsichord with Erich Fialla conducting the Amati Orchestra, Evelyn Rothwell with Sir John Barbirolli conducting The Halle Orchestra and the Concerto for Oboe and Strings by Corelli.
8.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
8.15 JAZZ FROM CANADA PROGRAMME 6.
8.30 RADIO NOVELS—The Right Medicine.
9.00 NEWS HEADLINES, ILL BUY YOU A STAR—Johnny Mathis.
9.15 RADIO REPORT.
9.30 BRIC-A-BRAC—Presented by Mary Henri.
10.00 NEWS RELAY FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
10.15 ONCE UPON A TURN TABLE.
11.00 BBC RADIO NEWSREEL RELAYED FROM RADIO HONGKONG AND WEATHER REPORT.
11.15 LATE NIGHT SYMPHONY CONCERT.
12.00 mid NEWS HEADLINES, WEATHER REPORT—Close Down.

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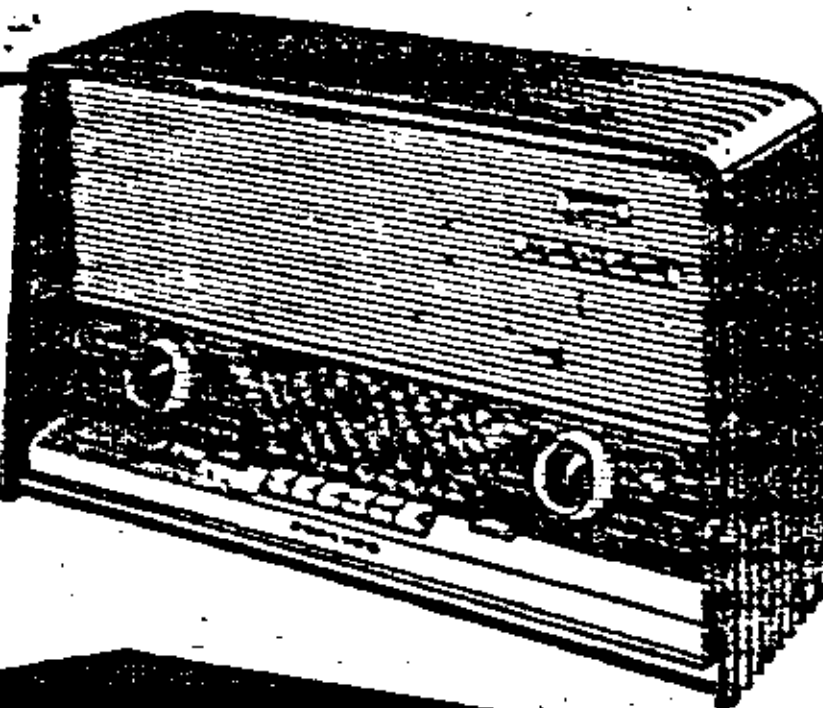
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SATURDAY, JULY 1

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 FROM THE WEEKLIES.
8.45 SONG SHOP.
9.00 Cricket, LANCASHIRE v THE AUSTRALIANS.
9.15 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 THE WEEK IN PARLIAMENT.
10.40 Programme Parade and Interlude.
10.45 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

SUNDAY, JULY 2

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 MY KIND OF MUSIC.
9.00 TOO CLEVER BY HALF.
9.30 LISTENERS' CHOICE.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, THE ONLOOKER.
10.30 MEN AND THEIR SKILLS, Peter Saunders: Textile Designer.
10.45 DANCE MUSIC.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

MONDAY, JULY 3

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, REVIEW OF THE SPORTING PRESS.

- 8.30 LETTER FROM AMERICA, by Alistair Cooke.
8.45 MY PIANO AND I, Clive Lythgoe.
9.00 Cricket, LANCASHIRE v THE AUSTRALIANS.
9.15 MAINLY FOR WOMEN.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain.
10.15 ASIAN CLUB.
10.45 SOUNDS AND SWEET AIRS.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

TUESDAY, JULY 4

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 HOLIDAY WITH STRINGS.
9.00 Cricket, LANCASHIRE v THE AUSTRALIANS.
9.15 CHRISTIAN BOOKSHELF.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 ACCENT ON CHARACTER.
10.45 COMPOSER OF THE WEEK.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 MUSIC WE LOVE.
9.15 SHORTWAVE, LISTENERS' CORNER.
9.30 PICK OF THE POPS.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 CHALLENGE OF OUR TIME.

1. The Pattern of Revolution, COMPOSER OF THE WEEK, Bizet (on records).
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

THURSDAY, JULY 6

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 COLOMBO PLAN DINNER.
9.00 The Third Test Match, ENGLAND v AUSTRALIA.
9.35 THE TED HEATH SHOW.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 NEW IDEAS.
10.45 Programme Parade and Interlude.
10.45 JOAN HAMMOND (Australian soprano).
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

FRIDAY, JULY 7

- 8.00 pm THE NEWS, Commentary, SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 INSPECTOR SCOTT INVESTIGATES.
9.00 The Third Test Match, ENGLAND v AUSTRALIA.
9.35 MERCHANT NAVY PROGRAMME.
10.00 THE NEWS, News About Britain, THE WORLD TODAY.
10.30 WIMBLEDON CHAMPIONSHIPS, The Final of the Men's Singles.
11.00 Big Ben. RADIO NEWSREEL.

LOGAN GOURLAY

The novelist who brainwashes himself to keep at the typewriter

YOU JUST SIT THERE EVEN WHEN THE WORDS DON'T COME—RESULT? SUCCESS!

"YOU have," said Richard Condon, "to get the motor habit going." Mr Condon was talking with high professionalism and practicality about how to write novels. He has written five in the past four years which have drawn eulogies from the critics and contracts from the Hollywood film producers.

The first, with the splendid title "The Oldest Confession," has just been filmed in Spain, starring Rita Hayworth and Rex Harrison (the Communists' chum).

The second, "The Manchurian Candidate," will be filmed shortly with Tony Curtis and Frank Sinatra (the other Communists' chum).

I was interested in how Mr Condon, whom I have known for more than 10 years as one of the most imaginative and least dishonest of film Press agents, had become a novelist at the age of 42—which is considered young if you want to be the President of America, but old if you want to contribute to its literature.

Eager

Mr Condon talked with an eagerness that could be described as youthful.

"First of all, you have to set a new habit, which isn't so easy when you get around 40. 'Pushover' does not seem an unfortunate comparison in this context, but you have to condition yourself to do certain things at certain hours every day."

"That's what I mean by the motor habit. You have to make yourself sit at the typewriter and write a few thousand words. In my case it's six hours a day and on average of 3,000 words."

"The important thing is that you sit there even when there are no words coming. When that happens to me I play

quadrant, but I stay there in front of that typewriter. I could go down town and have a drink with the boys or I could talk to the dog. But I'd be breaking the habit."

I'm assuming, of course, that you've got something to say. That's where the older author is at an advantage. The younger one may write a brilliant first novel, but he can use up all his experience of life and dry up before the second.

"Me, I'd done a bit more living, so I could go straight on with the second, and so on." His fourth, "A Talent for Loving," which he calls an historical comedy, is to be published here in August, the fifth, "A Shrewdness of Apes" (he knows the value of intriguing titles), is already written with the help of the motor habit and awaiting publication in 1962.

Methodical

At the moment he is in London, writing a script for a film which will star Cary Grant, but which is not based on either the third, fourth, or fifth novel.

"It's an original idea of the director's, Stanley Donen, who asked me to work on it. The technique is very different from novel writing. Writing a film script is like bricklaying. No one is very interested in the fancy words, especially at the beginning."

"But it's fascinating. And it pays well." None of the Condon novels has so far been a highly lucra-

tive best-seller, but they have certainly brought him freedom from want.

To avoid crippling taxation in any one year he has made a useful arrangement with his American publisher, who pays him 30,000 dollars a year salary and piles up any surplus for the future.

The film sales have helped a lot. The first brought in 50,000 dollars. And the second 60,000. That would have been 85,000 dollars but for Robert Mitchum. He bought it for filming immediately it was published. Anyway, he said he definitely wanted it for 25,000.

Changed

"Several other people had to be turned down. Then after weeks of fiddling around Mitchum said he'd changed his mind. Fortunately Sinatra and Curtis got interested, but by that time it wasn't what they had in mind, so the price dropped."

It's not surprising that this novel, the most successful to date, is about brainwashing, a subject in which Condon, the self-conditioner, has made himself an expert.

"It all started when my agent asked me for the second novel. And I said I had a marvellous idea about the presidential candidate—somebody like Nixon—being assassinated at the Republican convention."

"I started with that and worked back to the G.I. who is cap-

tured in the Korean war and given the full brainwashing treatment by the Communists, so that they can make him do anything they want when they want. Including bump off the presidential candidate.

"At the time everyone said it was too far-fetched. But now events have caught up. Take the case over here of this Ly Blake who got 42 years for kidnapping. He was a prisoner in Korea and there is some evidence to support the theory that he was brainwashed."

Frightening

The fact is that some kind of brainwashing is going on all the time. And the big danger is that most people don't realise it.

"Just think what a really skillful brainwasher could do. Almost anything. It's frightening."

Up to a late hour one night, we were still arguing about whether Frank Sinatra could be brainwashed into kissing a newspaper photographer. Or even into bumping off his very good friend President Kennedy at the next elections.

SIGHTS OF LONDON (on a warm afternoon): A man driving through Helgrave-square in a Jaguar saloon with his jacket off showing red braces, white open-necked shirt with sleeves rolled up. But with black bowler firmly on head.

Snobbery on the train

SNOBBERIES of London and Home Counties: Several young men boarding the commuters' train at Haywards Heath wearing the regulation uniform (bowler hat, briefcase, rolled umbrella) and carrying small camp stools.

They have second-class tickets. But they sit on the stools in the first-class corridors rather than demean themselves by entering the second-class compartments—although there are vacant seats.

As if we didn't know...

THE Rank Organisation sent me news about new film "Flame in the Streets" which they claim was "made in secret."



SINATRA... SLIGHTLY SINISTER. NON-SINGING ROLE LIES AHEAD

They say it's a highly controversial film about the colour bar ("Would you let your daughter marry a Negro?"), and if the public had known too much in advance it would have been embarrassing.

I have news for the Rank Organisation. The public know all about it in advance. It's a straight adaptation of the play "Hot Summer Night" by Ted Willis, which ran in the West End in 1958. It certainly didn't embarrass anyone then and now that I remember it didn't excite anyone very much either.

I'm not condemning the film in advance. Just the silly promotion methods.

All this—and Diana Dors too

It opened a week ago. And it might turn out to be a monumental edifice to folly.

It's the new £100,000 restaurant which Mr Jack Gibson opened on the ninth floor of his furniture store 110ft above—not Park-lane, but Ilford's High-road.

It has a dance floor of Italian marble, champagne glasses and candlesticks fashioned by Baccarat of Paris, china by Rosenthal, wall-hangings

designed in Florence, and a tropical bird aviary—not designed by Tony Armstrong-Jones.

It also has Diana Dors in cabaret, following Patsy Clark and Dickie Henderson.

Mr Gibson, who has specialised for about 20 of his 41 years in imaginative furniture display, told me: "If the food and amenities are attractive enough I don't see why people shouldn't come from the West End and surrounding suburbs. Anyway, I don't see why Ilford shouldn't have a first-class, luxurious restaurant."

You must admit that Mr Gibson deserves a garland for intrepid enterprise. I've given him mine. I've also advised him not to try a magnificent high-priced, satin-walled brasserie in Bethnal Green.

Baroness Summerskill, who can always be depended on to spring bravely to the defence of her own sex, was at it again in the House of Lords recently:—

"The fact," she said (she's a great lady for facts), "is that crime is not a field in which women excel."

No? Well, let's say some of them try, Baroness. —(London Express Service).

NEW YORK NEWSLETTER

Moscow's favourite millionaires... AND, SURPRISE, THEY'RE THE TOPS HERE, TOO

STRANGE to say, Moscow's two favourite Manhattan millionaires are as respected and revered here as they are in the Kremlin.

I have found them to be the two most unexpected and intriguing rich men hereabouts. They seem blessed with certain vision and show a human understanding a little beyond their contemporaries.

Both speak Russian fluently. Both journey frequently in the USSR, both are real estate magnates. Both have wives who collect clever people and pretty things.

One is tall and has the slow gestures of a magnificent and magnificent Roman emperor. One is small with the dark predatory grace of a panther. Their names are Robert W. Dowling and Norman K. Winston.

Long swim

Bob Dowling is 66 years old. He was born rich but made his own good name by swimming round Manhattan Island at the age of 19—a chilly 30 miles.

FROM JEAN CAMPBELL

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY

He didn't go to university although he is now considered one of the most civilised and erudite potentates in the city.

Today he owns the Carlyle Hotel, President Kennedy's New York skyscraper, HQ, and Parko Bernet Auction Galleries opposite.

He also owns a big glittering block of Broadway theatres and a New York State residential development one-and-a-half times the size of the Manhattan he once swam around.

Dowling's principal interest in the Soviet Union is based on cultural exchange, and because of the bulging barriers that he has broken to bring this about the Russians really love him.

Last time the plump Soviet Minister of Foreign Cultural Relations, Mr. Georgi Zhukov, came to New York he stayed as guest of Dowling in the Hotel Carlyle.

"My wife and I loved it," he told me. "Mr Dowling is a great man." Unlike many of his compatriots Bob Dowling fervently believes that the Soviet people do not want war.

He feels that they have known too much of its agonies. But Dowling is not a politician, nor does he aspire to political office.

His sturdy castles are built up on cash, charm and culture and not the shifting sands of American elected office.

Gentle voiced Norman Winston is 61 years old. The Soviet Government have consulted him many a time about their construction problems.

He is the United States expert on mass housing projects, but his proudest achievement is the building of the University of Southern California.

Top hostess

Unlike Bob Dowling, Norman, was not born rich but today he lives in greater elegance than any American I have met, although he still enjoys eating hamburgers at local drug store counters.

His wife, Rosita, brown-eyed and auburn-haired has wild warmth and wisdom born of her Red Indian blood.

She is an international hostess. She owns houses in New York, Paris and the French Riviera but although they are furnished in perfect taste her love is for flowers. She gardens merrily from eight in the morning until sundown. And in spite of her beautiful clothes—she is always one of three favourites in the world's best dressed women stakes—she really comes into her own with rake and trowel.

With the vehemence with which her ancestors avoided tomahawks she wages her private war upon the weeds.

OLD ARCHIE WON'T TELL

Archie Moore, the light-heavy weight champion of the world, has done it again. Nobody knows how old he is. He won't tell. "I was born," he says with a grin.

Some say he's 53, others 47. To watch him demolish a bald-headed fighter of 20, the chin-chin champion of Italy, Giulio Rinaldi at Madison Square Garden was a strange experience. Known here lovingly as the Ancient One, the Old Mongolian

RADAR'S SIR ROBERT STICKS TO THE KILT



OUR Scots pioneer of radar, Sir Robert Watson Watt, and his lovely, black-checked Canadian wife, Jean, are living about 40 miles outside New York. Sir Robert wears the kilt—Buchanan Watt—a ranch house near Tucson, Ariz. They are surrounded by pine forests and high rocky hills.

By his desk hangs a print of John Knox given to him after the Battle of Britain by the Minister of Aircraft Production.

Archie Moore, the light-heavy weight champion of the world, has done it again. Nobody knows how old he is. He won't tell. "I was born," he says with a grin. Some say he's 53, others 47. To watch him demolish a bald-headed fighter of 20, the chin-chin champion of Italy, Giulio Rinaldi at Madison Square Garden was a strange experience. Known here lovingly as the Ancient One, the Old Mongolian



Her dress by Chanel, photographed at the Comédie Française. Her watch by Rolex.

Some women stand out, always...

...not for their beauty, though they may be beautiful; not for their clothes, though these are perfection, but for a certain indefinable air, their natural in-born elegance. When next you try to analyse that quiet distinction-beyond-price, study its elements one by one. Look, for instance, at the watch. You'll find a Rolex watch is the instinctive choice of the world's most elegant women.

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ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement

HITLER'S U-BOATS HAD TO BE STOPPED
— THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT

THE LANCASTERS GO HEDGE-HOPPING FOR 1,000 MILES

WITH a shattering roar and reverberation the six Lancasters plunged through the French countryside, clinging to the ground in tight, nerve-straining formation, following the earth's contours as closely as a trunk road.

The pilots sat rigidly, in hypnotic concentration, watching the ground rush by beneath them in a great rolling torrent, looking up at the horizon, manipulating the throttles with one outstretched hand, easing the stick backwards and forwards with the other, tucking in close, following the leader, drawing a straight line across the earth's surface to Augsburg.

Augsburg, Bavaria. Thirty miles north-west of Munich. Five hundred miles across Occupied Europe, into the heart of the German Reich. Nineteen years ago on April 17, 1942.

Seven men in each Lancaster—a bomber which had been introduced to squadron service only six weeks earlier. Six more Lancasters behind. Eighty-four men. All determined to hit their target, the diesel-engine factory in the centre of Augsburg, largest producer of U-boat engines in Germany.

The U-boats. Even early in 1942, with this last weapon Hitler could knock us out of the war.

The planes roared on. Get down as low as you can, they had said. That's the way to avoid the fighters. That's the way to escape detection. Workers in the fields, their ear-drums assaulted with noise, hardly had time to look up before the twin-tail units of the Lancasters dipped below the next hill.

The crews could see their upturned faces clearly. Everyone stopped what they were doing and gaped. One old Frenchman just had time to sweep off his hat and make a cavalier bow before flattening himself against the road.

Singled out

It had all started three weeks earlier. Seven crews from 44 Squadron at Waddington and seven from 87 Squadron at Woodhall had been singled out for special training, involving low-level cross-country flights in formation over England and Scotland.

The seventh aircraft was a reserve in case someone fell out. Speculation about what the training was for did not get anywhere near the truth.

On April 16 the crews were told that the raid would probably take place next day. They were confined to camp, forbidden to phone their wives, forbidden even to have a drink.

"Well, gentlemen," said the wing commander at briefing next morning, "now you know what the target is. But they didn't. Even their blackest nightmares had not foretold it. A minute ago they had sat down in the briefing room and roared with laughter because some wag had stretched the tape right across Northern France south of Paris, skirting Switzerland, and into Bavaria. It had been

HEROES of the BOMBERS PART TWO by RALPH BARKER

a good joke—the best laugh for days. It was no joke now.

That they might be asked to fly for a thousand miles at low level in broad daylight over Occupied Europe, to a target in Southern Germany, had never occurred to them.

Such a thing would be suicide. Nobody ate much lunch, and as the truth penetrated, and the certainty was accepted that no one could possibly get back, the crews felt a sense of fatalism creep over them.

They hadn't expected to survive the war anyway. Yet somebody always got away with it. It would just have to be them. In any case they would have a damn good crack at it, make themselves felt, go out in a blaze of glory.

They had been fully briefed about the vital importance of the target, and they would smash that diesel-engine shop if it was the last thing they did. It probably would be.

Chosen to lead the raid was Squadron Leader John Nettleton, a 25-year-old South African, fair, slender, and retiring, grandson of an admiral. On leaving school he had trained for the merchant service and subsequently spent 18 months at sea, but in 1938, on a visit to Britain with his mother, he decided to join the R.A.F.

Leading the second flight of six Lancasters was Squadron Leader "Flap" Sherwood, fair, anaesthetic-looking, only just 23. In his desire to infuse his crews with his own dynamic keenness he often tried to panic them into a sense of urgency, hence his nickname.

Dispelled

The attack was to be made at dusk, so that the homeward flight could be made in darkness. Take-off was 3.15 p.m. The two squadrons were to rendezvous at Selsey Bill and then make for the French coast.

If anyone had been in any doubt about the dangers of this raid, the attitude of those who were not going would have dis-

persed it. For a few hours the crews lived in a roscate, Utopian world. It was astonishing how nice everyone suddenly became.

Before take-off many of the men wrote letters to their sweethearts and mothers which they propped up prominently in their lockers. If they got back the letters would be torn up.

Nettleton and his six Lancasters all got away safely from Waddington, formed up over the airfield, and set course for Selsey Bill. The whole station turned out to see them off.

"Come on," said someone, when the last Lancaster had disappeared. "Let's have a drink. We shan't see them again."

Thankful

At Woodhall there was a snag. Rodley, the reserve pilot, had been appalled when the target was named, and rather thankful that he and his crew were only the reserve.

They had collected their parachutes, their bars of chocolate, their oranges, their vacuum flask of coffee, and gone out to the aircraft with the rest. There they had kicked the tyres, had a good look round for leaks, checked everything they could, and strapped themselves in.

When the coloured cartridge signal was fired (radio silence was ordered), Rodley had started the engines. From every hatch and turret the crew watched the six other aircraft for signs of trouble.

"You know, skipper," said Merralls, the wireless operator, "I almost wish now we've got this far that we were going."

The others shouted him down. Then the flight engineer cut in. "I don't like the look of 'A' for 'Apple'," he said. "He's bashing No. 1 up and down a lot. I think he's got a mag drop."

It all looked different now. The crew were silent. That slight feeling of detachment had evaporated.

"A" for "Apple" has shut down," said the flight engineer. Rodley thought of his wife back in Woodhall Spa. Then he took off with the others and moved into the No. 2 position, tucked in to starboard of Sherwood.

In the lead

The two groups rendezvoused at Selsey Bill. It seemed to Sherwood that Nettleton was taking a course slightly north of their briefed track. His navigator confirmed this.

"All right," said Sherwood, "we'll steer our own course. We're supposed to open up before we get to the target and bomb independently. It won't hurt to open up now."

The two flights of six drew slowly apart. Several miles separated them as they approached the French coast west of Havre, with Nettleton's flight well to the north and still in the lead.

It was a beautiful April day with no cloud, and most of the crews took off their tunics and loosened their ties.

Each section of three kept tight formation, ready to bring the strongest possible combined fire-power to bear against enemy fighters.

Crossing the French coast, the pilots had to climb to negotiate the cliffs and the sensation of speed was terrific.

Fighter escort on a flight of this length was impossible, but a massive diversionary operation had been mounted to keep the enemy busy.

Small risk

Thirty Boston bombers and over 800 fighters had attacked targets in the Pas de Calais and around Rouen and Cherbourg half an hour earlier, drawing the German fighters away from the Lancasters' route.

Once the raid had penetrated well into France the risk of fighter interception was small. The defences

inland were mostly night fighters, disposed almost exclusively in North-West Germany and Holland.

If the Lancasters could penetrate a hundred miles into France they could expect a clear run to the target.

But, by bad luck, two squadrons of German fighters, alerted to intercept the Bostons, were on their way back to their airfield at Bernay, on a course which would cross the Lancasters' track.

They passed well ahead of Sherwood and his squadron, but they saw the six Lancasters to the north led by Nettleton.

The two sections of this flight were about 400 yards apart. No. 2 and 3 in each section closed up on their leader until they were wing-tip to wing-tip. The crops in the fields were flattened by their slipstream.

But the German fighters came after them, about 30 of them, in two formations of 15, and a fierce, running fight developed.

The combined fire-power of three Lancasters was something new to the German pilots, but they had the answer to it.

They began their attack from the port quarter, closing from 700 yards to 400 and then breaking away. They had never seen a Lancaster before, but they knew that the British 303 machine guns were ineffective beyond 400 yards.

They kept at long range, out-gunning the Lancasters with their cannon. The tight formation of the Lancasters, instead of presenting the maximum defensive fire-power, only made a better target.

Still the Lancasters went roaring on over the countryside, lifting over the hills and skimming down the valleys, while fighter after fighter attacked the second section of three from astern.

The pilots, Flight Lieutenant Sandford, Flight Sergeant Beckett, and Warrant Officer Crum, could hear the racket of answering fire from their tail and mid-upper turrets, and see the German cannon shells tearing up the ground ahead.

They rushed over the roofs of the village, watching cannon shells crashing ahead of them into houses, blowing holes in street walls and smashing into the gables of roofs.

Again and again this section was hit. If the Germans had sufficient fuel to stay with them they must all be shot down.

First to go

Beckett was the first to go. His aircraft began to drop back, and a moment later the gunners of the leading section saw it crash and burst into flames.

Nick Sandford, the leader of the section, was the next to go, in exactly the same way. A little fellow with a pleasing personality, Sandford was keen on music and chose all the records for the Officers' Mess. He always wore his pyjamas under his flying suit for luck, but this time he had no chance at all.

That left only Warrant Officer Crum. Crum was a wily bird, old in years and experience by comparison with most of the others, and he forced his Lancaster down lower still, racing along the ground like a cat.

Suddenly ahead of him he saw a line of telephone wires. He held the nose down and flew underneath them, hoping to catch his pursuers napping, but they shot beneath the wires just behind him, firing all the way.

With all four engines on fire and the fuel gauge rattling, Crum throttled back and put the Lan-

caster down wheels-up in a field. Then he set out with his crew to walk to Unoccupied France. But they didn't make it. Crum turned up some time later in prison camp dressed as a French farmer.

Opened up

That was the end of the second section. Now the whole pack of fighters, chased after Nettleton and the two other aircraft, in the leading section, piloted by Flying Officer John Garwell and Warrant Officer "Dusty" Rhodes.

All the gunners opened up as the fighters got within range, but soon the defensive fire faltered as gun after gun started to jam.

Embodied by the lack of answering fire, one McIlroy pilot crept up behind Rhodes' aircraft to within 25 yards, firing his cannon as he came. Flames burst from all four engines of the Lancaster, streaking back beyond the tail-plane.

Then the aircraft began to climb vertically, all engines burning, until it hovered directly above Nettleton and Garwell.

Inevitably the stall must come. And when it did, the crews of the two other Lancasters looked up to see an immense ball of flame diving straight at them.

The incident seemed to be enacted in a strangely protracted slow-motion. Miraculously the great diving inferno missed both aircraft by a few feet before plunging into the ground.

That left Nettleton and Garwell. Both aircraft had been hit many times and their petrol tanks were holed, but the self-sealing seemed to be working. All Nettleton's turrets were out of action and Garwell had only two or three guns firing. It seemed that the carefully planned daylight raid on Augsburg would never be made.

Turned back

But now this tragic chance encounter ended. The German fighters had been airborne a long time and they were running out of petrol. They turned back to Bernay, convinced that the two remaining Lancasters couldn't get far.

Nettleton and Garwell still had nearly 500 miles to go to the target. Both were practically defenceless. The orders had been that if one aircraft of a section was shot down in the early stages of the flight, that section was to return.

The squadron had lost four out of six. But Nettleton never considered going back, and neither did Garwell.

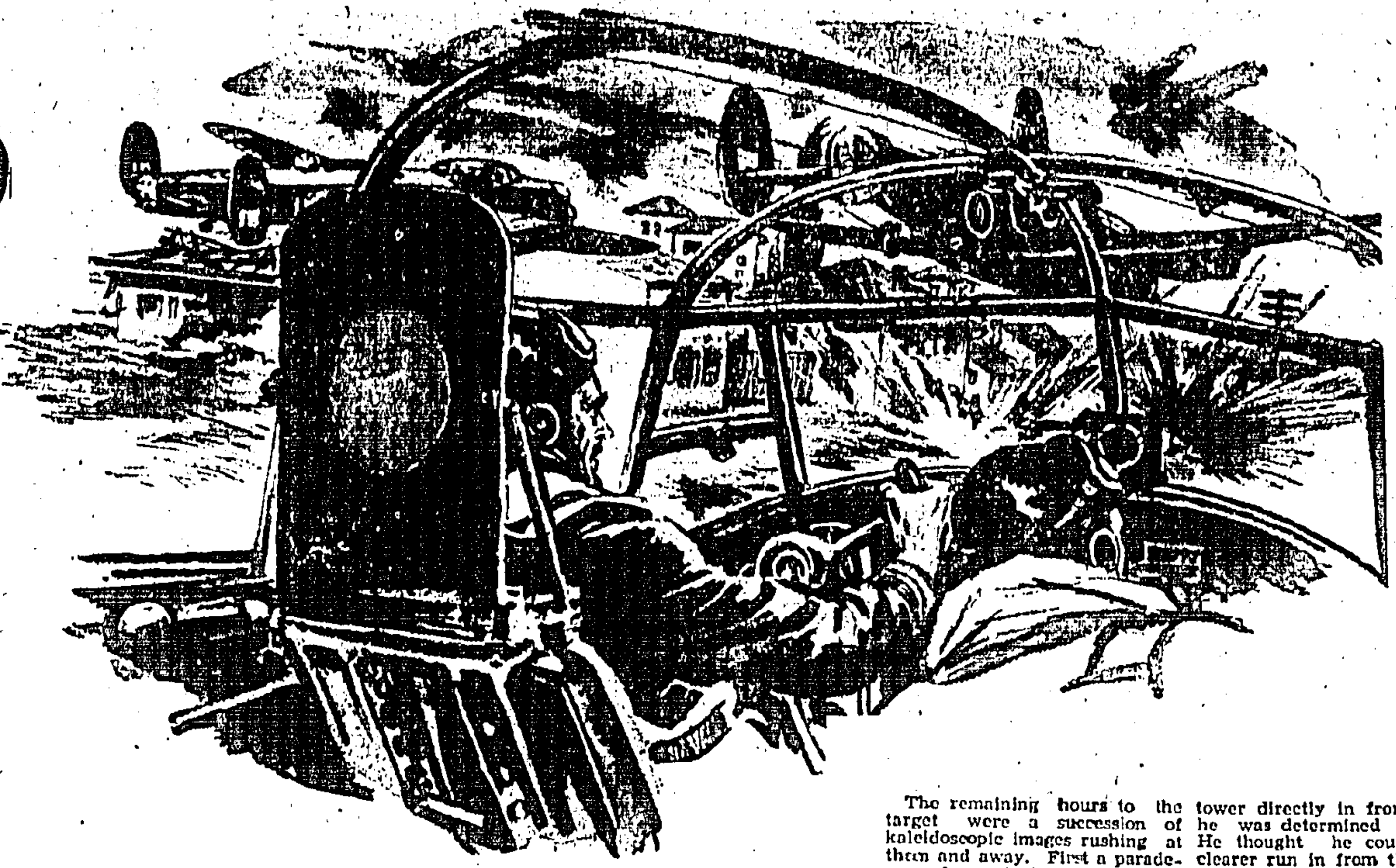
The two men did not break radio silence. They just sat going grimly. They knew the raid mustn't fail. They had been given a vivid impression at briefing of what might happen if it did.

The 87 Squadron Lancasters, led by Sherwood, saw nothing of the fighters. Over on the horizon they caught a glimpse of several aircraft crashing in flames. But not for a moment did they connect it with their own raid.

Alerted

The whole defences of France and Southern Germany were now alerted, and the remaining Lancasters could expect further opposition before they reached the target.

But to delude the Germans their course was aimed at Munich. Only at the last moment would they turn north for Augsburg. This ruse deceived the Germans and the fighters waited for them in vain.



The remaining hours to the target were a succession of kaleidoscope images rushing at them and away. First a parade-ground packed with German soldiers, a burst of machine-gun fire from a rear turret, and an empty parade ground.

Then a frontier post on the Swiss-German border. An S.S. man in close-up—black uniform, black boots and black cap—shaking his fist at them then running back down the road towards a telephone box as they disappeared from view.

The Rhine, a beautiful, rolling river. Lake Constance, and a small white ferry-boat chugging across. A German officer, standing in the stern, points his finger at them defiantly and fires. They can even see the smoke from the barrel.

Then Lake Ammer, the last turning point, 10 miles south of the target, where an old, overgrown Bavarian, standing on the shores of the lake, takes pot shots at them with a duck gun.

"Shall I tickle him up?" asks a gunner.

"No, leave him alone."

Thus they crossed half Europe. Nettleton and Garwell turned north for Augsburg.

There was no low cloud and they could see for 20 miles, but straight ahead the ground humped away from them, shutting them off from their target. Nettleton pulled up gently to climb the hill, shot over the top, and there before them lay Augsburg.

It was a trim, peaceful-looking Bavarian town, about the size of Basingstoke. But before they reached the outskirts the flak began to rise at them.

Determined

The intention had been to fly straight from here to the target, but ahead Nettleton saw a bed of chimneys—stacks which would force him to gain height.

This, with the flak already thick and accurate from a flak-

tower directly in front of him, were a determined not to do. He thought he could see a clearer run in from the east, so he turned, to starboard, away from the flak-tower, crossed the Munich railway line, and kept going until he saw what he was looking for—the line of the river. He turned back to port, pushed the nose of his Lancaster down still further, and followed the river.

Garwell kept with him, and the two Lancasters burst like a tidal wave into the town.

Astonished

The crews had studied the exact appearance of the target from photographs and models at the briefing. They were astonished at their accuracy.

They recognised the whole layout instantly, although they were approaching from an unexpected angle. Their target was not simply the works as a whole, but one particular T-shaped shed, where the submarine engines were made. There it was, directly ahead, carefully camouflaged, but unmistakable.

Low-angle flak was pouring at them in a continual stream, so low that the Germans were firing into their own buildings. Both aircraft were hit repeatedly.

"Bomb-doors open."

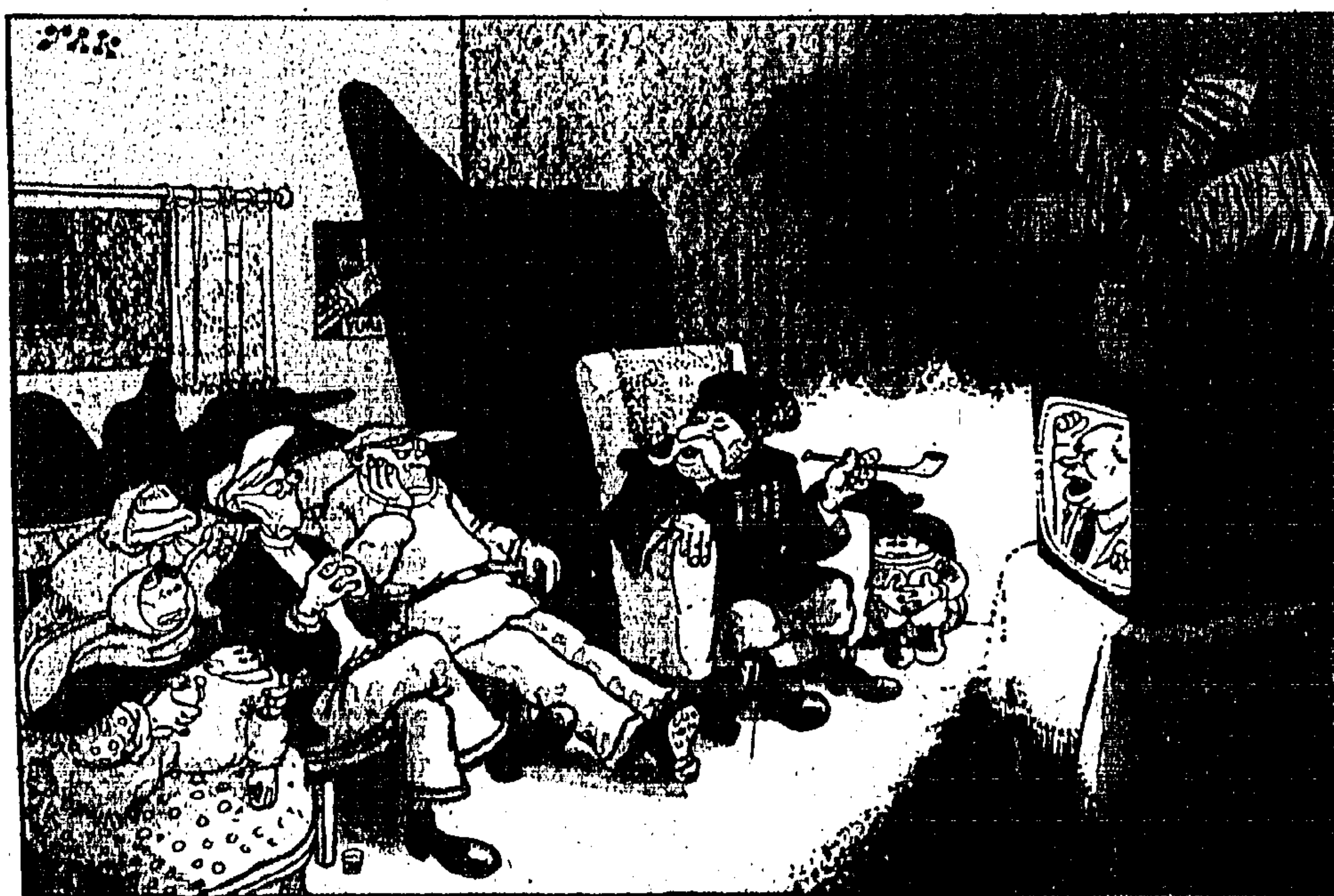
The roof-tops of Augsburg flickered by beneath them. A sandbagged gun-post on top of the main factory building was firing at them point-blank. Then the gun-post disappeared beneath the noses of the two Lancasters and the bomb-aimers pressed their release-buttons.

"Bombs gone."

Nettleton swung his aircraft to port, taking evasive action, and Garwell, his aircraft wallowing uncertainly, managed to follow. Then Nettleton turned back to starboard, heading west, and looked back at the target.

Both aircraft had carried four 1,000lb. bombs with 11-second delays. They would go up at any moment.

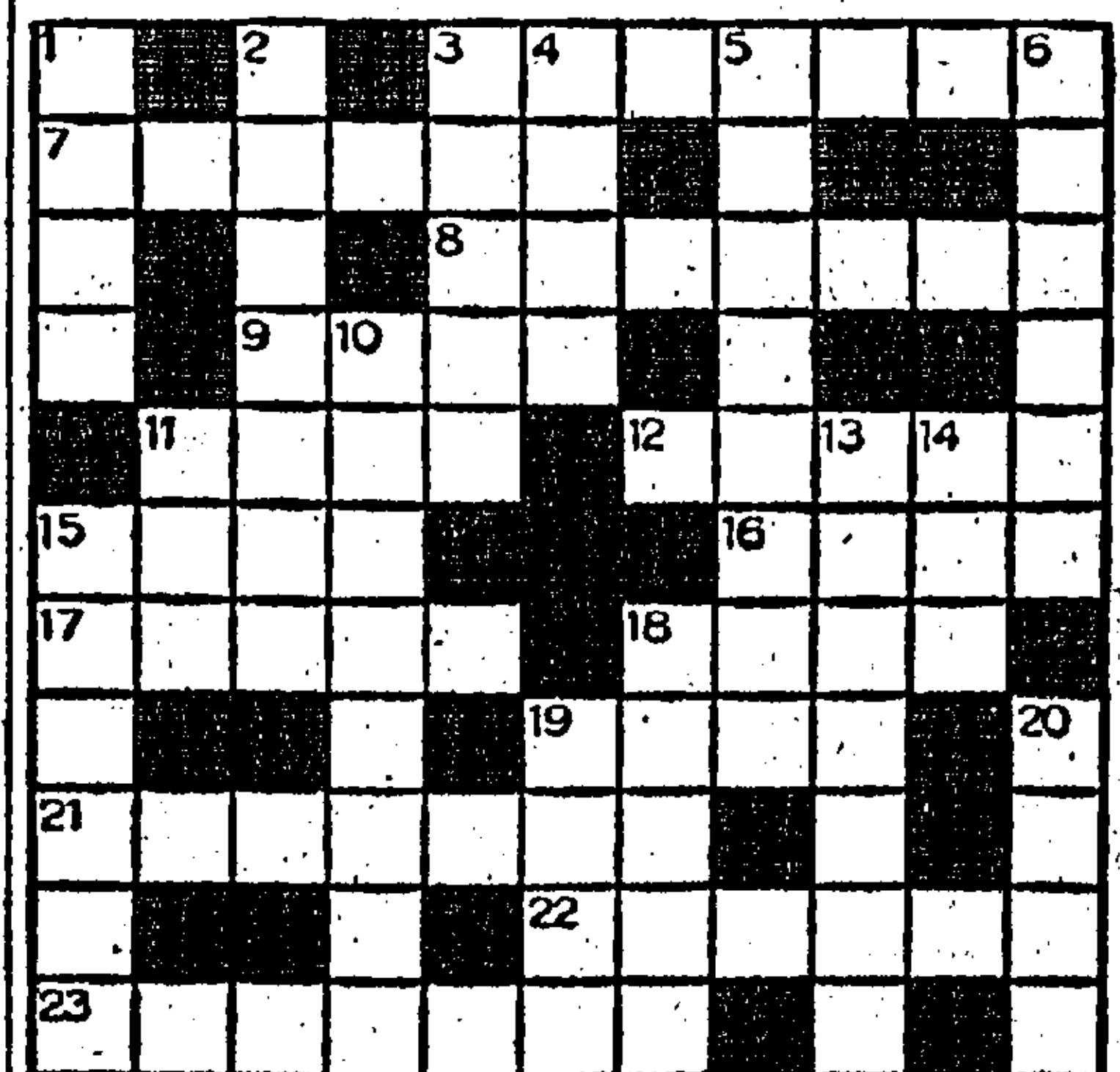
(Continued on Page 7)



"HOW MUCH TIME ARE THEY ALLOWING THE OPPOSITION?"

London Express Picture

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Shot a line.
- 7 Groggaw.
- 9 Endure.
- 10 That little horror?
- 11 A midnight one?
- 12 Recces.
- 13 Notices.
- 14 The god of the circus.
- 17 Bruque.
- 18 Sever.
- 19 Jokers!
- 21 Answered back.
- 22 Throw-out.
- 23 Embellishes.

DOWN

- 1 Fit.
- 2 Failing glass?
- 3 Sound splash.
- 4 What's left.
- 5 Incline.
- 6 Evasive tactics.
- 10 Ment balls.
- 11 Change.
- 12 More brittle.
- 14 Skip the dance.
- 15 Hoarded.
- 18 Supports.
- 19 Are no more.
- 20 Cricketers with wings?

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD. — Across: 1 Prohibits, 8 Nails, 10 Stars, 12 Got, 13 Him, 14 Edna, 15 Copper, 16 Trape, 18 Father, 19 Tilt, 22 Red, 23 Per, 24 Shade, 25 Brode, 26 Shingles, Down: 1 Reign, 2 Lily, 4 Bishop, 5 Tramp, 6 Angel-fish, 7 Perfumed, 9 Leathers, 11 Tipster, 15 Car, 17 Re-deck, 19 Trash, 21 Irons, 23 Peel.



SOME OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE AUGSBURG RAID. Left to right: Squadron-Leader J. S. Sherwood, D.F.C.; E. A. Deverill, D.F.C.; F. L. A. J. Garwell, D.F.C.; P. O. Cutting, F.O. E. Rodley, Rodley now flies Boeing 707s for B.O.A.C. ON THE RIGHT: Some of the men who were decorated after the raid, with Mr Brendan

Bracken, (then Minister of Information. Left to right: Squadron-Leader D. J. Penman, D.F.C.; Sergeant D. N. Huntley, D.F.M.; P/O Sands, D.F.C. F. L. A. J. Garwell, D.F.C.; Sergeant R. P. Irons, D.F.M. and Squadron-Leader J. D. Nettleton, who led the raid and was awarded the V.C.

One by one, the giant bombers go down

(Continued from Page 6)

There was a moment of confusion when the entire factory seemed to stop, and then whole sections of the steel and surrounding buildings tumbled outwards or were blasted helplessly into the air. At this point Garwell suddenly heard Flux, his radio operator, yelling: "We're on fire!"

Garwell took a quick look behind him. The armour-plated door leading into the fuselage was open and the interior was a mass of flames. "Shut the door!" ordered Garwell. He decided to crash-land at once rather than attempt to climb and bale out. The quicker they were on the ground the better. Five of the crew were crowded into the front cockpit but there were still two men behind that wall of fire.

Impolite...

Garwell could see Nettleton across at the burning Lancaster and he gave them an impolite version of the V-sign, which they instantly returned. Then he turned into the wind and made for the fields south of the town.

As he throttled back and lowered the flaps, smoke started to pour into the cabin, blinding him so that he could not see out or read the instruments, and choking him so that he could hardly breathe. Flux called out escape hatch over the navigator's table to try to get some air. Garwell kept the aircraft going at what he thought was the right angle and then as a sudden downdraft from the hatch cleared the smoke for a fraction of a second he saw a line of tall trees right in their path. He opened up the engines and pulled back on the stick, but already the smoke had closed in again.

He must have cleared the trees by now. He throttled back again and pushed the nose gently forward. He could not see anything. He was flying the Lancaster into the ground, blind, at 80 miles an hour. All he could do was hold off and hope. But when the crash came she settled down like an old hen, sliding on her belly for about 50 yards and then stopping gently. They made a dash for the hatch.

Outside they found Flux lying dead under the starboard inner engine. He had been thrown out on impact. His quick action in opening the hatch had probably saved their lives. The whole body of the aircraft was burning furiously, and they could not get near the two men in the fuselage.

Nettleton, alone of his formation, set course for home.

He and Garwell had dropped their bombs accurately and done considerable damage, but two aircraft could not do the work of six. The success of the raid now depended on Sherwood and the crews of the second flight.

The leading section, Sherwood, Rodley, and Hallows, were just topping the rise of the hill overlooking Augsburg as Nettleton disappeared into the setting sun. Rodley, the most youthful in appearance, with a whimsical sense of humour, was the oldest at 28.

"Darky," Hallows, so called because of his black hair and black moustache, was the squadron character, whose R/T phraseology after a sticky trip was so colourful that Wand operators were hurriedly shepherded away when he came in to land. He had resigned a commission in the King's Liverpool Regiment to join the R.A.F.

As the three aircraft cleared the hill their crews could see two columns of black smoke in the centre of the town and they knew that the 44 Squadron had delivered their attack and that the defences would be fully alerted.

This was confirmed as the flak towers south of the town began to get their range. Every gun in the town was firing at them and Sherwood decided to go straight in. There was no time for a detour and he pulled up to 300ft, to clear the chimney stacks on the run in to the target.

The formation speeded up to close on 210 miles an hour, bunched in tight because the target was narrow and all three aircraft must bomb simultaneously. To go in one by one would give the defences the chance to concentrate all their fire on one aircraft.

The Germans began to hose their tracer across the spread of the formation and the crews could hear it banging against the metal surfaces of their aircraft.

Fragments

All they could do was fly through it. Sherwood, in the centre, was forced to hold steady, but Rodley and Hallows dived slightly, presenting as difficult a target as possible. The nearer they got to the factory the thicker flowed the flak. Whole chunks of buildings were dislodged and broke into fragments beneath them as the German 88-millimetre shells crashed through. They had been

told that most of the flak defences were heavy stuff which couldn't get down to their height, but the air was filled with ugly black amduges that could only be heavy ack-ack.

One of these heavy shells hit Hallows' aircraft in the starboard wing and the whole aircraft shuddered. Miraculously it passed between the main wing tank and the afterburner control without exploding.

Cutting the bomb aimer, stretched out in the nose to drop his bombs, with his head stuck between the front gunner's legs, felt the blow.

"We've been hit!" he shouted. "This kite's shaking like a leaf!"

"Shut up!" returned the gunner, "that's my knees!" They were making their attack straight into the front of the factory, aiming at the main gate, like a film camera panning through the entrance to a castle.

Sherwood was aiming for the centre of the diesel engine shop. The bomb-aimers in the two outside aircraft urged their pilots to get over the one to the left, the other to the right.

But the leading aircraft was in the way. Each pilot dropped back a little and pulled in slightly behind Sherwood, riding his slipstream, so as to give his bomb-aimer a chance.

Scramble

Their bomb doors were open. The machine-gun post on the top of the factory was pouring tracer at them. There was no weaving now, just a wild scramble for position. The front gunners sprayed back at the machine-gun post, the mid-upper and rear gunners opened up at any other targets they could see.

All the gunners shouted wildly and excitedly as they worked their turrets, exulting in the chance to hit back.

Four successive lurches in each aircraft told that the thousand-pounders had gone. Each pilot snapped his bomb doors closed immediately for greater protection. Sherwood pushed his aircraft right down to almost street level to escape most of the flak. Rodley and Hallows followed. Now even the houses gave them shelter.

The defensive fire began to thin out a little, but there was one persistent gunner who refused to give up. They had reached the outskirts of the town, but someone was throw-

ing huge tracer shells after them, horribly close. The shells bounced on the ground around them and ricocheted into the air, racing past them, first to port and then to starboard. "At this chap's not careful," thought Rodley, "he's going to hit me." Just then he noticed a puff of white vapour streak back from Sherwood's aircraft.

On fire

Quickly the tiny puff grew into a stream. Rodley and Hallows could see that a petrol tank had been holed. Sherwood was losing petrol fast. Rodley went to flick his microphone on to warn him a breaking radio silence couldn't matter now—but before he could do so the stream of vapour had thickened and turned black. Sherwood's aircraft was on fire.

Still Sherwood kept going, and from force of discipline the two others kept formation with him. Sherwood got lower and lower, but Rodley and Hallows stayed with him. They could see Sherwood clearly, his navigator standing next to him, flames already licking the cockpit. Then gradually the aircraft dropped back.

"Keep an eye on them," called Rodley to his gunners. "See if anyone gets out." The burning Lancaster was now out of control, and a moment later it tore into the earth at full flying speed and exploded into flame. There was no chance for anyone in there.

The two outer aircraft, both severely damaged, turned for home.

Now it was the turn of the last section.

Led by Flight-Lieutenant Penman, with Flying Officer Deverill No. 2 and W/O Mycock No. 3, this section had circled for three minutes north of the Ammer See to give Sherwood's section time to get clear. Penman was a square-chinny Scot. Like Sherwood, he was only 23. Deverill was 28, an ex-apprentice, with 11 years' service, recently commissioned and a veteran of more than a hundred operational flights. He already had the D.F.M. Mycock, slight and ginger-haired, had won the D.F.C. in a daylight raid on the Schornhorst and Gneisenau in Brest.

Accurate

As these three pilots began their final run up to the target they saw Sherwood crash. Then they flew into the biggest barrage of all. The German gunners had now perfected their technique of lobbing heavy stuff from a distance. The light flak, too, was more concentrated.

In spite of accurate return fire from the air gunners, all the flak posts were still firing. The crews of both squadrons had acquired their own private sheets of armour plating and had them fitted where they felt most vulnerable. For the men of the last three Lancasters there was nothing to do now but crouch into position at battle stations and wait.

About a mile from the target Penman and Deverill were aware of a bright glow in the sky. Mycock's aircraft still in light formation, was a flying sheet of flame. The whole port wing was ablaze, throwing a bright, orange incandescence across the sky.

Heartened by their success, the German gunners poured a wall of flak into the whole section. Deverill's aircraft was the next to be hit. "We're on fire!" shouted the mid-upper gunner. Clouds of smoke and flame were clothing him in the fuselage.

"Put it out, then," yelled ex-apprentice Deverill. "I've got enough to do here." The starboard inner engine was pouring smoke and flame and he was fighting to hold his position. The last quarter of a mile to the target. Mycock's aircraft became almost completely enveloped in flames. The other crews saw the pilot's window open, but Mycock made no sign. They saw his bombs fall on the factory. Then he started to burn up. Mycock had been hit at the beginning of the run and he could have pulled away to fore-



land or pulled up to bale out at any time in the last two miles. He preferred to hold his course and drop his bombs before considering personal safety. Then it was too late.

Mycock's navigator was an old school friend from his home town. They had been overjoyed to get crewed up together. His second pilot had refused to take third light on match from Ron Irons. Deverill's wireless operator, that morning.

"Not this new, Ron," he said. "Tonight perhaps I will." Irons had taken it himself.

Deverill's aircraft left the target on three engines and with the fourth still ablaze. The fuselage was blackened and gutted and 10 feet of the plating on one side had burned completely away, but the frantic efforts of the crew eventually got the fire under control.

The mid-upper gunner, who had been growing a moustache, had one half singed off in the fire and had to shave off the other when he got back. The Germans claimed to have shot this aircraft down, and Penman's crew, too, were certain it had been lost. They shouted their heads off when Deverill caught up with them later, the fire extinguished.

Deverill had pushed the throttles wide open to catch up with Penman as all his turrets were jammed, but how much help Penman could have given them they learned when they got back. "Lucky for us you turned up," said Penman, "all our guns were out."

The last view these two crews had of the factory was of a smouldering wreck, the flak-post on the roof-top silenced at last. All the way home the crews expected retribution from German fighters. But none came.

Once over the Channel they relaxed, spat out the wads of gum they had been chewing since take-off, drank coffee, congratulated each other on getting away with it, and talked of the chances of the missing crews.

Usually one could find a grain of hope, but for Sherwood and Mycock and their crews, and three of the four, shot down by the fighters on the way out, there was none.

Someone would have the task of telling the wives. Most of them lived near the bases.

In spite of their heavy losses it was a triumphant return. The squadrons had expected to see them, again, and they were given an emotional greeting. Then someone handed each man a cup of coffee well laced with rum and they went to the briefing room to report.

Afterwards Penman went to see Sherwood's wife, intent on brooding the news to her gently. He told her he had seen them go in, that the aircraft had blown up.

She shook her head. "I would have known if he'd died," she said. "I'm convinced he's all right. Don't worry." Penman left her. So many wives talked like that. But then, after six weeks came the astonishing tidings that Sherwood was indeed alive.

Miracle

His survival had been a miracle. When the blazing aircraft hit the deck it had disintegrated, but Sherwood, strapped into his heavily armoured-plated seat, had been catapulted clear and his fall broken by trees. He had suffered no more than minor burns. All his crew were killed.

And the result of it all? Extensive damage to the factory, concentrated in the vital diesel assembly shop and test bench. Production was not completely stopped but work was delayed and the factory was not back to normal for six months.

"Undertaken by heavy losses at the outset," wrote Churchill, "44 and 61 squadrons in broad daylight into the heart of Germany and struck a vital point with deadly precision. We must gladly regard the attack as an outstanding achievement." "Domestic history," he wrote, "the gallant adventure, penetrating deep into the heart of Germany in daylight and pressed home with determined determination in the face of bitter and fierce opposition," he signalled to

the two squadrons. "takes its place among the most courageous operations of the war."

Of the 85 men who set out for Augsburg on that April afternoon, 49 were missing, 31 the remainder, only a handful survived the war.

Nettleton, who was awarded the V.C. for this raid was killed in action in 1944. His epitaph, as with all the 65,000 men of Bomber Command who lost

their lives, can be given in his own words. "The war can't be finished," he said in a broadcast after the Augsburg raid, "without attacking the enemy."

Surely there are few attacks in the history of air warfare which were pressed home by crew after crew with such valour.

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NEXT WEEK:

A dying pilot fights to save his crew

(London Express Service).

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Robot brain sends boys to class

A master's yearly nightmare is sorted out in two hours

TWO thousand British schoolboys are being told which lesson and which classroom to go to next—by a robot "brain."

The computer is doing, in two hours, a job which would take an experienced school-master 100-150 hours to complete.

It is called ACE. It is housed at the National Physical Laboratory, Teddington. Three scientists have been setting the task of solving that annual nightmare of senior masters—the school timetable.

The details

Details of the numbers of masters, the lengths of classes, the subjects, how long each form should spend at them and which forms should combine for which subjects, are fed into the machine.

Two hours later, long lists of instructions—which can be written straight into the weekly timetable sheets for every term of the year—come out.



Amplifiers

Amplifiers as small as a thumbnail are being produced by a new technique which permits water-thin films of metal to be deposited on tiny insulating plastic sheets, and the circuits are highly reliable.

Much of the work has to be carried out under a microscope because an accuracy of ten thousandths of an inch is often called for.

Astronaut

If you want to become an astronaut, think first about this. Not only have you got to be physically near-perfect and a good test pilot, but you must also master these subjects: Newtonian mechanics, boundary layer theory, high-speed aerodynamics, heat transfer theory, dynamics of rarified gases, Einstein's theory of relativity, meteorology, astronomy, propulsion, orbital mechanics, trajectories.

(London Express Service).



LEFT: Mr. Raja Mahendra Pratap, Indian Member of Parliament, seen with Mr. F. T. Molwani (left) at the Hindu Temple.



ABOVE: Pointing out the finer detail in one of his works is Mr. Lee Fook who gave an exhibition of his paintings at St John's Cathedral Hall last week.



RIGHT: Schoolgirls making good use of one of the USS Saminolo's horizon-scanning telescopes during a visit on board the visiting ship this week.



ABOVE: Seen at the Society of Architects "Ladies Evening" at the Golden Phoenix Restaurant were (1-r) Mr and Mrs E. Szeto, Mr W. Szeto, Prof W. G. Gregory and Mr D. W. McDonald.



ABOVE: Mr. D. Aker-Jones (right) cutting the ribbon to officially open a piggery donated by the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce at Sunshine Island. Jaycoo President, Mr John D'Eath (left), and Mr G. Borgeest look on.



ABOVE: Mr S. A. Gray (right) thanking members of the South China Morning Post Ltd staff for a camera and accessories presented to him on the occasion of his retirement. Mr Gray has been editor of the S.C.M. Post since June 1957, and has worked with the Company since 1929.



ABOVE: The Governor, Sir Robert Black, seen at the Tsan Yuk Social Centre last Thursday.



ABOVE: Seen at the tea given by the YMCA for Dr S. H. Pang at the Wing On Mess Hall last week (1-r) —Mr Daniel Chan, Dr Pang and Dr Arthur Woo.



ABOVE: Mr H. Hoys addressing the gathering during a presentation to Mr So Kwok-leung (left), who retired from the Treasury Department recently after long service.



ABOVE: Mr John Canning, Assistant Director of Education, laying the foundation stone of the new Lutheran School at Kun Tong.

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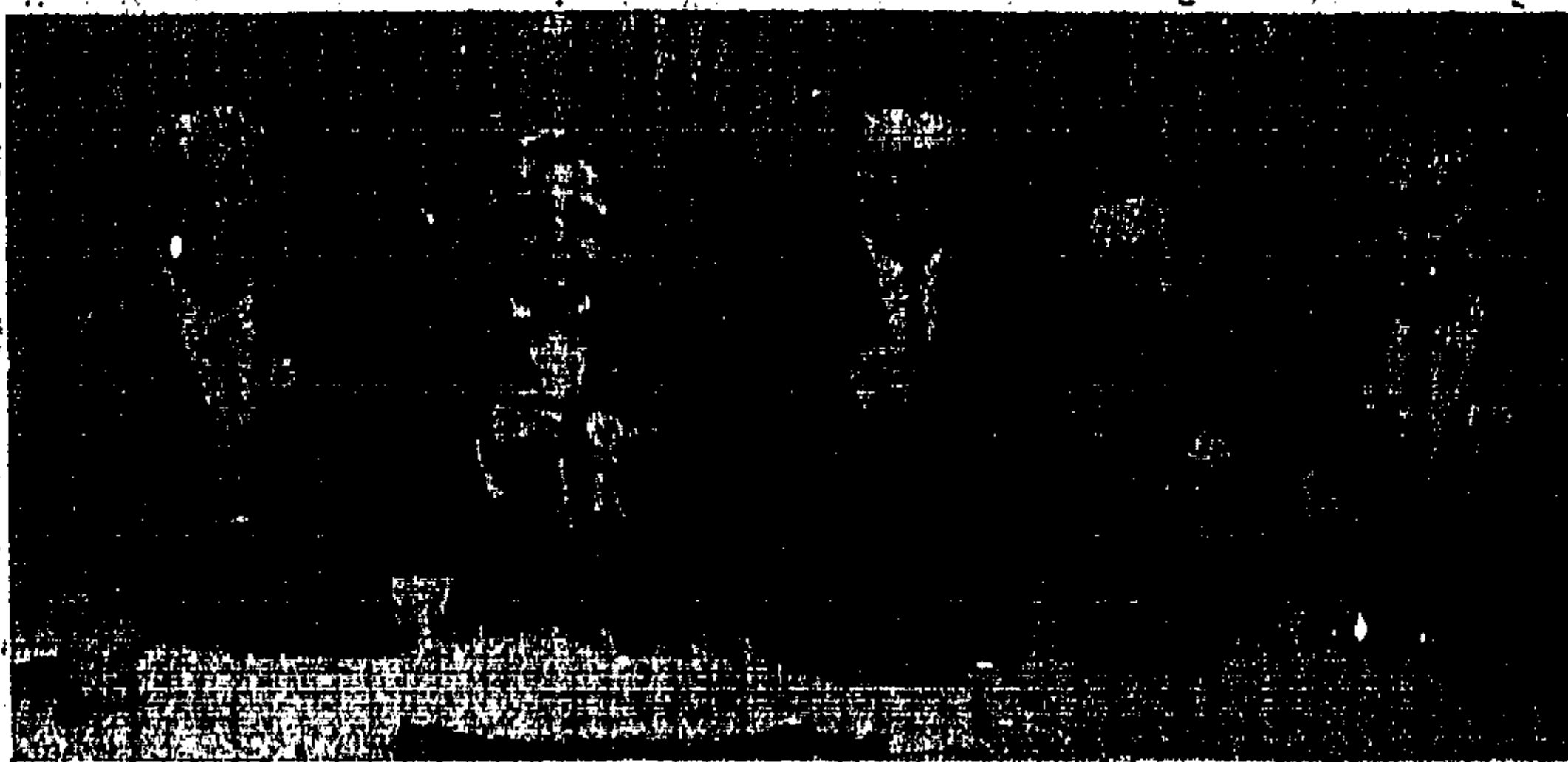
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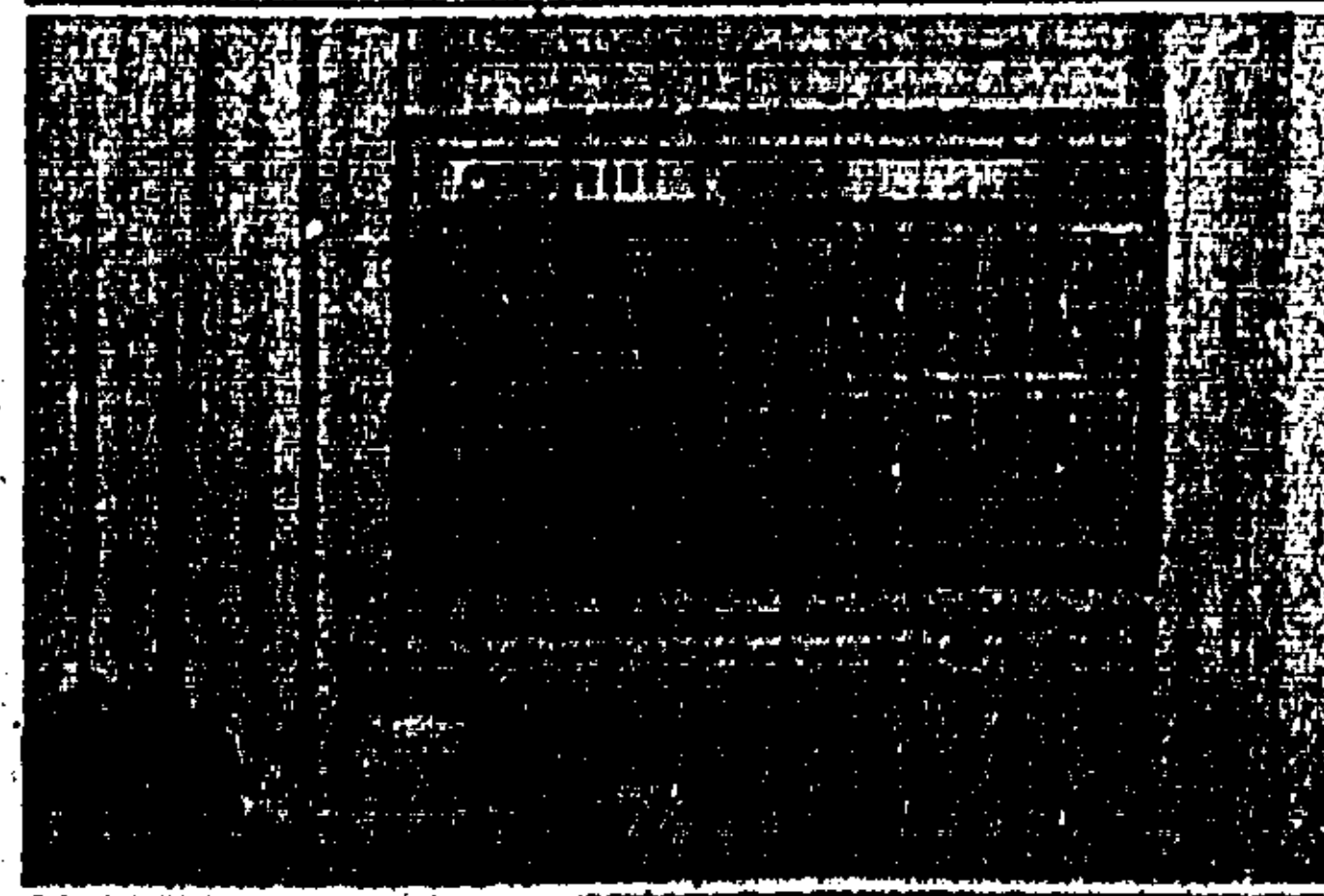


ABOVE: Mr. Georges Paquet (second from right), outgoing Station Manager of Air France, and his successor, Mr. Pierre Denard (right), chatting with Mr. T. C. Dickens (left) and Mr. M. Baron.



LEFT: Pictured at the opening of the Canton Trust & Commercial Bank's new branch at Hungnam were (1-r) Mr. Chan Back-ling, Mr. Louis Kai Hing, Mr. C. Little, Sir Tsun-nin Chau and Mr. Y. N. Lee.

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ABOVE: Mr E. L. Krouk addressing the gathering at the opening night of the Victoria Chess Club held on the top floor of the Gloucester Hotel. Mr B. C. Field is at left, while Mr R. Hobson is at right.



ABOVE: If Hongkong's industries are to successfully combat the attacks of which it is now the target, said Sir Sik-nin Chau, it should speak with one voice—that of the Federation of Hongkong Industries. Sir Sik-nin (pictured here) was speaking at the annual meeting of the Federation held this week at the United Chinese Bank Building.



ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, the Governor, watches intently as a Chinese orchestra passes his seat at the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals gala show held at the Government Stadium. The function is the first of the fund-raising campaign launched for the construction of the new Kwong Wah Hospital and the Tung Wah Hospital No. 1 College.



ABOVE: The Rt Rev Msgr Felix J. Shek, Vicar General, seen blessing the roof garden of the Catholic Club this week.



ABOVE: Mrs R. Hanson watches as two girls operate a sock-knitting machine, one of two presented to the St Francis Hospital by the American Women's Association of Hongkong.



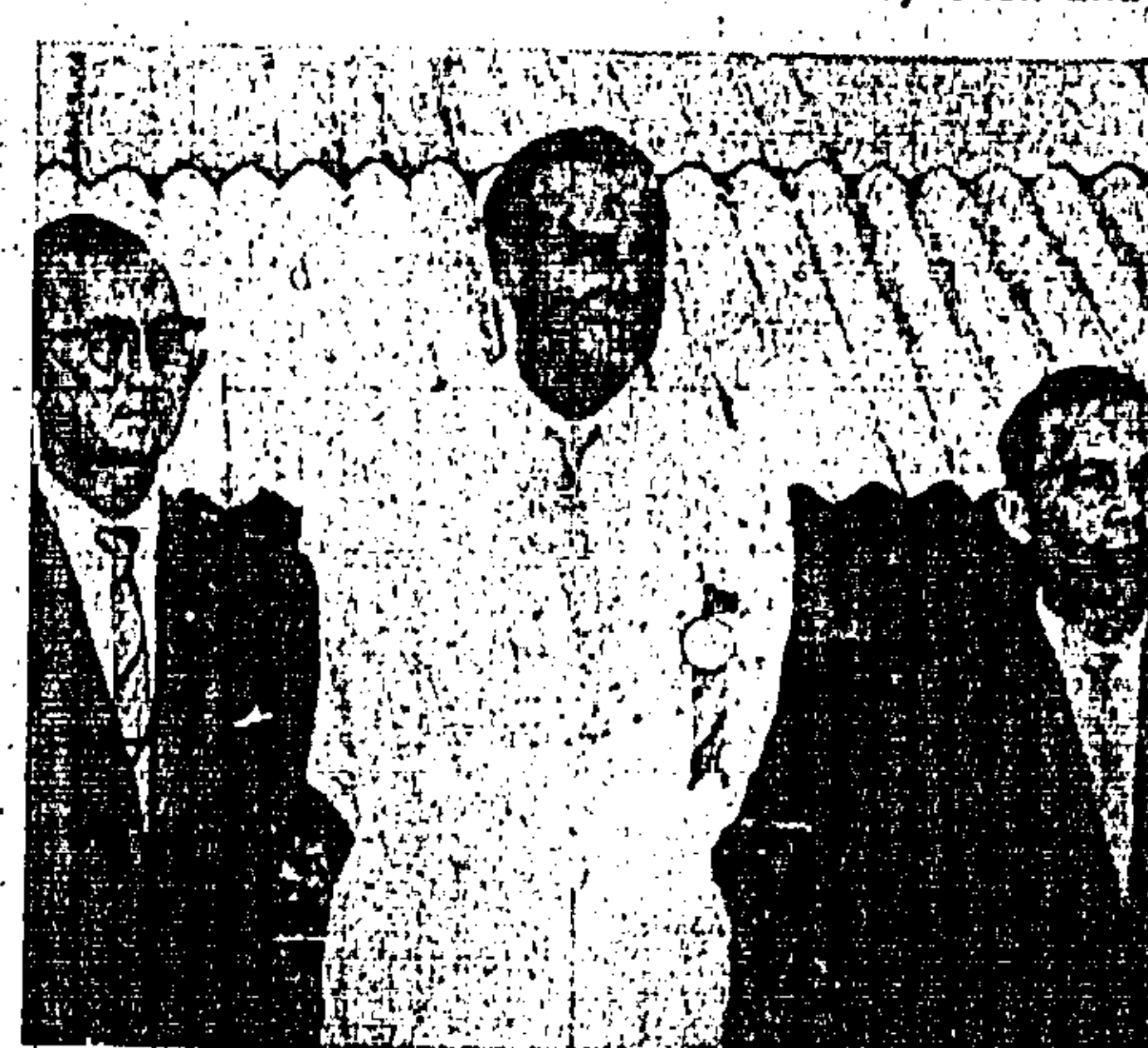
ABOVE: Judy Chang, Hongkong's Miss International Beauty of 1962, was presented with a camera and her prize of a watch by Messrs Gilman & Co Ltd. Seen during the presentation (l-r) were Mr K. C. Yuen, Miss Chang, Mr J. Blaker, Miss Mary Chen and Mr Samson Sun.



ABOVE: Trying out a yoga exercise is Mr S. L. Yen during a demonstration given by Swami Satchidananda (right). Mr K. S. Fung looks on.



ABOVE: Mr B. P. Mays Jr. Secretary of the American Foreign Insurance Association, New York, arrived by air this week on a business visit. Pictured (l-r) are Mr E. P. McElgunn Jr. Mr Mays, Mrs Der and Mr Robert Der.



ABOVE: Mr Young Wing-yau (left), Mr D. R. Holmes and Mr Tao Pak-chuen (right) seen at the Heung Yee Kuk elections held at Tai Po Court recently.

★ ★ ★
RIGHT: Rev L. L. King (left) and Rev J. Bechtel at the tea party celebrating the golden jubilee of the Alliance Press held at the West Lounge of the European YMCA.



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LEFT: Dr. and Mrs. Anthony Paul Chen, who were married recently at St Teresa's Church. The bride is the former Miss Lily Mary Veronica Yen, also a doctor.

★ ★ ★
ABOVE: Sir Robert Black, seen here with Col A. B. Dick, was principal guest at the annual cocktail party of the Army Medical and Dental Services held at the Hongkong Club.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Ascot winners any woman can back

SUNSHINE YELLOW A HOT TIP... PINK STRONGLY FANCIED

by JILL BUTTERFIELD



ANY SIDE OF THE TRACKS dress in crease shedding blue and black printed rayon, by C & A Modes, £4.9s.11d. Dressed up for the Paddock with a sophisticated black straw pith helmet, designed by Peter Shephard.

PICTURE BY TERENCE DONOVAN

ROYAL ASCOT—somehow the mixture never changes. The grass is always emerald, the topplers are always grey, the rails seem white as a detergent advertisement, and every possible form of fashion flirts across the Royal Enclosure.

But 1961 Ascot will go down in fashion history as the year when you needed neither rose-coloured spectacles nor the umbrellas most women carried.

The brilliant colours won the day. Pink was everyone's favourite — rosy pink, candy pink, pink deep as the heart of a rose. The sunshine yellow which Princess Margaret wore was heavily backed. All the blues in the book were there in full force from the misty, milky turquoise the Queen chose to the perennially popular bright navy.

But the weather had undoubtedly affected most women. Missing this year, those gorgeous extravagant

garden party dresses which seem to be whisked up from organdies and organzas. Clothes were just beautiful backgrounds. Simple silk suits, off-the-peg coats, ubiquitous dress and jackets were first favourites.

And there was the usual crop of lanky-haired dabs swishing around in full-skirted shirtwaisters.

But the hats — the hats were a very different story. Although there was a smattering of feather-light mullin hats, of flower-petalled caps, of little feminine bowlers, every other girl in the Paddock had borrowed her hat from a Breton sailor — and "anap" was the greeting of the day.

There were Bretons of tulle, of shiny black straw, there were Bretons woven from ribbon, scattered with flowers. There were Bretons topping fresh young faces and Bretons (unfortunately) perched on blue-rinsed hair.

MY FASHION FAVOURITES OF THE DAY:—

Princess Marina (shall we ever learn to call the Duchess of Kent that?) in a dramatic vivid velvet hat of the striking turquoise they used to call Marina Blue.

Princess Alexandra, beaming behind her mother,

with a shiny shamrock green sailor hat topping her cream-coloured coat.

The Begum Aga Khan — lovely and lofty as ever, with her dazzling smile, great patience and terrific chic; cool-looking in spotted aquamarine silk with a matching perky little straw hat.

MY CLOSE CHALLENGERS:—

Countess Annoni, a bubbly dark-haired beauty in a black and white silk suit spiced with a mustard cravat.

Mrs. Michael Dormer, a pink and white rosebud girl in navy blue silk with a candy-floss pillbox on her sleek blonde hair.

HANDICAPS to any fashion entrant are:—

Fur stoles in the brightness of a June afternoon;

White shoes which are grassy green after 10 minutes in the Paddock;

Open-backed sandals sucked into the soggy turf.

And the saddest sight of all — the drooping plastic mac I saw shamefacedly disappearing into the Royal Enclosure.

(London Express Service).



DRAWING BY
Robb

ANY SIDE OF THE TRACKS two-piece dress in sugar pink silk and rayon, trimmed with white, by Linzi, £6.6s. It becomes smart enough for the Royal Enclosure with a soft straw sou'wester. Collarless coat in white honeycomb cotton, by Richard Shops, £3.9s.11d., gains glamour with an elegant eyeshading hat in navy blue tulle. Hats designed by Jonny Fischer.

* FASHION TIPS

— Angela Grayson

Sleeves or no sleeves

THE majority of summer dresses this year are sleeveless. This fashion fact raises problems, however, for many wearers.

Few women over forty should wear sleeveless dresses. Even fairly slender women frequently find the upper arm is better off camouflaged. Certainly, anyone who is even a bit plump should avoid arm exposure at the top.

When the arm rests against the body, it looks stouter than it is. Examine the arm in this position in the mirror to decide whether a sleeveless dress will look well. If in doubt, decide against it.

Plenty of dresses can be found

with at least cap sleeves. Many sleeveless dresses come with many with sleeves, as buyers jackets, which should be kept on, are aware of women's arm problems. Although stores are full of un-

Get the gloves right

In accessories thinking, women neglect gloves most. They buy them as an afterthought, seldom consider the relation of length or even colour to the costume.

Like other accessories, gloves sleeve, soft enough to be worn this year can make or break crushed on the arm.

Sleeveless dresses also call for long gloves. The short glove is for three-quarter or long enough nearly to meet the full-length sleeves.

CALADRYL

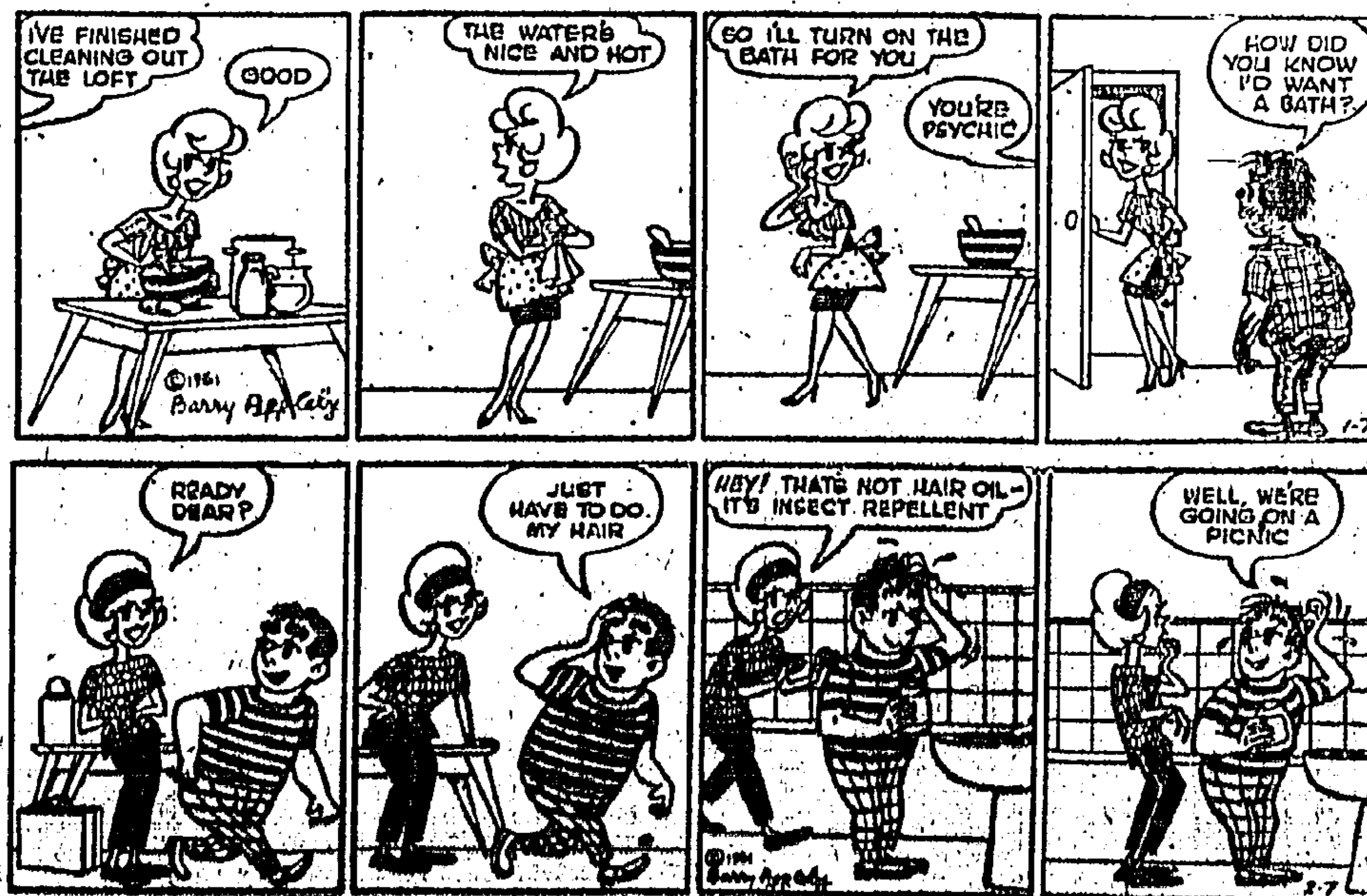
RELIEVES SKIN IRRITATIONS & PRICKLY HEAT.

SOOTHES THE DISCOMFORT OF INSECT BITES & STINGS



PARKE-DAVIS

THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



GAS FOR JOY



LONDON

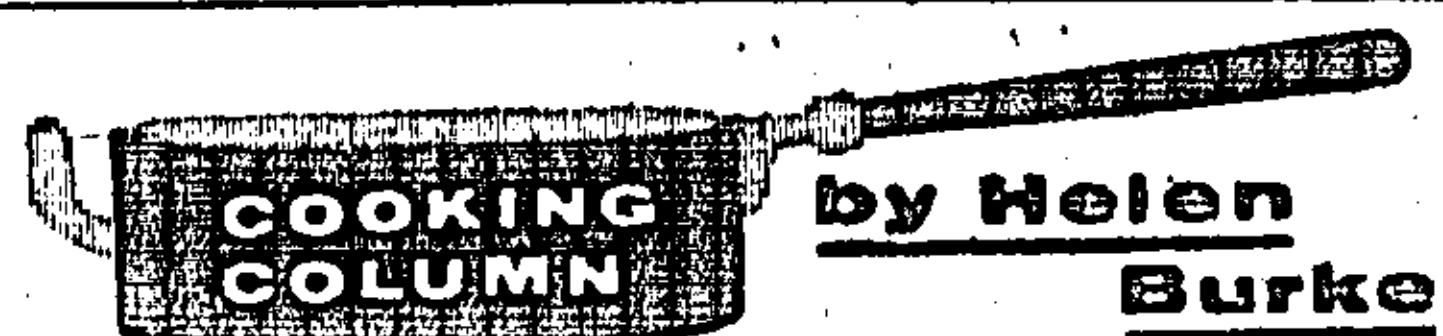
JET BY

AIR-INDIA

★ ★ ★ PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT ★ ★ ★

The Continental touch

HOME PAGE FINDS SEVEN BRIGHT IDEAS
WAITING FOR A WELCOME



Give this
all-American
favourite a try

ASK any American which, of all the main-course dishes, he could be pretty sure of in any reasonably priced restaurant in the United States, and I have no doubt that the answer would be "Hamburgers."

Having just returned from the States, I can confirm they are generally very good.

In places where they fancy themselves, you get them broiled over charcoal in lesser places, you get them part-broiled or dry fried, much in the same way as they are cooked here at home—that is, slapped down on a hot plate which has been barely brushed with a little fat.

As an instance of their popularity I must tell you that, on the shelves of one of New York's most serious book shops, I saw a book entitled 365 Ways to Cook Hamburgers. (No—I did not buy it.)

I have no fault to find with American hamburgers. On the whole, I like them better than any other restaurant main dish.

Hamburgers, as I never like of anything, are made of nothing else but finely minced lean chuck steak or top sirloin, formed into little round cakes, 1/4 inch thick and dry-fried or grilled to your own liking.

Season them after this. The meat must be handled lightly because, if pressed together, the hamburgers would be dull.

No onion goes into them, but they can be accompanied by blanched onion rings, together with any number of delicious relishes.

I have a rough idea of one of the best of these I have ever tasted and, in due course, after I have made it to my own satisfaction, I shall give it to you in these notes.

THE BEST FOOD

BY far the best food I had in the United States was in private homes, and the best of all was in that of my friend, Pauline Presenza, who provided a dinner for seven of us which could not have been equalled in any of the restaurants I visited.

Her first course was the softest most delicious Spinach Gnocchi, with not a spot of flour or semolina in it. I suggest that you try it, first, in half quantities.

Start by draining 1 lb. Ricotta cheese in a muslin bag in the refrigerator for 24 hours (hanging from one of the shelves with a saucer underneath).

Cook in its own juice, a 10oz. packet of chopped spinach for 10 minutes. Drain and press out all moisture. (This is very important.)

When cold, mix with the Ricotta, 2 good tablespoons of grated Parmesan cheese, a beaten egg, a pinch of grated nutmeg and salt and pepper to taste.

Drop half teaspoons of the mixture on to a pastry board sparsely sprinkled with flour, lightly roll them with the palm of the hand into balls and flatten them a trifle. It is a good idea to leave them for a little now.

Pauline placed hers in rows on floured wax paper on a covered tray and stored them in the refrigerator for two hours.

To cook the gnocchi: Use a wide pan with water in it to the depth of four to five inches. Bring it to the boil.

Lower the heat to arrest the boiling and lightly drop the



ANY INEXPENSIVE gadget which has several uses will always find a place in my kitchen. This Phoenix egg separator is also a pie funnel and if placed in a saucepan when heating milk will prevent it from boiling over.

gnocchi, one at a time, into it, in circles.

After one circle has been added, increase the heat so that, by the time all the gnocchi has been added, the water just comes to the boil again. It must not boil furiously or the gnocchi will break, so watch it.

MORE BUTTER

PAULINE gently moved them around with wooden spoon. Gradually, one by one, they rose in the pan when they should poach for under a minute.

Have ready, as Pauline had, a heated platter with a nice piece of melted butter and a good sprinkling of grated Parmesan cheese in it. Lift each of the gnocchi out with a slotted spoon and place them on the dish. Dot them with further creamed butter and more grated Parmesan cheese.

That first baby

PRINCESS MARGARET will be 31 when she has her first baby. The Queen was married at 21, and now at 35 is the mother of three children.

For the first time since the last two wars, there is a surplus of men under the age of 30, and it hardly matters whether a girl decides to marry early or late.

A girl of 28, for instance, with her own flat, a well-stocked wardrobe, strings of dates and the freedom to take a job in Rome or New York if she wants a change of scenery, can hardly be regarded as on the shelf.

What does matter rather more is when you have your children.

Many a girl who has married late and started a family after a carefree life has come to feel that the twenties are really the best time for coping with the cot, pot and nappy stage.

The hardest and worst say the most rewarding. Used in a woman's life are the 10 years that date from the birth of her first child.

If this brings her to 40-plus, a re-blossoming in terms of

I ONCE went out to lunch with an industrialist, and on the way there I was seized with the kind of inspiration that usually only comes in dreams, and is exasperatingly forgotten when you wake up.

I thought up a gadget: a splendid gadget that the world had been waiting for. It would be easy and cheap to make; it was bound to be a success.

Wonderful

All the way through the West End traffic I was working out its wonderful possibilities and seeing how successful it was bound to be. By Piccadilly Circus I had found a company; by Hyde Park Corner Consolidated Caterers were declaring a two-for-one bonus issue, and by the time I'd found a parking meter I was working out where I'd moor my yacht.

Tournedos

But when, over the tournedos and champignons I put the idea up, the man said: "Yes, someone invented that in 1910. And it wouldn't work."

Since then I've been shy of advising manufacturers to do anything. The ideas in these Home Page drawings, however, are different. Any manufacturer of home furnishings who doesn't have a go at them is really missing something.

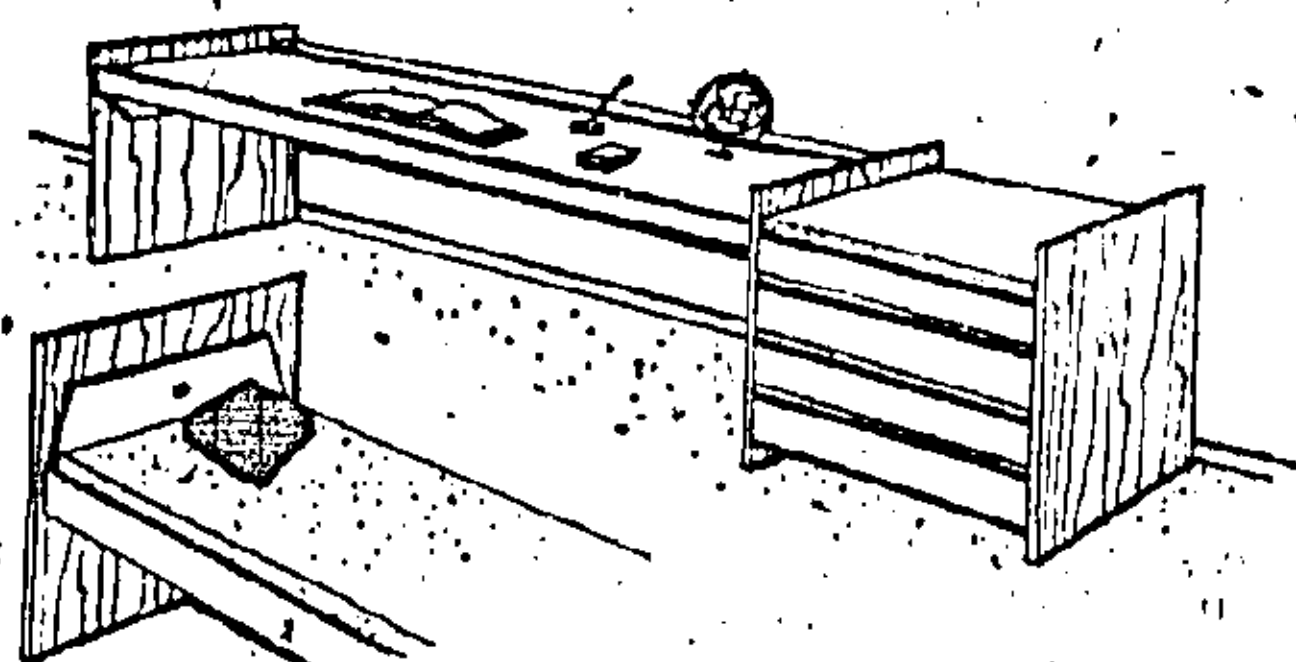
Experts

They were suggested by Henry and Lilian Stephenson, the husband-and-wife design team who are experts in home ideas. And many of them are already on the market in various European countries, but haven't yet crossed the Channel.

If no British manufacturer catches on to them quick enough for you, they are all within the ability of the do-it-yourselfer.

For most of them veneer-surfaced blockboard is an ideal material.

Bill Cater



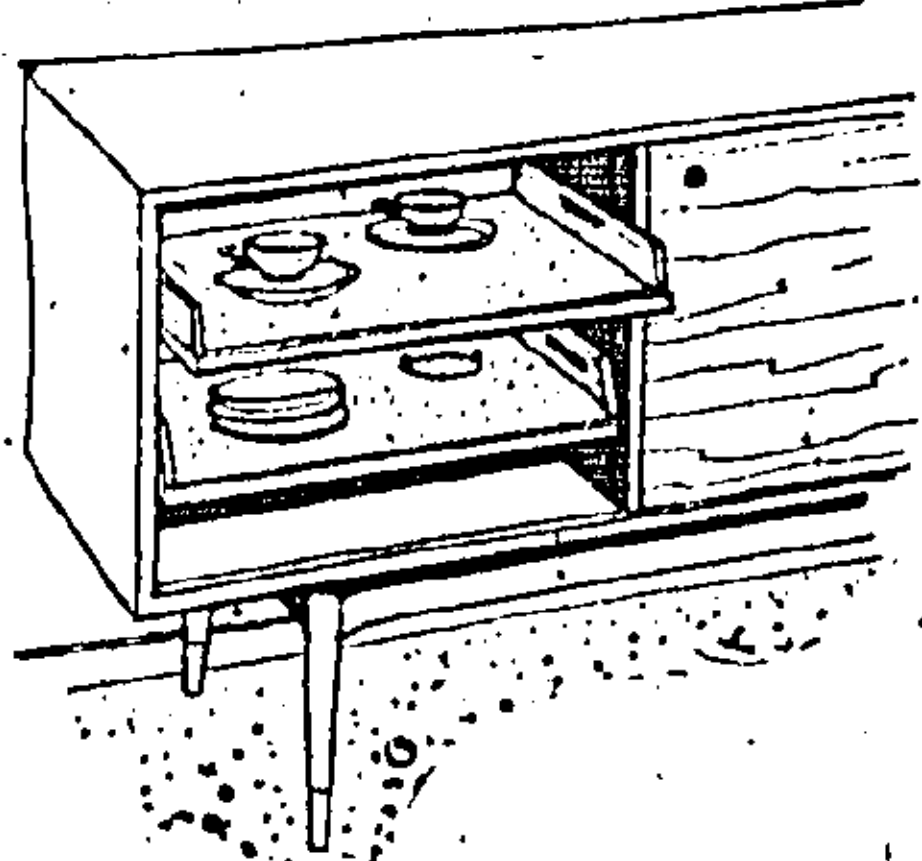
NEW twist to the old bed-into-something-else transformation. In this one, bed tips on pivot at head and foot to reveal big desk on the other side. Mattress, of thick foam rubber, is fastened on with straps or press-studs; bars at back hold head and foot together, prevent desk tipping. Blockboard ends; beech slides.

FIRST AID IN THE HOME

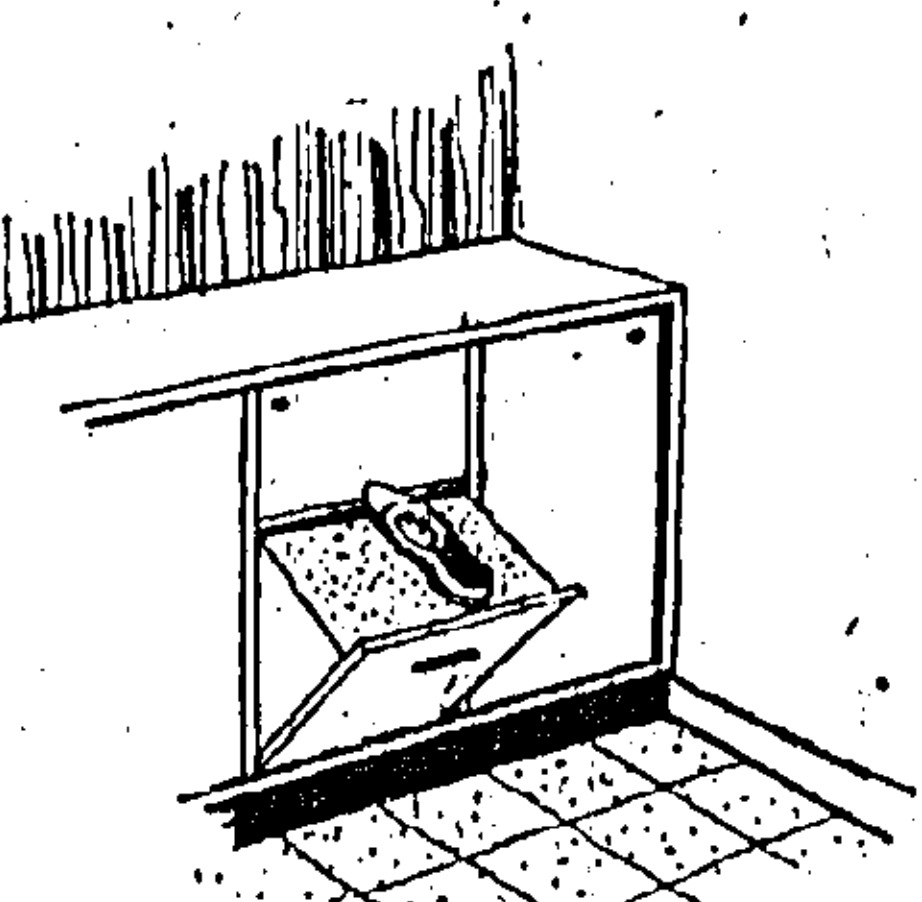
Burns. Beat together one egg white and one tablespoon of olive oil and apply freely to burns. Keep the patient quiet and warm, give warm liquids and treat for shock if necessary. If the burns are very severe, take no chances but get a doctor or rush the patient to a hospital.

Croup. Scrape a teaspoonful of alum with twice the quantity of sugar. Administer as quickly as possible. Almost instantaneous relief will follow.

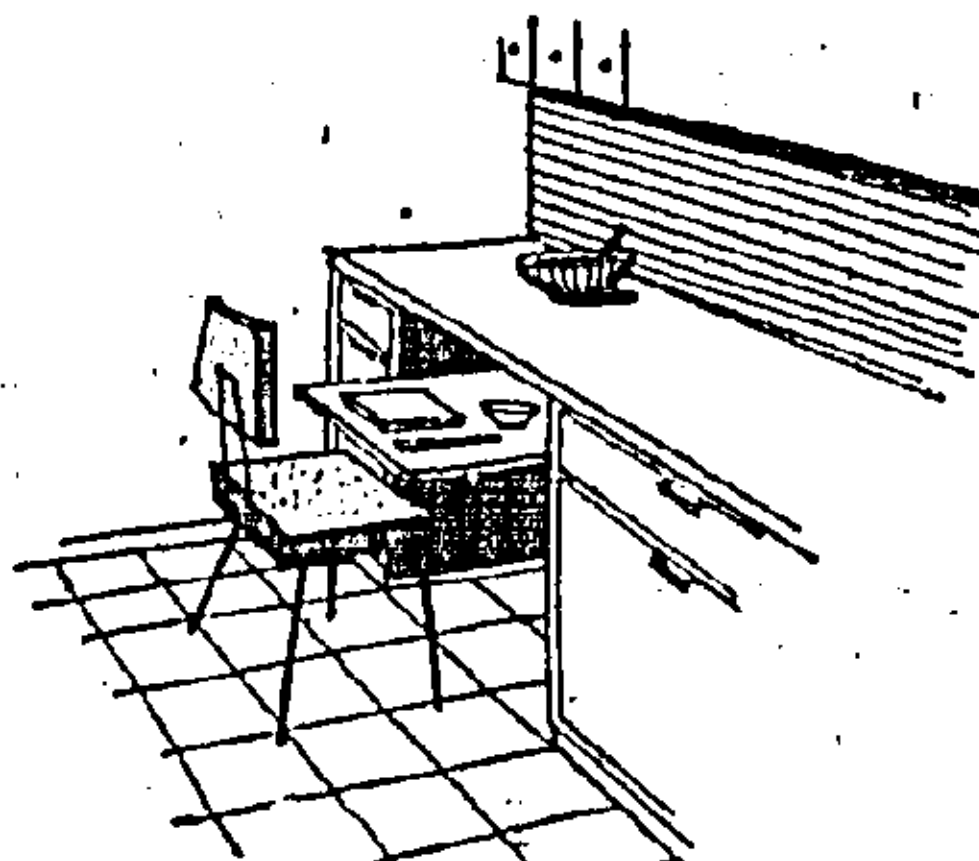
Headache. Take an aspirin with half a cup of water to which add 1/2 teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda.



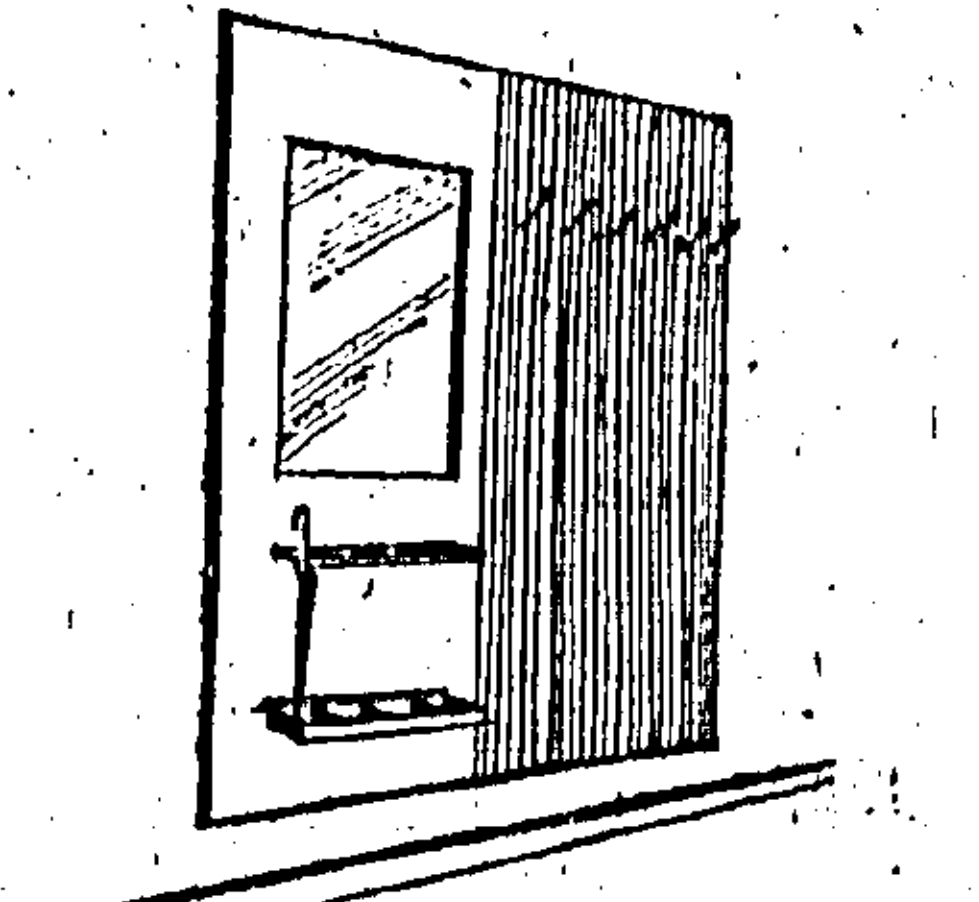
HOW many hours a year do you spend taking things off trays and putting them in the sideboard, or taking them from sideboard and putting them on trays? Way out: turn shelves into trays sliding on original shelf-supports or strips of beading. No shelves? Buy or make trays to fit.



FOR last-minute rushers who polish their shoes on the hoof, a simple, hinge-out section of kitchen flintment, rubber-topped to put the foot on (and hide the stray polish-smears); with storage space for shoe-cleaning materials in a drawer or cupboard above it.



A KITCHEN with enough working surfaces shouldn't need a table—but if all the surfaces are at working height, they are too high for sitting-down tasks. If you use a high stool there's nowhere to put your knees. Solution: this tip-up flap. Flush with front of kitchen unit when closed, it opens at right height.



NOBODY likes hallstands, with their burden of damp coats and dripping umbrellas, but while there are still houses without coat cupboards they are needed and you might as well have one that looks good. This is the neatest I've seen: plain wooden backing is handsome without being busy; mirror is in the right place.

LADY LUCK

your
CHINA MAIL
horoscope

SATURDAY, JULY 1

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Don't be too confident of the success of a gamble. You must be equally prepared to face a loss.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): You can't always expect to get your own way, but should learn to accept a compromise gracefully.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Don't be too quick to jump to the wrong conclusion about a friend's action you can't understand.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): A business associate born under Virgo could be counted on to give you staunch support.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): By agreeing to increase your hours of work, you might only succeed in reducing your efficiency.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): Discourage general discussion at a forthcoming meeting and get down to settling the business of the day.

LEO (July 22-August 21): In spite of strong pressure on the part of others, refuse to abandon your own high principles.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): Your frequent changes of mood have an unsettling effect on those around you.

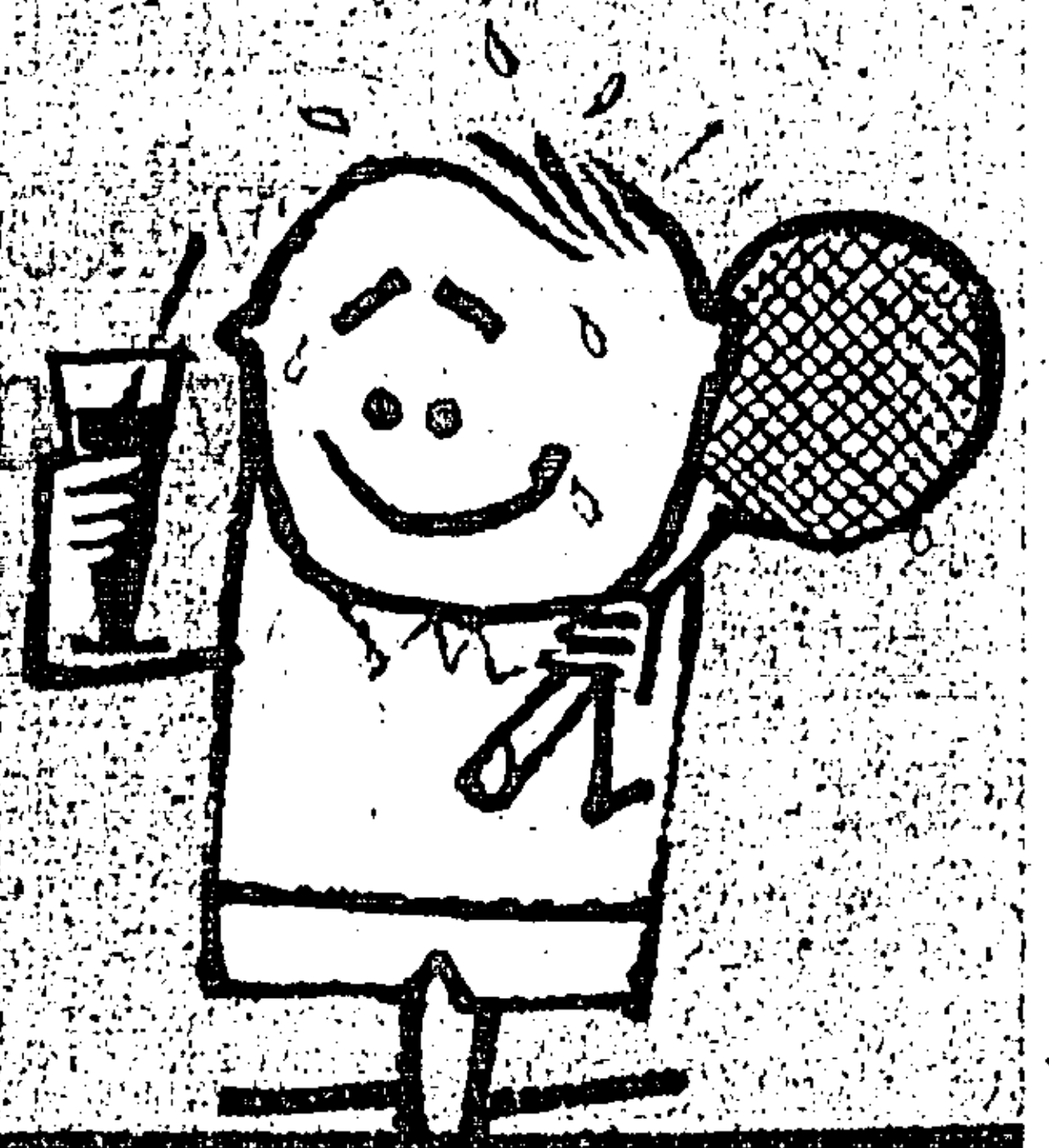
LIBRA (September 23-October 22): You will have to muster all your tact to carry off a delicate mission.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): By being too ready to accept help from others, you will gradually weaken your independence.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): Your own generous nature should not make you assume that others are equally ready to give.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Your highly developed sense of humour helps you over many an awkward situation.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named JOAN may have some special significance.



CHASE & SANBORN
INSTANT COFFEE



Chase
and
Sanborn

JACOBY on BRIDGE

BASICALLY you need the equivalent of an opening bid in order to make a take out double, but that does not mean that you should make a take out double merely because you have an opening bid. When you make a take out double of one major suit without preparation for the other you are inviting a visit from the underdog and that is just what North did today.

His correct big was to pass after West opened with one spade. If he had done so East and West would probably have reached game in no-trump. With a diamond opening they would go down with any other lead they would make it, but

NORTH 17	
♠ A 3 2	♥ K 6
♦ A K 7 5 4	♣ 9 3 2
WEST (D)	
♠ K Q J 7 6	♥ 7 5
♦ Q 8 2	♣ J 10 9
♠ A 10 5	♥ A Q J 9
EAST	
♠ 10 9 4	♥ 10 8 4 3 2
♦ A 10 5	♣ K 8 4
South and South vulnerable	
West North East South	
1♠ Double Redbl 2♥	
Pass Pass Double Pass	
Pass Pass	
Opening lead—♠ K	

North's unsound double opened the road to better things for them.

East redoubled to show the balance of power. South bid two hearts and East doubled that.

South played the hand to the hilt, but all he could salvage from the wreckage were five tricks. An 800 point penalty is far too much to pay for a sure game. This one was paid for a possible game only.

How about a two-diamond overall with the North hand? That bid would be far better than a double, but in practice North's best bid would be a pass.

ACARDY BIDDING

Q—The bidding has been:
West North East South
1♠ Double Redbl 1♠
Pass 3♥ Pass ?
You, South, hold:
♠ Q 9 7 6 5 3 2 ♦ 7 6 ♣ 8 5 4
What do you do?
A—Bid four spades if you have confidence in your partner's bidding and your own dummy play. Obviously, there was something phony about the redouble.

TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding has been:
West North East South
1♠ Double 1♠
You, South, hold:
♠ K 4 ♣ A 3 7 ♦ 5 ♣ 10 9 7 4
What do you do?

Answer on Monday.

BY THE WAY

by Beachcomber

READING of a gentleman who, in the face of every difficulty, manages to keep up the old aristocratic life. I visualised the mice on his estate nibbling their Brile or Camembert in traps of Inland Ivery.

His scarerows are dressed by a West End tailor, who sends his most experienced assistant to measure and fit them. At dusk, the head gardener changes them into evening dress.

When he falls in love, he orders his butler to carve a heart on one of the trees in the avenue, with her name beneath it.

It was once reported to him by his head footman that there was a burglar in the long gallery. "Pell Mason," said he, "to get Armitage to send Rawlings to me with a gun. And tell Linton to lay out my tweeds."

The young critics
VERY revealing is the reply of a 10-year-old schoolboy to a reporter. "I have ripped up cinema seats," he said, "and we've burned holes in them with cigarette ends, but only because the films were rotten."

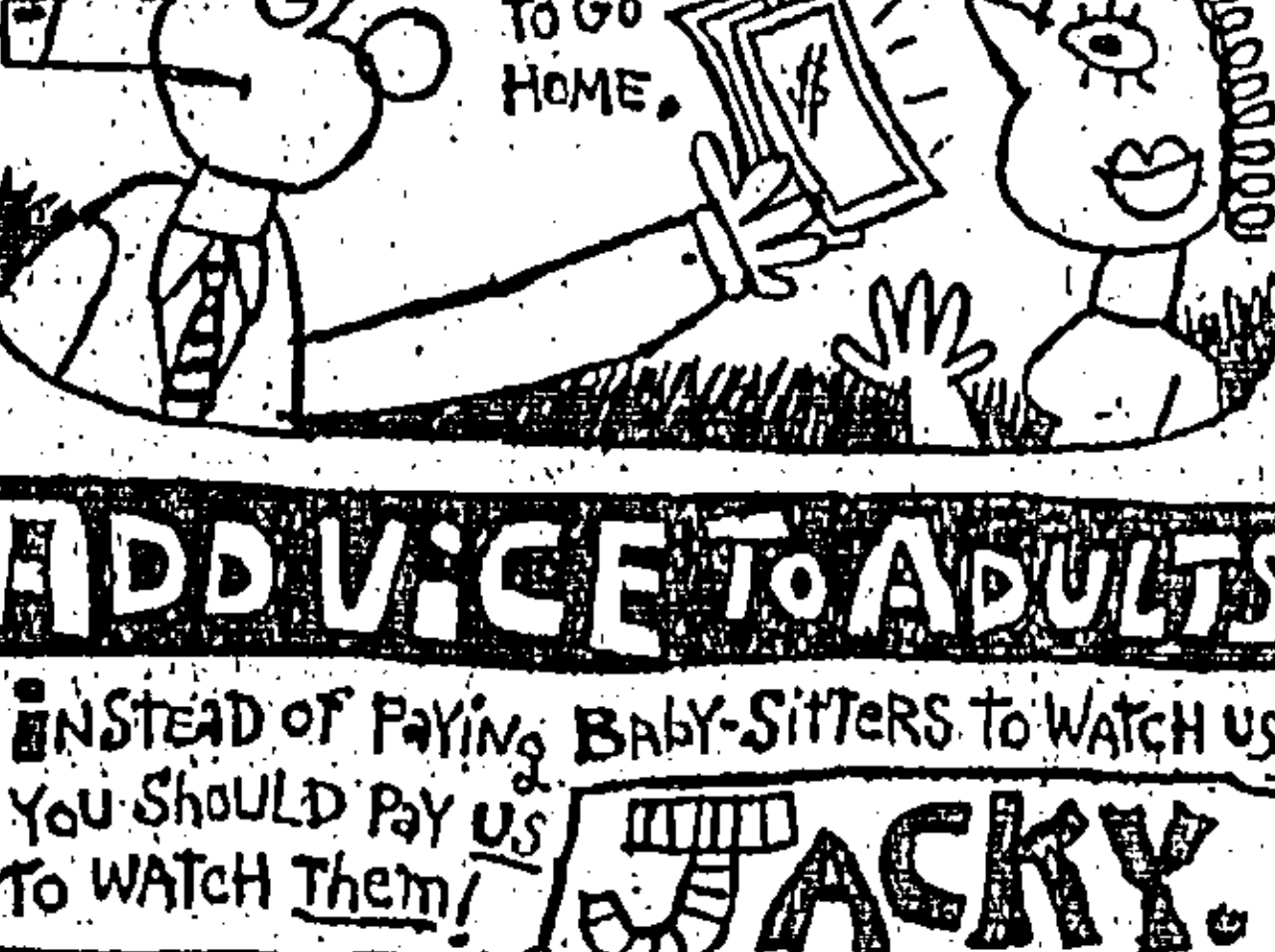
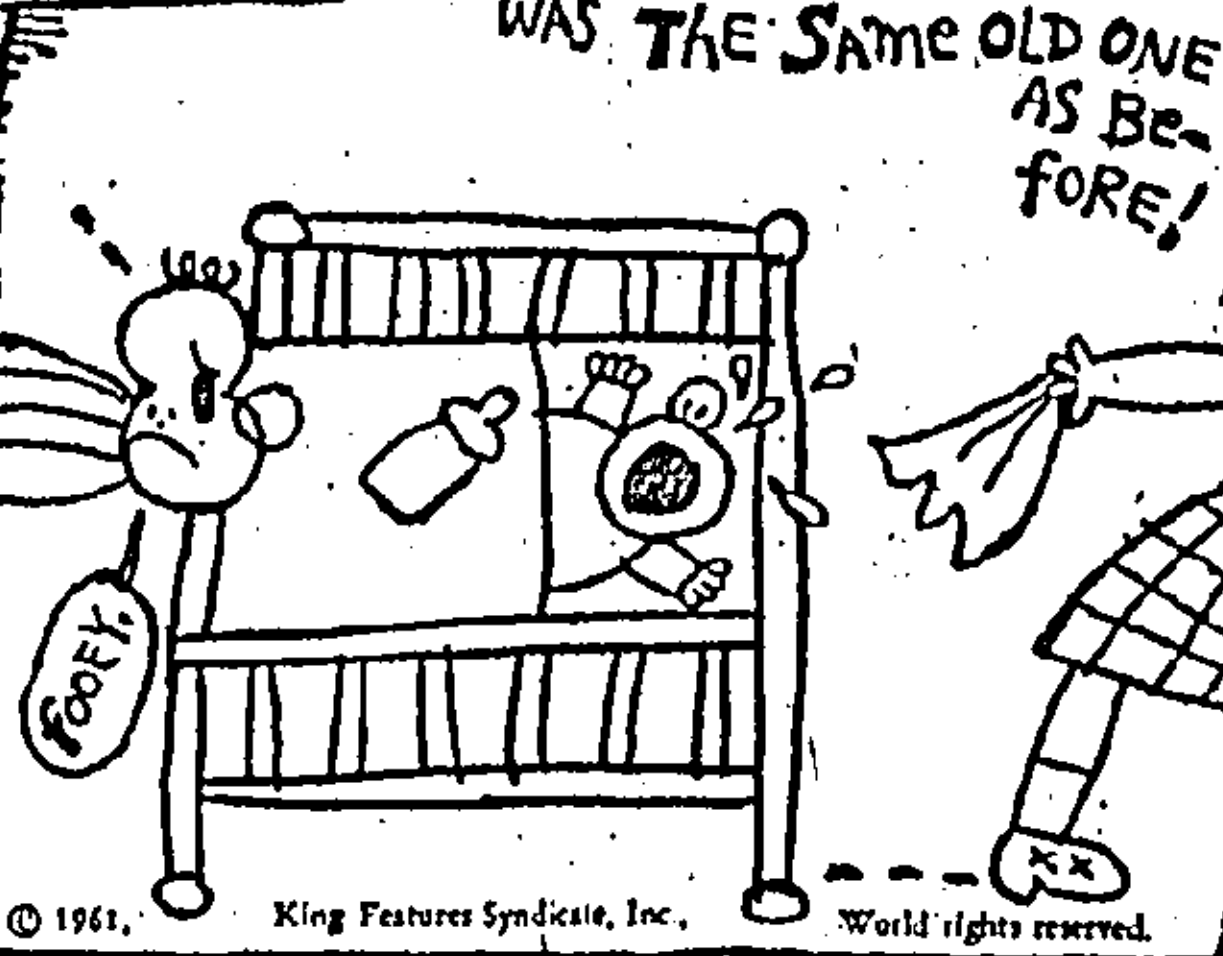
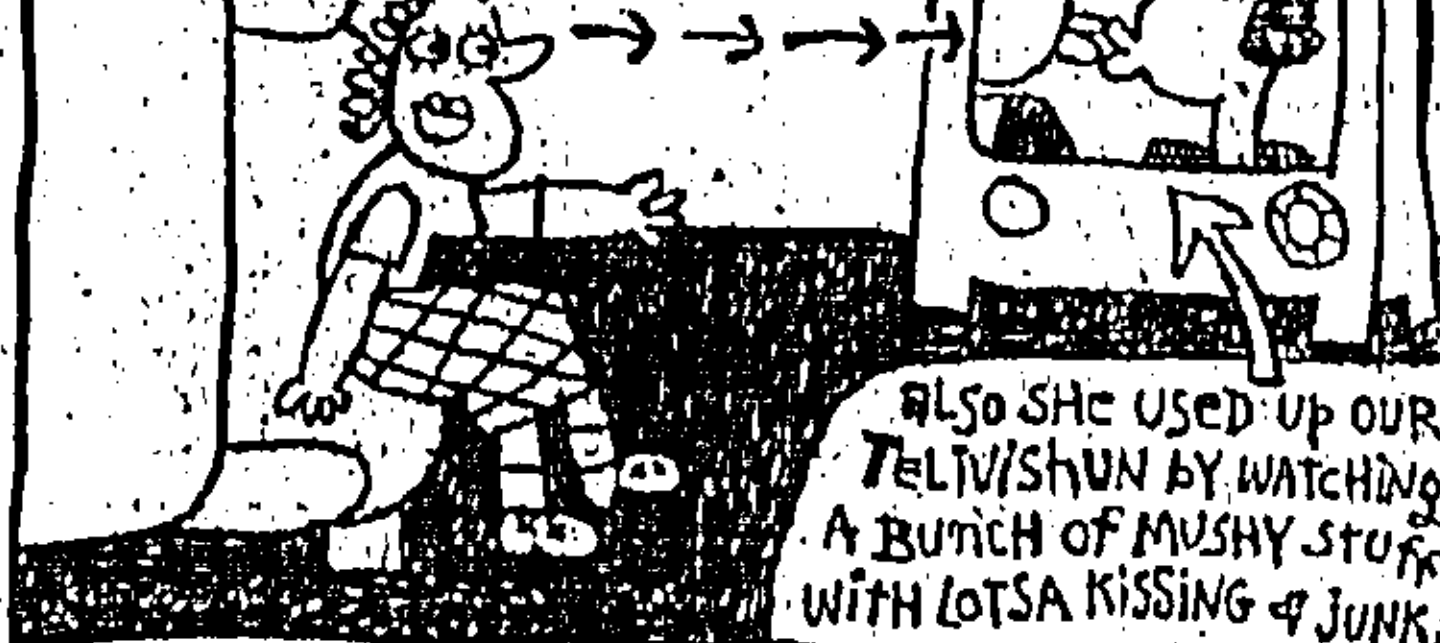
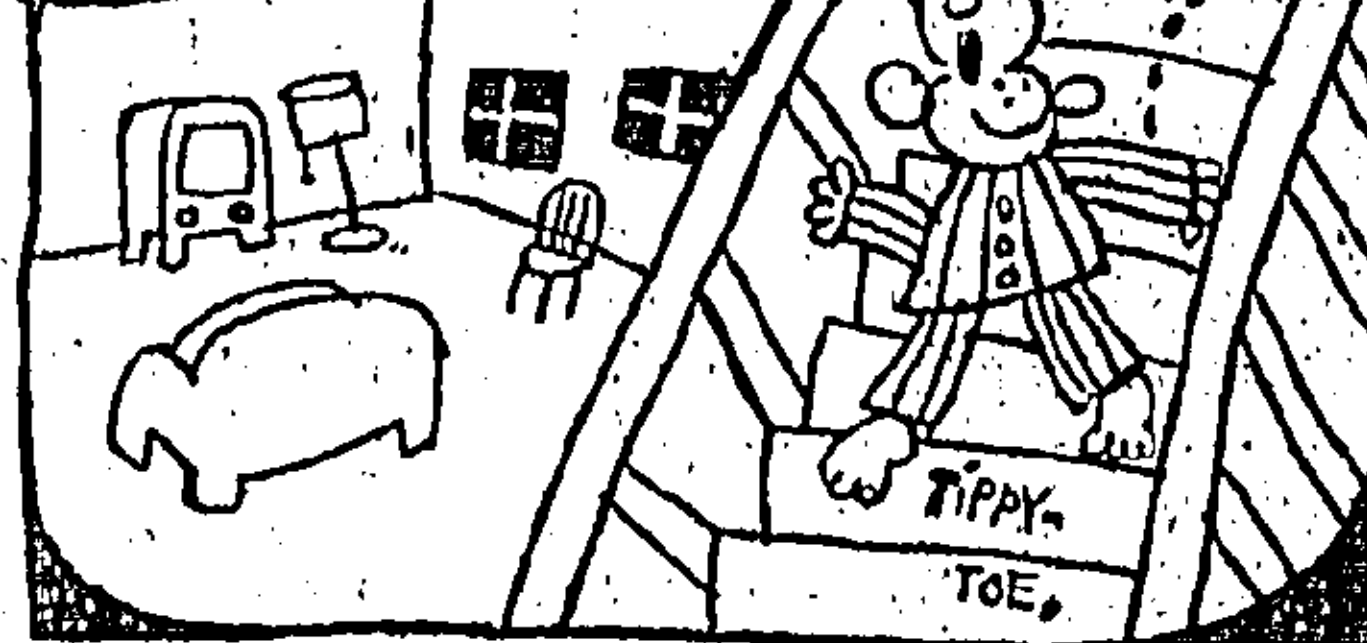
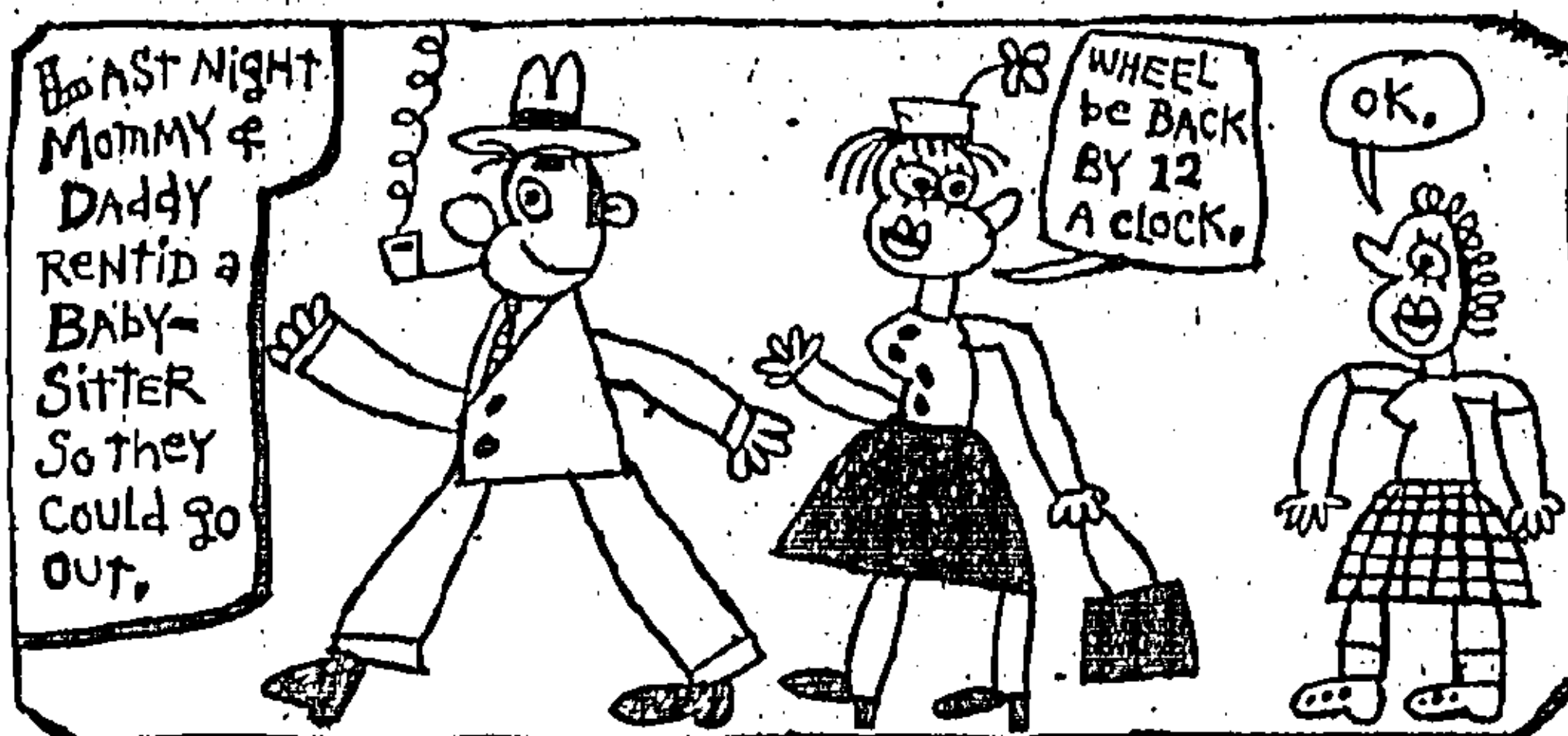
CHORUS: What else was there for the lads to do? They were mixed up, frustrated... Outlet for their energy.

Keeping initiative alive
IN reply to someone who "falls in to see how money given to boys who have lost at cards or at the races can be described as charity," Dr. Smiley Allick says: "Nobody who has seen the pitiful condition to which an unfortunate young gambler is reduced can possibly fail to be moved to help him."

When he, in his turn, becomes a winner, he recalls what was done for him when his luck was out, and is therefore only too willing that the level on his stairs should be used to help his less lucky or skillful colleague. At least, that is what we hope.

(London Express Service).

JACKY'S DIARY BY JACKY Mendelsohn age 33½



ADD VICE TO ADULTS INSTEAD OF PAYING BABY-SITTERS TO WATCH US YOU SHOULD PAY US TO WATCH THEM! JACKY.



ANGUS MCGILL'S Mainly for Men

The chimp and Lord Churchill: who's teaching whom?

CALL it self-indulgence if you will, call it a mad, reckless pursuit of pleasure, a wilful flouting of all that has made our country great, but I have just rung up Harrods and ordered a gnu.

I want one as a pet, have done for years. And it seems to me that if Lord Churchill can keep a chimpanzee in a flat in Mayfair, I can keep a gnu in a flat in Kensington.

If my landlord objects to my gnu I will tell him about Lord Churchill's chimp. And about the man in Great Cumberland Place whose python welcomes guests in the hall, about London's considerable alligator population, and about Mr Cyril Connolly's lemur which made embarrassing passes at aged female cloakroom attendants.

DIFFERENT

Men, I shall say, have been keeping pets ever since Adam's pet serpent got the better of Eve. Women keep pets, too, of course, but their pets are usually different.

Take dogs as an example. Men like sporting dogs, useful dogs, hardy dogs, dogs that can take out and exercise, dogs that don't demand constant petting and fussing and grooming.

Men's dogs are spaniels and terriers, border collies and

and dachshunds, dalmatians, great danes, Pyrenean mountain dogs, St Bernards, Irish wolf hounds, boxers and cistarians.

"We have never sold a single chihuahua to a man unless he was buying it for his wife," says the head of one of London's best pet shops.

Shocking though it may seem to any true-born Englishman there are people about who—how can I put it without giving offence—who don't care for dogs.

INSECURE

Such a man is Mr Milan J. Greer, an American. I'm happy to say, Mr Greer runs an establishment called Fabulous Felines in New York and postulates all his letters with the deathless words "Dogs are Fascio."

"A dog is simply a very insecure animal," he is reported as saying. "If a dog has a personality it is the personality of a human being who wouldn't want to know."

It is Mr Greer's view that cats like to be treated rough. "That is why men make better cat-owners than women do," he says.

Whatever happens in America, cats remain more popular with women than with men. Here, however, the picture is different. A man likes to think he can tame things and a woman cat likes to let him think so.

So do other wild animals, Lord Churchill thinks he is training Ernie, his chimpanzee, but it is my opinion that Ernie is training Lord Churchill.

It is a most engaging creature, this Ernie, but very strong-minded and he certainly trained me in the hour we had together. I still have his teeth marks on my thumb!

Monkeys are much more popular with men than with women. Men find them amusing, admire their independence and get attached to them. Women seem to find them infuriating. For one thing they cannot be house-trained. "Ernie sometimes uses his potty," says Lord Churchill and even sometimes is a triumph. Then they will tear down the curtains which women don't usually care for and they have no inhibitions at all. "Monkeys whenever you LOOK at them," says Noel Coward and indeed they do.

A chimp will cost you about £250, woolly monkeys, which are nice things, affectionate and reliable, cost £60, and baboons, if you can get used to their distressing appearance, from £25 to £50.

Dr Robert Kirk, the enaesthetist, has just acquired a baby lemur. I have a feeling that Dr Kirk is in for some eventful years.

Cyril Connolly, the author and critic, has had a few lemons in his time and every Connolly-lemur relationship has ended sadly.

They are delightful pets when they are nice," he says. "They cannot be ugly. Everything they do is beautiful. They are very intelligent, affectionate and fairly hardy."

"But sooner or later they all get vindictive and begin to bite people," I had one that bit anyone in uniform. Nasty bites too."

The trouble with lemons, Mr Connolly says, is that they feel an affinity with human beings without understanding the gulf between them and us.

They see us all as big lemons and want to be as like us as possible. After a while it is difficult to make them mate with their own kind. They want to mate with human beings. "This desire," says Mr Connolly, "is rarely reciprocated."

They appear to fall in love with people and make advances. When frustrated they go into a fury and bite. Also they like to drink. They get very fond of alcohol and if you refuse to give it to them they bite again.

Lemons are not the only pets who fall into this alarming emotional confusion.

It seems to happen to all kinds of monkeys and apes brought up by people. It also seems to happen to birds. A distinguished biologist tells me that budgerigars often appear to fall for their owners and try to court them. Lord Gray of Faldens was said to have a robin who kept trying to entice him into his own waistcoat pocket.

You are fairly safe from a one-sided love affair if you choose an alligator or a Nile crocodile. These unlovely creatures have a popularity which astounds me.

"We sell hundreds of alligators in season," says Mr Hloke



FOR SIR ROY WELENSKY

A Hanuman langur: "A large, tough animal, it seems to understand its privileged status and vigorously fights its own kind as well as other animals."

Pope of Ravenhill Zoological Co. Ltd. at Bedford. "I don't care for them myself but some people seem to find them charming creatures."

They are obliging in one way; they won't outgrow their tanks. Put a Mississippi alligator into a swimming bath and it will reach 25 feet. Put him in a nine foot tank and he will stop at about eight feet.

LIKE FEET

"It's the same," says Pope, "with human beings. Or with feet." Anyway if the things do get too big Pope will buy them back from you.

If you do get a baby alligator or a cayman and find their charm wears thin the seaworms would be grateful if you do NOT pop them down your lavatory.

People keep doing this in New York and you hear hair-raising stories about enormous alligators living it up in the sewers there.

Snakes are also mainly for men. Pythons sell by the foot—£10 a foot in London. They can seem affectionate and like to curl round you but this is not because they love you. It is because you are warm.

If they are big they are strong and a cuddle may crush you so watch it. At least they aren't poisonous and they are fairly tidy around the house.

Also they frighten people away more effectively than a hired hood.

Gavin Maxwell has his otters, Paul and Ted. He came back from five months in North Africa last month and found them thriving. "Both in splendid form," he told me.

He brought with him a now pet, a lizard that looks like a dragon.

You can't buy one of those in London though you can get other kinds of lizards. You can



FOR MR IAIN MACLEOD

A Rhesus monkey: "The monkey par excellence, tough, resilient, long-suffering and ingenuously, the mammal most likely to succeed."

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FOR DR VERWOERD

A Proboscidea monkey: "One of the oddest in appearance and in some respects in behaviour of all primates, is indifferent to humans but drives lesser animals from its domains."

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FOR LORD BOOTHBY

A Lowland gorilla: "Despite its terrifying mien and immense size he is peaceable and almost gentle."

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FOR MR GAITSKELL

A West African baboon: "These strange looking monkeys are intelligent, co-operative socialists. They inhabit savannahs and drier areas and are increasing not only despite, but because of the advance of civilisation."

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POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"The fools I. Why can't they see the advantages of integration with Europe?"



"Cuba. The Algerian Generals. Benad's gang. Good heavens, Fenwick, these are trying times for the West."



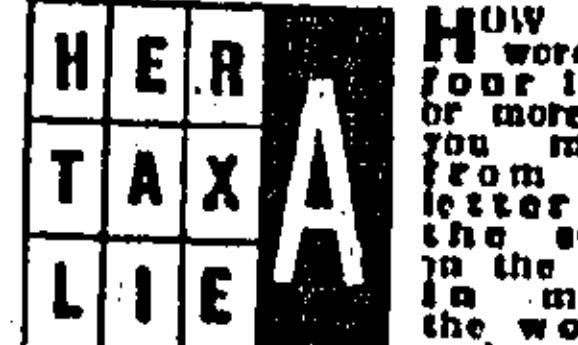
"Is it true, Sir Caspar, that our invisible exports are now so invisible that you've had to call in Jodrell Bank to find them?"



"Really, from the face the Socialists are making anyone would think that we were going to have to have the Portuguese over here!"

(London Express Service).

TARGET



Each word must contain the letters T, A, X, L, I, E in the correct order. The letters may be used in any order, but must be in the correct order. The letters may be used in any order, but must be in the correct order. The letters may be used in any order, but must be in the correct order.

London Express Service.



THE BOY NEXT DOOR

And a lesson for Linda

By ANTOINETTE ROZARIO

which surged through her. They were late but Walt Rogers just wasn't one to notice them as he danced by with Linda Fenton.

This Jerry was a different person from the one she had known. He was as gallant as Walt, or even more so. He was as tall as Walt, if not taller and his eyes were such a wonderful combination of grey and green. But still—Julie's pride was hurt: stood up by Walt Rogers, she'd never live it down.

Exit Walt

Towards the end, Julie noticed Walt and Linda leaving in a huff, but she couldn't care less. "Your precious Walt has just gone," said Jerry returning with two glasses of punch. Julie was just about to say he wasn't her Walt, but the grin on Jerry's face set her wondering if he had anything to do with Walt's untimely exit.

At school the next day she had avoided everyone's eyes and when school was over she was first one out. Just as she reached the bus stop Jerry caught up with her. "C'mon, we're going to the coffee shop," he said "and on the way I'll tell you something."

'A fool'

There in the shop most of the crowd were assembled. Julie was half afraid to enter. When they all stopped talking as she did so, she felt like turning and running away, and if it were not for Jerry's reassuring hand she would have. In the midst of faces she saw Walt's with a black eye.

Now he was making his way towards her. "I'm sorry" he said slowly, "about last night I was a fool". Julie's face relaxed as if a tremendous weight was lifted off her mind. She smiled and extended her hand which he clasped—she had forgiven him.

"Well, to prove there are no hard feelings, how about a movie tonight?" The same old Walt, thought Julie.

She looked at all the expectant faces, then at Jerry's. "I'm sorry, Walt," she said and started for the door with Jerry. "I've got a date" and they walked out, Julie Connors hand in hand with Jerry Watkins.

NEW MEMBERS

CAROL ANN NYE, 17, student, PO Box 375, Macao.

ELLEN SAN, 17, student, 20 Coine-road, Flat 1, 4th floor, HK.

An appeal

Today, we make an appeal against Americanisms. Recently your stories have been full of them. Try and remember that you're in a British Colony, and speak and write the Queen's English. You can't do better than that.

NEVER did the phone sound sweeter than two weeks ago when Walt Rogers phoned to ask Julie Connors if she would go with him to the senior school dance.

Julie had half promised Jerry that she'd go with him, but this was too good a chance to pass up. Walt was the school's football hero and the idol of every girl in school.

She was dazzled—everyone had thought Walt would ask Linda Fenton, but here he was asking her! She'd answered slowly and deliberately to hide the eagerness in her voice—"Yes, I'd love to go with you Walt!"

The rest of the week she was on cloud nine, and a pink one at that. She had shopped for a new formal dress, shoes, everything. A thousand times a day she had envisioned Walt and herself, walking into the hall with all the girls looking on in envy. He'd bring her orchids, or roses maybe, and they'd go in his pale blue convertible.

Desperate

Jerry Watkins was the fellow who lived next door. Sure he was nice, nice enough to play soldiers with, to climb apple trees with, and to ask over on free evenings, but to go to the senior dance with, definitely not! And besides he wasn't as gallant as Walt.

However at the end of the third week before the dance she was getting sort of desperate, no one had asked her yet, and when Jerry did well, she had promised to go with him if nothing better turned up. But something did turn up—Walt. Jerry would understand anyway he always did.

Now the hands of the clock crept round at a snail's pace. Seven o'clock, half past seven, eight o'clock, ten past eight, twenty past eight, with no appearance of Walt who should have called for her at eight. Twice the phone rang and twice she flew to answer

it. Once it was the wrong number. The second time it was Jerry.

"Oh, it's you Jerry," she said, hardly able to hide the disappointment in her voice. "I saw your light on, what's happened?" he asked in deep big-brotherly tones.

The blues

"Oh, nothing. Walt's just a bit late, that's all," she said wishing with all her heart that it was all. "I'll have to go now, mother's calling", and she replaced the receiver with numbed fingers.

She went up to her room and sat staring out of the window—

such a fine night for a dance. . . . She stared at the wall with the pink wall paper, at the blue ceiling, and tried not to think of Walt. At times she was as blue as ever, then she was red with rage at that heel, Walt Rogers—then she was blue again.

When the doorbell chimed, Julie practically flew to the door and down the stairs. Her mother was in the hall, and who but Jerry was standing on the threshold, immaculately groomed in an evening jacket. Julie held her breath as she walked down the remaining flight of stairs—he looked so . . . so . . . as she had never seen him before.

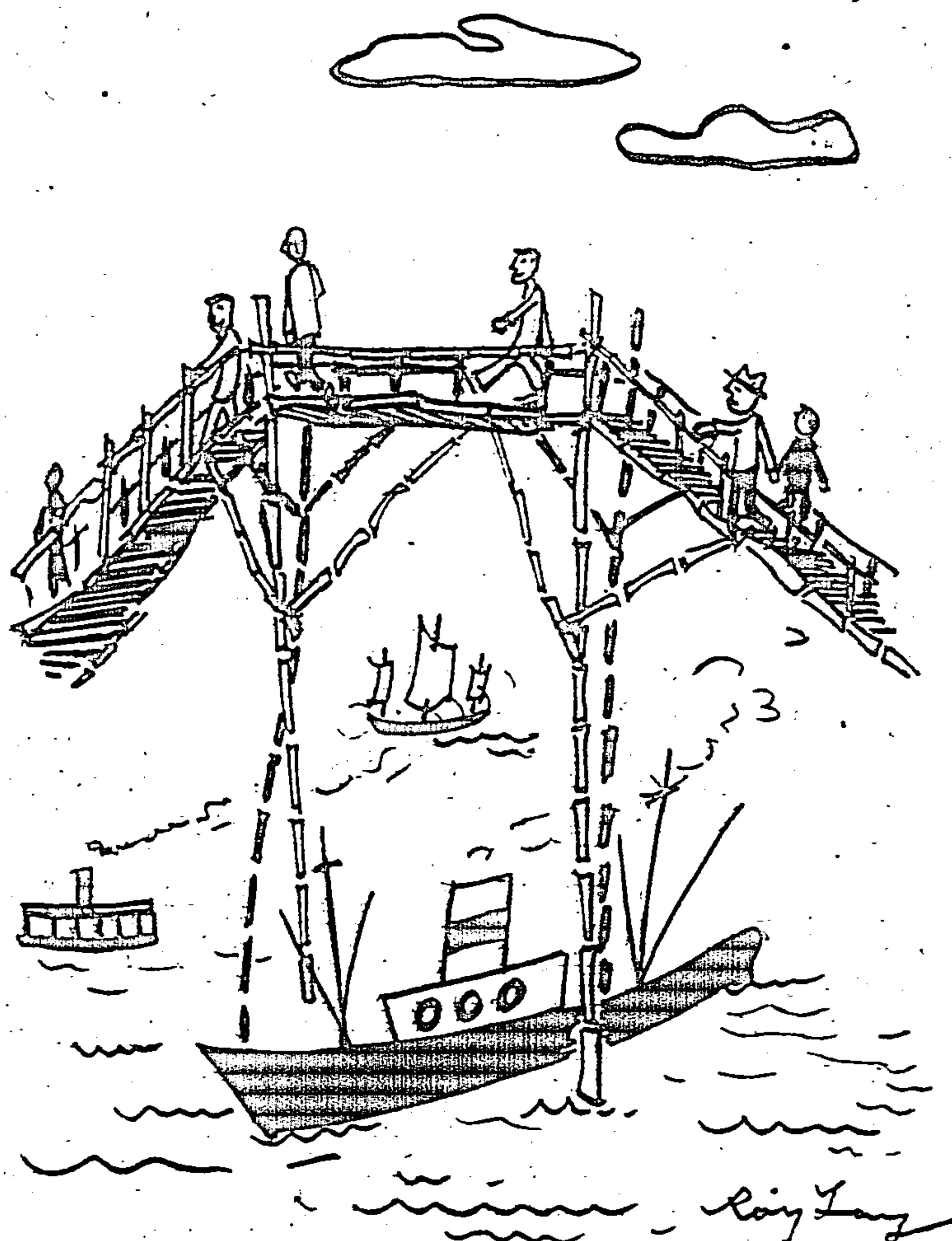
He held a celluloid box with an orchid in it, tied around with pink satin ribbon. "I've come to ask you to the dance," he said, "if you'll go with me."

She nodded, pinned on the corsage he had brought her and they went out to the car, which was nice, she thought, but not as nice as Walt's.

"I—I saw Walt with Linda in the car today, they made up after a row. I might have guessed that two-timer would ask her" he said angrily. She sat quietly, her mind full of questions.

When they entered, everyone turned and looked at them, and Julie was not sure whether or not it was a feeling of pride

OUR BRIDGE?



We haven't a bridge over the harbour yet. But there may be sometime in the future. This is Roy Fay's impression of what it may look like!

The 17-21 Club's five rules

- ① Membership in the 17-21 Club is open to all within that age group.
- ② Contributions and all activities of the Club will be limited to members only.
- ③ Contributions may consist of anything that is publishable—articles, letters, stories, photographs, drawings, verses. But only the best will be printed.
- ④ All contributions MUST be original.
- ⑤ Written contributions should not consist of more than 350 words, photographs and drawings will only be accepted in black-and-white.

NOTES ON NOTES

By CARL MYATT

REPRODUCTION OF A BELAFONTE SUCCESS

HARRY Belafonte's second Carnegie Hall concert was noteworthy for its varied programme — and for the number of new entertainers who were making their Carnegie Hall debuts.

Among them were South African Negress, Miriam Makeba, one of the most exciting new talents around; the Chad Mitchell trio and the Belafonte Singers.

Also appearing with Belafonte was folk singer Odetta, referred to by Belafonte as the "First Lady of Folk Songs."

A tremendous programme indeed, and for those of us who were not fortunate to be at the Hall on the night of May 2, 1959, RCA Victor have released an album entitled "Belafonte Returns To Carnegie Hall."

Here again the almost electrical tension of a Belafonte performance has been faithfully captured by the engineers.

Belafonte, like a great puppeteer, has complete control of his audience. He makes them listen intently to nostalgic refrains such as "Suzanne", then has the whole Hall reverberating with his eight-minute version of the wild Mexican fiesta song "La Bamba".

SENSATION

The supporting cast too, enjoys this hold over the audience. Miriam Makeba, star of the film "Come Back Africa", has been a sensation in America ever since her arrival there. And having heard her on record, it is not difficult to understand why. Here is an exciting new talent—a great talent. She sings in English and in her native Xosa language. She has a sensitive, expressive voice, and a fine range.

Her opening number — "The Click Song"—was so titled by the English (says Miss Makeba) because they were unable to pronounce the words which sound like clicks—and which incidentally are phonetically part of the native Xosa language. Here is a personality that should be around the US musical scene for some time to come.

When folk singer Odetta cuts loose, one is compelled to listen. She has a powerful earthy voice, a wonderful understanding of lyrics and is blessed with the ability to interpret them perfectly. Her duet with Belafonte

on a little thing entitled "A Hole In The Bucket", was one of the highspots of the concert.

Then there are the Belafonte singers, 12 men who were formed originally for a short tour, but proved so successful, they decided to stay together as a group. All 12 have had first class musical training and are equipped with college degrees.

Many of them have Masters degrees in music. It is a group then with magnificent solo voices and expert ensemble; a group capable of handling almost any kind of folk song, no matter how technically difficult it might be.

They were highly acclaimed by the audience that night at Carnegie, particularly for their rendition of the spiritual "Didn't It Rain" which featured Ned Wright in the solo spot.

Yet another memorable contribution from Belafonte, this album could become a collector's item in the years to come.

(On RCA Victor LOC 6007.)

The title of Ernestine Anderson's new disc for Mercury can be a little misleading. It's called "Moonin'", but for the most part Miss Anderson is in a most uncomplaining mood.

She sings of life—and love—and appears in a most happy frame of mind. She even pauses long enough to issue some advice—"Get Out And Under The Moon".

This mother of three, formerly a band singer with the big Lionel Hampton Orchestra, has one of the smoothest styles of any of the numerous singers "giggling" around these days. She places great emphasis on her diction and it is a pleasure indeed to hear her interpreting difficult lyrics with effortless ease. Her phrasing flows and generally her performances have the polish of true artistry.

Here then is Ernestine Anderson, singing among other num-

bers: "My Melancholy Baby", "More Than You Know", "Come Rain Or Come Shine" and "Tomorrow Mountain".

She is backed by some of the top jazz musicians from the East Coast school, including men like pianist Hank Jones, drummer Charlie Persip, bassist Milt Hinton, and almost the entire Count Basie sax and trumpet sections.

(On MG 20582.)

Another light-hearted, happy album from Command and the Enoch Light Orchestra. This one is entitled "Far Away Places," and as the title suggests, the listener is taken on a musical excursion to such exotic locales as Sumatra, Calcutta and Jamaica.

Featured in the album is the harpsichord. A variety of rare and sometimes weird assortment of gongs, cymbals and bells have been added — together with a quintet of singers—in order to give the tunes additional tonal colour. Arrangements are by Lew Davies, and some of the tunes you'll hear include "Waltzing Matilda", "Sunrise Over Sumatra" (written specially for the album), "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" and others.

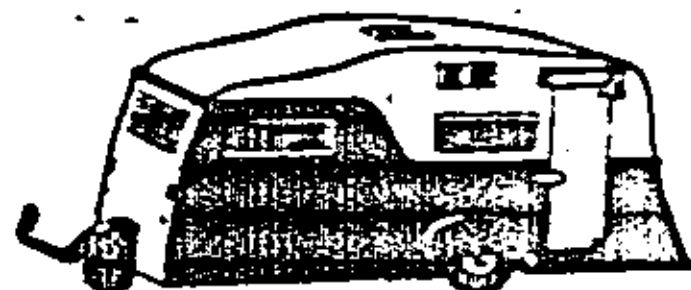
(On Command ES 33-822.)

MEMBERSHIP

Fill this in and send it to the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong.

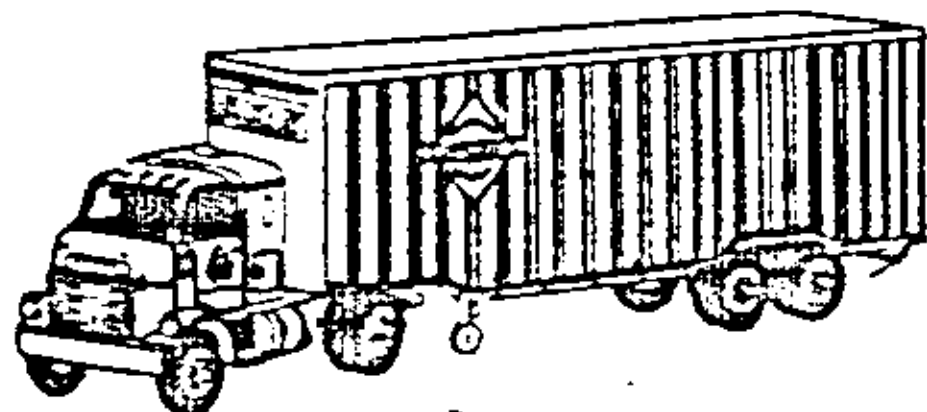
Name
Age
Occupation
Address

NEW



Dinky Toys No. 183 Four-Berth Caravan
This realistic model is equipped with detailed interior fittings ranging from a dining-table to a draining-board. It also has an opening door, spring suspension, glazed windows and rooflight.

A balanced towing hook provides the means for attaching the model to any Dinky Toys passenger car.
Length 5 1/2"



Dinky Supertoys No. 943 Tractor-Trailer McLean
Similar to the prototype, the trailer of the model is detachable and fitted with opening doors at the rear, and there are windows in the cab. The tractor unit and trailer base are die-cast in metal and the trailer body is moulded in polystyrene.
Length 11 1/2"

DINKY TOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD

Hongkong Hit Parade by Mitch Meredith

HAS anyone looked at the jazz scene in England recently?

Jazz is, perhaps not the word, as there seems a possibility that most of the audiences in England may well be found screaming at a Cliff Richard show the next day!

The 'trad' types are appealing more and more to the 'pop' instincts. These are the exhibitionists who attract by their antics on stage and their accelerating a number in order to make it exciting and above all—LOUD!

The consequences are a loss of rhythm and an absence of 'swing'.

Why are the banjo belting groups so widespread? One answer lies in the clubs. The promoters are opening them too fast, apparently, — and there aren't enough good bands to go round.

I don't want to knock the up and coming musicians; but you can't pick up an instrument and learn the rudiments, expecting to be called a Jazzman! A four chord banjo player can make a fortune though!

The good bands that are forming can't progress fast enough to meet demand.

★ ★ ★

BITS AND PIECES

Larry Adler is to start a BBC series on July 3 ... Manager Larry Parnes has refused Sunday concerts

for Marty Wild: this summer ... US 1957 hit by Ricky Nelson has been revived by Acker Bilk; 'My Bucket's Got a Whole in it' ... Kirk Douglas sings! In a new film called 'Last Sunset' Kirk will sing: 'Pretty Little Girl in a Yellow Dress' ... Pat Boone making a film this year called 'Drink to Me Only' ... According to some magazines in the UK Matt Monro is back from

New York visit. But he never went! ... Paul Anka will be flying to Britain on August 1 to take part in a TV show ... Also on TV6 Johnnie Ray, who is currently in Britain ... Recent heading in a Musical Journal: 'GENE VINCENT KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY SCREAMING FANS'. Who knows, we may soon be seeing singers performing behind barbed wire ... !

★ ★ ★

THE TOP TEN

1. Dance On Little Girl Paul Anka
2. More Than I Can Say Bobby Vee
3. Travellin' Man Ricky Nelson
4. Someone Else's Boy Connie Francis
5. Wild In The Country Elvis Presley
6. Moody River Pat Boone
7. Baby Face Brian Hyland
8. Belonging To You Carmen McRae
9. The Next Kiss (Is The Last Goodbye) .. Conway Twitty
10. Never On Sunday Marty Gold & Orch.

Hits here and there department

USA:

- (1) Rain drops (Dee Clark)
- (2) Moody River (Pat Boone)
- (3) Bol Weevil song (Brook Benton)

BRITAIN:

- (1) Runaway (Del Shannon)
- (2) Surrender (Elvis)
- (3) The Frightened City (Shadows)

Peel Corner

WILL O'REILLY

A famous actor...



Michael Redgrave

SIR Michael Redgrave had hired a castelletto at Portofino for the summer and a long holiday. But no sooner was he offered the part of Sir Matthew Carr in the new Betty Box-Ralph Thomas comedy, "No, My Darling Daughter" than he took it.

The projected holiday had a large chunk sliced off it. The role was snapped up much as a cocker spaniel snaps up a tasty biscuit. And by a star who has never not known since 1934 where his next job is coming from—which is saying something in the acting profession.

Business tycoon

"And, I suppose," said Sir Michael, "if someone else offered me another part that I thought was the sort of thing I'd like to do I should probably not be able to resist it, and there'd be no holiday at all."

"My wife wouldn't care for it, my agent wouldn't care for it, my doctor certainly wouldn't but I would just have to do it."

"You see being in a play or a film is being there. It's like any event in history. Like being at Dunkirk, or in London in the Blitz. If you are not there you don't experience it, and it's lost to you for ever."

"There's no putting it off. No thinking 'Oh, something like it may turn up again.' It won't. It can't."

"This film, for instance. If I am not in it I shall have missed an experience. A similar part might come my way, but not this one."

In it he plays a business tycoon who wants to extract his tomboy daughter from the muddy barbarities of the hockey pitch in order to launch her into polite society—and the arms of his life-long friend's eligible bachelor son.

Good comedy

"It's a very good comedy. And the character appealed to me. I wouldn't have had a minute's rest at Portofino knowing that I'd missed him."

Sir Michael is a shy man, which he blames on his height.

"Lots of tall men are shy," he says. "I suppose it's feeling different to other people. When

I must be there'

I decided to become an actor I was 26 and people said that I was too tall.

"In those days being tall was considered an obstacle, it wasn't as bad as being short, but almost."

It is easier to ask what he hasn't done than what he has:

Apart from directing and acting he has written plays and books about the theatre. He has incurred into the novel, and he is working on his autobiography.

The routine of writing he finds difficult, mastering enough self-discipline to get down to the physical labour of making words. Acting is an easier habit to form.

"I quite like writing—when I can bring myself to do it. And if I do manage to get some time off from acting I shall do a lot more."



BING CROSBY.

A credit card to Ricky Chan.

REPLY TO JEAN WONG

Dear Jean,

You say that as a new member of the club you would like to know more about our rules. Here are the answers to your queries.

We don't issue membership cards, but on receiving each application, we put the name of the new member into our file. We only use contributions from those who are members.

We award points, or credit cards, to members for each contribution we publish. When you get a total of five credit cards send them to us, and we will issue you a book or record voucher worth \$25.

We don't use every contribution we receive, only the best. But we file all contributions, and though we don't send them back to you, you can collect them if you call into the office.

is your name
Nanette?



A NAME OF HEBREW ORIGIN, NANETTE IS POPULAR IN FRENCH-SPEAKING COUNTRIES AND MEANS 'LITTLE GRACEFUL ONE'

© 1959 TSS KOSBY 12-26

★ STAMP NEWS ★

THE 1877 ISSUE

WHEN Hongkong became a member of the Universal Postal Union on April 1, 1877 the letter rate to Union countries was fixed at 12 cents each half ounce; and for this reason a definite 28 cents stamp was never issued.

Letters sent in transit by the Brindisi route were, however, subject to a 4 cents surcharge for each ounce so that the 16 cents provisional stamp was used in considerable numbers.

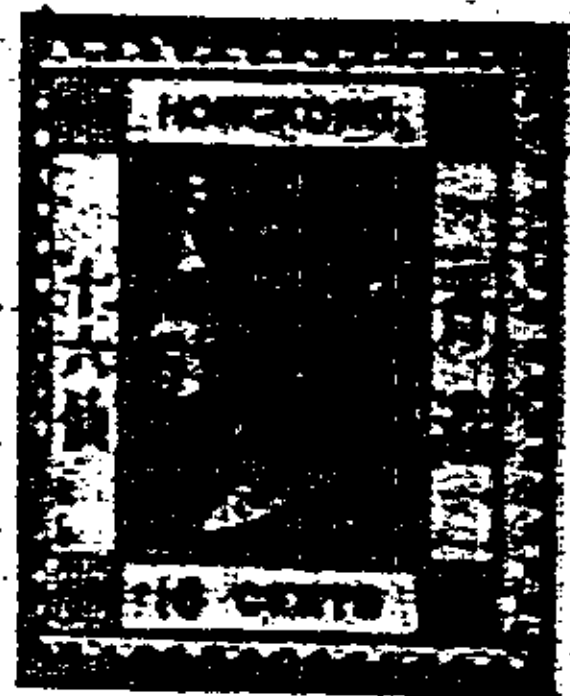
A new die and printing plate for a regular 16 cents stamp had been ordered in December, 1876 and the first supplies of the new stamp were despatched from London in April, 1877.

The plate was produced in the same way as those for current denominations. The forehead and extreme point of the Queen's head are unshaded, otherwise lines of shading cover the whole face and neck; there are four lines of shading above and below the head.

A new Chinese character (4) was used to represent the word "cents"; it is more correct phonetically than the two hitherto used, sounding like "sin".

1877 issued; perf. 14.

SG 22 16c yellow (? June, 1877).



DO YOU COLLECT MATCHBOX LABELS

YOU should be able to collect some fine labels in Hongkong with so many visitors passing through from all parts of the world.

Some superbly designed matchbox labels have been issued in recent years, especially by Hungary.

Fine matchbox labels

Between 1945 and 1955 Hungary was cut off from the Western world and labels of that period did not often reach us, except for the famous liberation set just after the war with Germany.

come from Hungary

Exports

Some equally well designed labels are also issued by Yugoslavia. You can see one on the right. The great match factory in Yugoslavia, Drava at Osijek, is over 100 years old and exports to many countries, including Britain.

F. F. The interest in matchbox labels is great. We will pass all new information on to you.

Yugoslav matchbox label



ZOO'S WHO by GEORGE SCARBO

SLOTHS ARE FOUND IN THE TROPICAL FORESTS OF SOUTH AMERICA. THEY CAN SWIM, BUT THEY SPEND MOST OF THEIR LIVES HANGING UPSIDE DOWN FROM TREE LIMBS.

I CAN SWIM TOO!

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF SLOTHS: THREE-TOED AND THE TWO-TOED. THE TWO-TOED VARIETY ARE SLIGHTLY MORE AGGRESSIVE THAN THE THREE-TOED KIND.

SLOTHS ARE ABOUT TWO FEET LONG. THEY HAVE LONG BROWN OR GREY FUR WHICH GROWS UPWARD TOWARDS THEIR HEADS. THEIR FORELEGS ARE LONGER THAN THEIR HIND LEGS. THEIR TOES ARE JOINED TOGETHER BY SKIN SO THAT ONLY THEIR LONG CURVED CLAWS ARE LEFT FREE...THEY LIVE ON LEAF BUDS AND FRUIT.

WHY HURRY?

STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By MAX TRELL

Tin's Rusty Shoes

-Knarf Polishes Them With Sandpaper-

KNARF, the Shadow Boy with the Turned-About Name, walked slowly round and round General Tin, the Tin Soldier. And as he walked, he looked him up and he looked him down.

General Tin kept looking straight ahead.

He stood tall and straight with his musket over his shoul-

der. He didn't care who looked him up or who looked him down.

But Knarf said: "They're rusty."

Then he walked around General Tin several more times.

"Yes sir, they're rusty, all right," he said again. "Rusty, rusty, rusty," Knarf kept on saying. He seemed to be looked down at General Tin's feet.

Felt upset

Now even a Tin Soldier, no matter how hard he looks ahead, can't help feeling upset when someone keeps on walking around him saying, "Rusty, rusty, rusty."

So at last General Tin said: "What is?" "Your shoes," answered Knarf. General Tin thought about this for a moment or two before he finally looked down at his shoes. It wasn't really a look. It was a glance. Then he said:

"Rusty? Wrong! They're brown!"

Looked ahead

And he looked straight ahead again.

"Oh no," said Knarf. "They're rusty. You think they're brown. I know they're rusty! And I know how your shoes got rusty, too. Do you want me to tell

you how they got rusty, General Tin?"

"I do not," replied General Tin, staring ahead straighter than ever.

"I'll tell you anyway," said Knarf. "Yesterday you stood next to a wet umbrella. Your tin feet got wet. Your tin shoes got rusty. Tin Soldiers shouldn't stand next to wet umbrellas."

"Nonsense," said General Tin. "Go away. I'm busy."

Knarf laughed and went right on talking.

"I can tell you how to get rust off your shoes again. Do you want to hear that, General Tin?" he asked.

The Tin Soldier didn't even answer, so Knarf said:

"You just take a bit of sandpaper and rub it over your shoes. That will make them shine in a minute. I've got a little piece of sandpaper right here."

Started rubbing

Knarf got down on his knees and started rubbing the Tin Soldier's shoes with the sandpaper.

"Hold still — don't move, please," he told General Tin.

There wasn't much use telling the Tin Soldier not to move, because he couldn't move even if he wanted to:



"I know how your shoes got rusty," Knarf told General Tin.

"All the rust is coming off. Look, they're beginning to shine!"

Knarf stood up, pointing to the tin shoes, which were now shining like two small bright silver spoons. At first General Tin wouldn't look down. But then he did.

They're beautiful

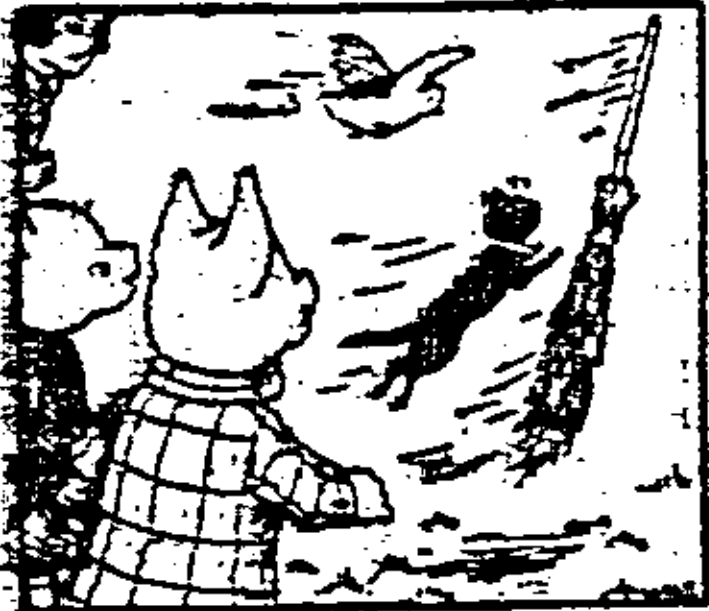
"Why, they're—they are beautiful!" he exclaimed at last. "I never thought you—you—"

"You never thought I could do it! But I did!" cried Knarf. "I've taken all the rust off."

And General Tin was so pleased that even though he tried to look as stern as ever, he couldn't help saying:

"Thank you, Knarf, very much."

Rupert and Gwyneth—55



Rupert has hardly spoken when the broomstick quivers and rises. At the last moment Tabitha leaps on to it, and the owl floats above it. "Whew! Well, that's that," says Rupert. "And let's hope it won't happen again!" says Mr. Bear. "I'm sorry I didn't believe



your story, Rupert, but I do wish you wouldn't meet such odd things whenever you go out!" "Oh, dear, I'm afraid I was the odd thing he met first!" Gwyneth smiles wryly. "I had no idea of the other queer things that would happen!"

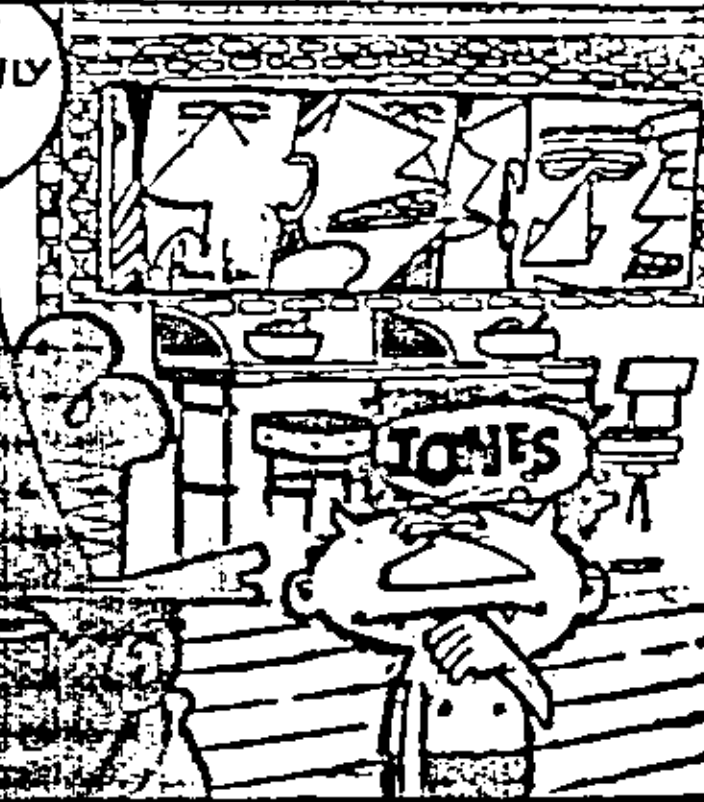
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Four D. Jones BY MADDOCKS



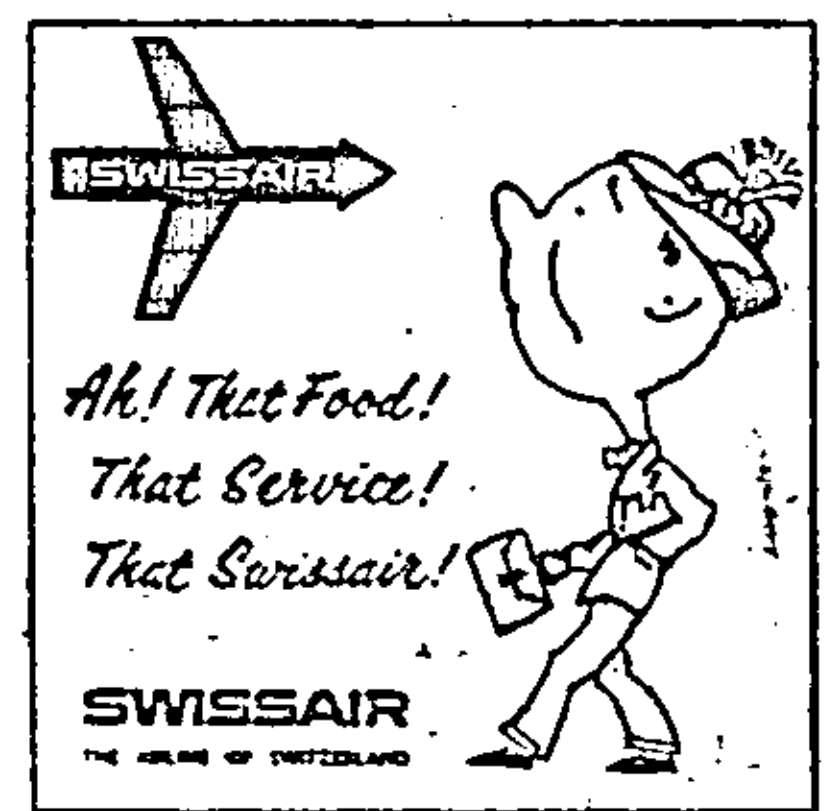
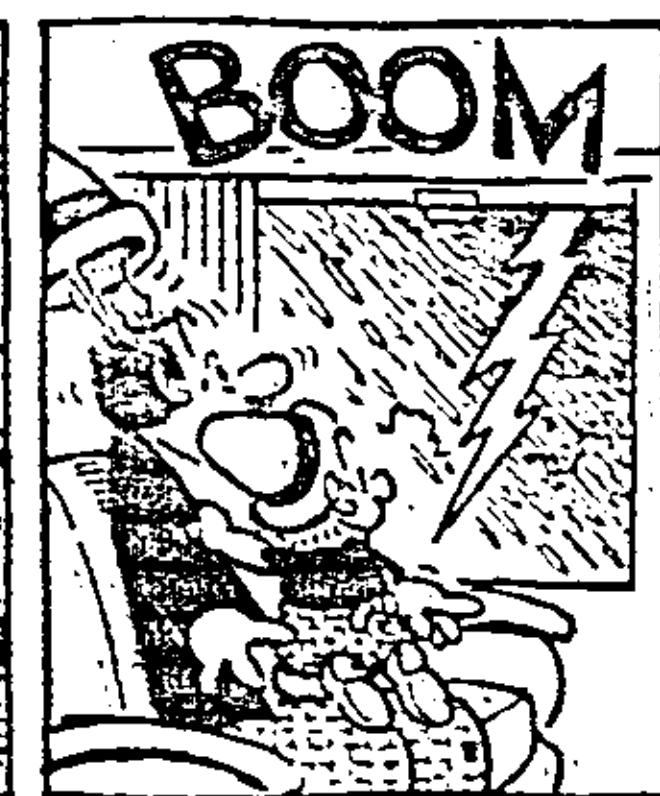
OUR HERO IS NOW PILING SUGAR ON TO THE HEAD OF A BIRD WHILE THE DEVIL LOOKS ON.

HAW HEE? GET THE LOOK ON THE DILLY'S FACE. AIN'T IT JUST A RIOT?



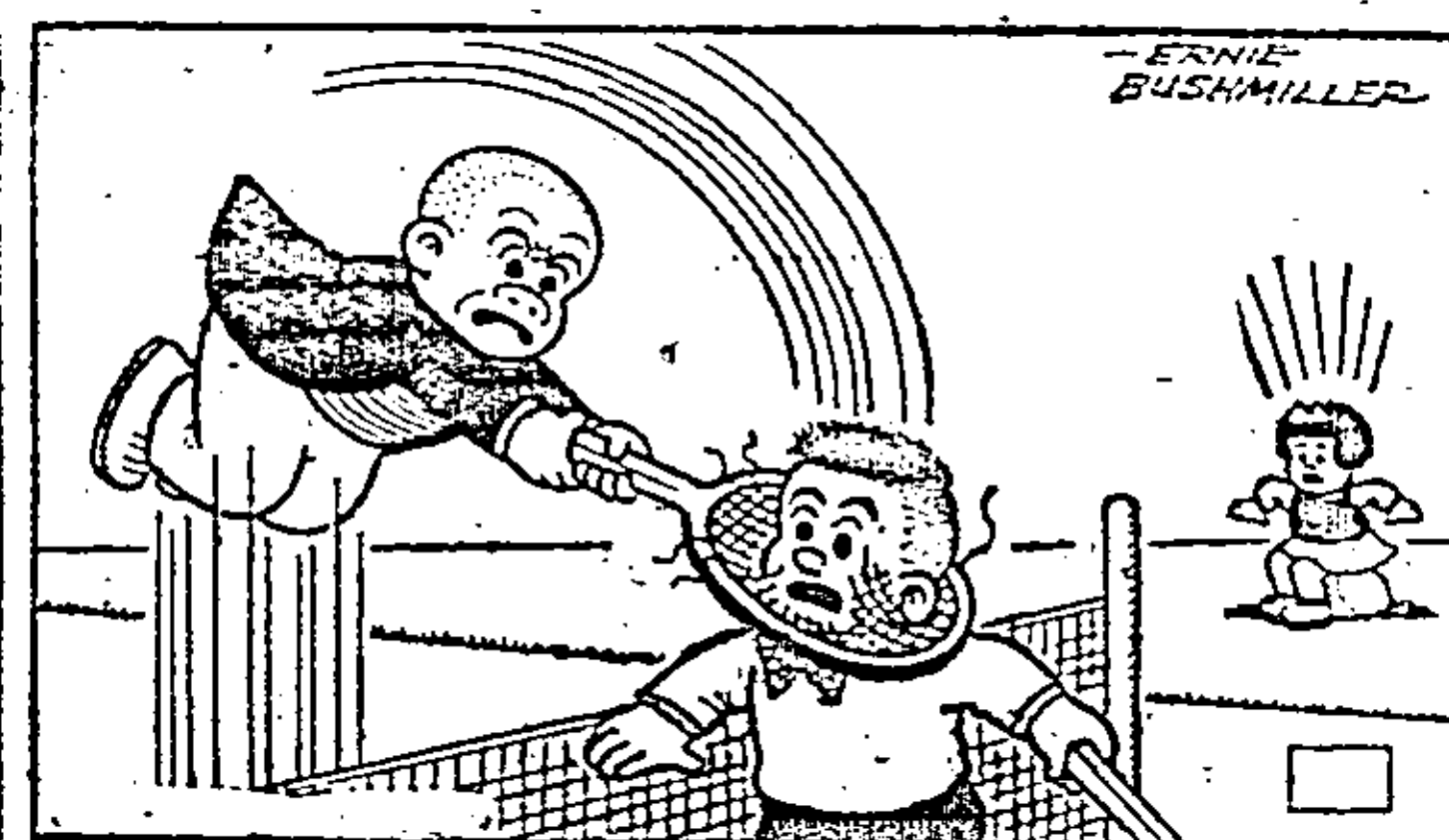
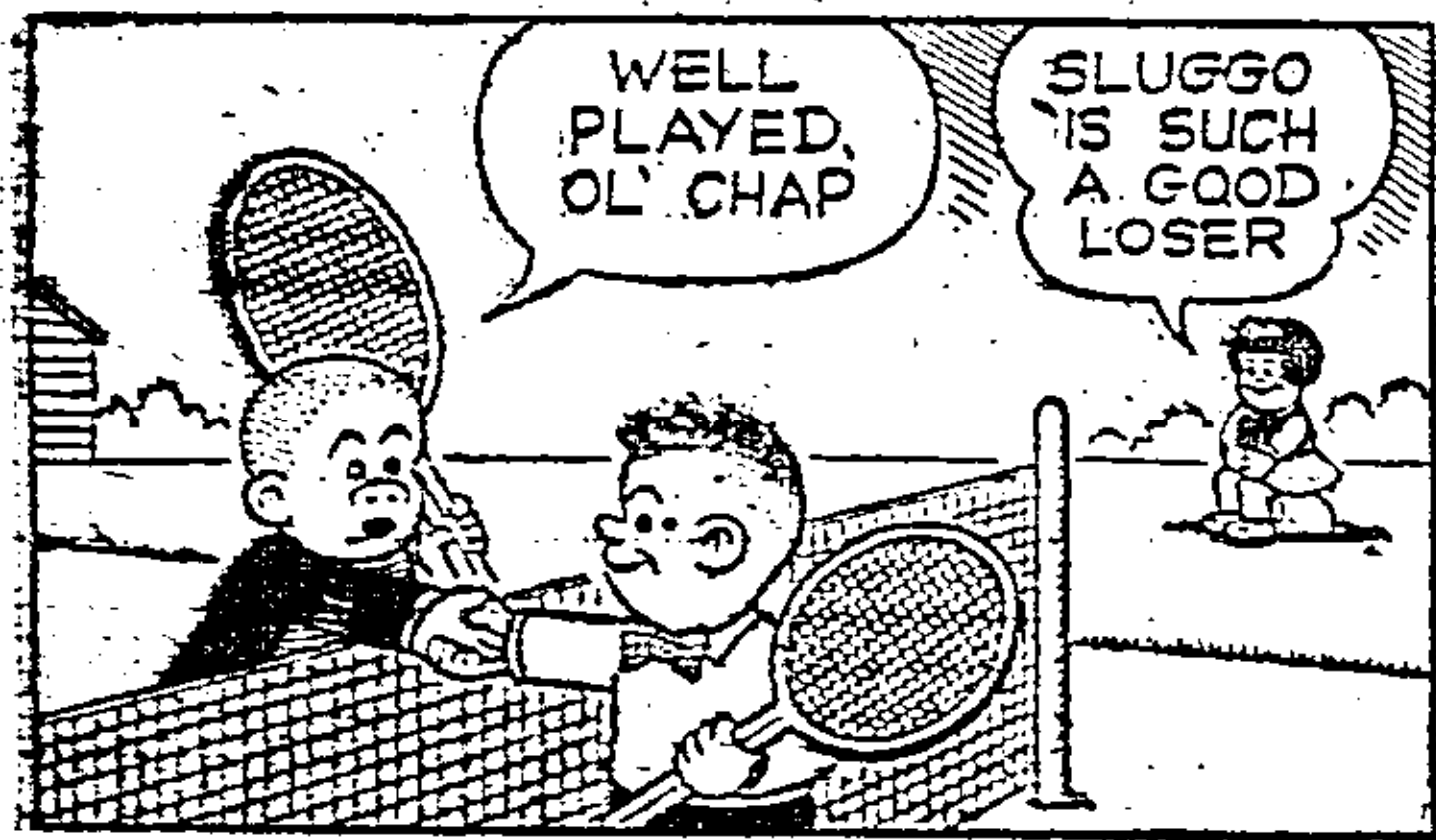
FERD'NAND

By Mik



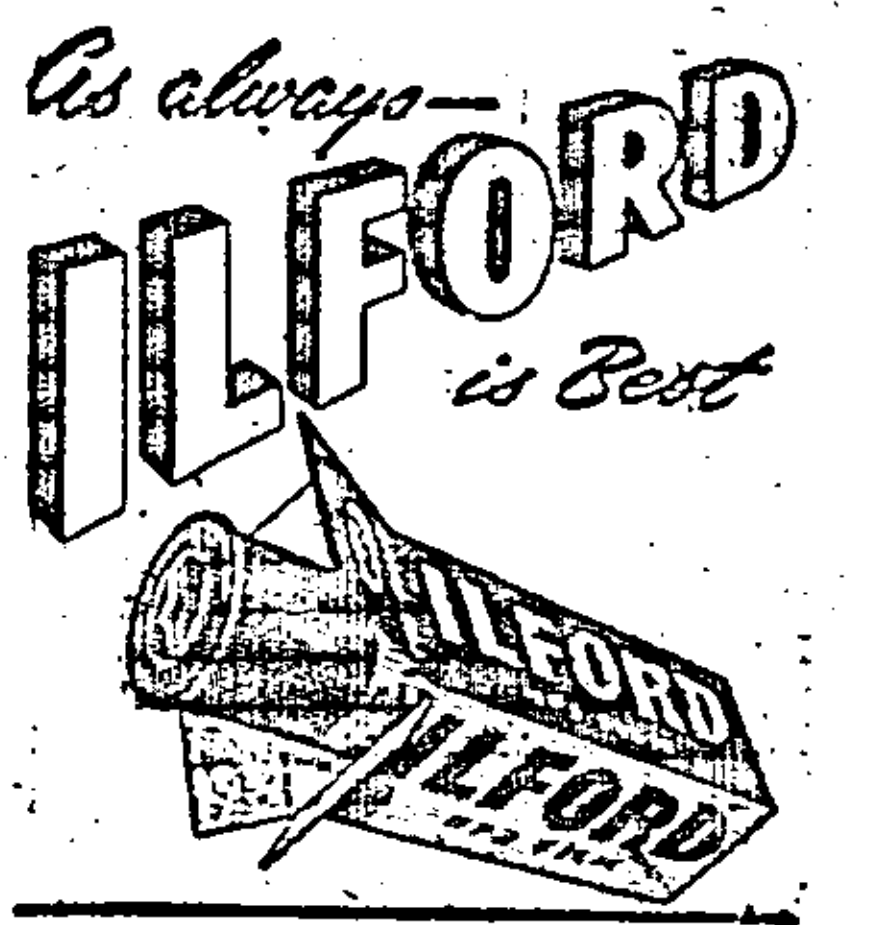
NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris



The pattern of success...

THE man who wrote the film "Ben-Hur"—it took him three years and it paid him £130,000—has come to live and work in London. He will stay at least three years and may settle for a lot longer.

He is Karl Tunberg, a pleasant, soft-spoken American who is typical of the current pattern of Hollywood writer who feels a need to leave Hollywood.

Tunberg, married with two young sons, spent 25 years learning his business. He is now, at 52, in a position to tell the studio where he would like to live and work.

When he started in the "thirties" writers were more regimented. It was the star who was vital, not the story or the script.

"At one studio the writers were expected to clock-in every morning and they had to have a certain number of pages written every week," he said. "It wasn't quite like that for me although at my studio we got a memo around one day saying that when we went off for a drink, or wherever we were, we had to leave a phone number in case the producer should want us."

"When we got this memo three other writers and myself hired a blimp—a balloon—and we packed box lunches and flew the blimp over the studio and had our meal up in the sky. We sent a message to the producer telling him exactly where we were."

"After that the memo about leaving phone numbers was tactfully forgotten. You can't control writers like that. Today no one tries."

"When I was starting, William Faulkner was invited to Hollywood to write a script and the red carpet was put down for him at the studio and he was given the great honour of having a bungalow set aside for him in the grounds to work in."

Eccentricity

"Faulkner asked whether it would be all right for him to work at home. It was a mark of eccentricity, but it was accepted and off Faulkner went. Then the producer phoned him one day to ask him to

come over to the office for a conference and Faulkner was at home. In Louisiana—2,000 miles from Hollywood."

Tunberg came into films the starvation way. He was going to be a teacher, but after a couple of terms when he won a short-story contest he decided to try his hand at writing. For two years nothing was accepted—"I lived on canned grapefruit," he says, "and had pretty well nothing else to eat."

Rejected

All his original screen plays were rejected until he had the idea of turning one of them, "While the Crowd Cheers," into a novel. "A studio bought the book and paid me to turn it back into a script. That was about 23 years ago and I was off. I started doing musicals after that—'Down Argentine Way'—'Week-end in Havana'—'Kitty'—and in one year I did five. It would be impossible now."

"In screen writing it is ideas that count, and then you must master the technique. You can't bluff in a script."

"When a scene is filmed audiences must understand it completely, because unlike a book they cannot turn back a couple of pages to see if they missed anything and to find

FOR KARL TUNBERG IT HAS MEANT STARVATION—AND £130,000 FOR THE SCRIPT OF 'BEN-HUR'

by DAVID LEWIN

not exactly what the writer had in mind. As you learn more about the business there are certain situation patterns of course."

"There is the 'Blue Angel' pattern: the reformer who becomes the victim of his own pity. 'There is the 'Pygmalion' pattern (I used that in 'Kitty') where a man creates something he cannot control."

"There is the revenge pattern... 'Ben-Hur' is basically that. And there is the group story—the university, the Foreign Legion, the Commandos on a dangerous mission with one man who cannot come to terms with the others."

The story Karl Tunberg is writing for his film in England is called "Nicola," about an over-sexed woman who falls in love with a man who feels at first he is impotent. Tunberg will write and produce two others in London on his present contract and then will probably form his own company and stay on here.

Highly paid

He is one of the most highly paid film writers today. For 18 weeks' work on the screen play of Gogol's "Taras Bulba" he was paid around £23,000. He pays one per cent of his gross earnings a year as his fee

for being a member of his trade union—the Hollywood Screen Writers Guild. He has joined its British counterpart here, "Even successful writers with their own agents and lawyers need some protection," he says.

"The union looks after screen credits and things like that which are necessary whether you are just starting—or whether you have been in the business for 25 years."

"We are not a closed shop: anyone who gets a job writing in a studio can join and nearly everyone does."

Rented

In London the Tunbergs have rented the white-painted home of the Lord Mayor while Sir Bernard Whaley-Cohen is occupying the Mansion House.

As evidence of the Lord Mayor's dedication to the hunt there are pictures of stags everywhere, even engraved on the glass panels beneath the stair rails.

Why has Karl Tunberg come with his family to live in London? He joins a band of some of the best Hollywood writers and producers who have already established themselves here. They include Carl Foreman, who made "The Guns of Navarone," Norman Panama and Mel Frank. "The Facts of Life" team Stanley Donen, "The Grass is Greener," and Nunnally Johnson, veteran of "The Grapes of Wrath," and "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying."



TUNBERG AND SON... ATMOSPHERE THE HARD WAY.

Tunberg and the others find the atmosphere here "more intellectually stimulating" than Hollywood. Says Tunberg: "I suppose after many years in one place I wanted a change. I think my children will get a better education here and although it is a big job getting used to the way things are done here—even such as ordering the groceries—the effort is worth it."

Effort

"Films are international now and ideas always have been. The climate is marvelous in California of course, but after a while there you tend just to sit in the sun and it is too much effort to get in the car and drive to the other side of town to see a movie."

The highly paid script writer will not even miss that traditional amenity of Hollywood success—the swimming pool in the back garden. "You see," he says, "I never had one."

NOW THAT I'M 40, by PETER USTINOV

PETER USTINOV is reassessing his incredible talent in the light of a personal fact which has crept up on us all unawares.

The fact? Peter Ustinov is 40 years old. The youthful genius is now middle-aged. The enfant terrible is no longer so infant.

"I've got to prove to a new highly intelligent audience that I'm not just the youthful genius-prodigy I've always been criticised for," he says.

The critics are going to have a lot of Ustinov to assimilate within the next few months. His film "Romanoff and Juliet" is due out soon. He is to direct "Billy Budd," starring himself and Robert Ryan. His new play "The Photo-Finish" comes to the West End in the autumn.

And Ustinov shows another of his talents in his book of caricatures, "We Were Only Human"—an amazed disgusted roar of laughter at the Nazis—which was published recently.

Purge

"It was the only way of purging the horror of the Nazis out of my system, my creating this book," he said.

Can Ustinov, at 40, succeed in proving that he is not just an intellectual lack-of-all-trades to the new audience he talks about? He thinks so.

"You know, I haven't changed much in my aggression over 40 years. It's just that I look older," he said.

Defeat of the other woman

By TOM HUTCHINSON

UNTIL now the real, distinguishing West End success for which every actress longs had seemed to elude Billie Whitelaw.

In films—"No Love for Johnnie"—"Payroll"—everyone agreed that Billie Whitelaw was "such a good actress"—and then went on to talk about the star.

In "No Love for Johnnie" Billie played Peter Finch's sympathetic next-door neighbour. But it was Mary Peach, a sugar-puff blonde, who got the big, much-talked-of love scene. Now in the play "Progress to the Park" in the West End, Miss Whitelaw has the star part, the big scene, and the final applause.

Maybe all this will give Miss Whitelaw, who combines toughness and an odd tenderness and uncertainty, the confidence in herself which I think has been lacking during these past two



BILLIE WHITELAW... I'M STILL UNSURE

years. I talked to her and she said: "I only seem to get to grips with people when I'm on stage."

"I'm married now (to actor Peter Vaughan) and I have a little cottage at Dutchet and that is what counts. I'm 28 and I used to be rootless... can you wonder at it in my generation? I was evacuated during the war and I didn't see my own parents much."

"Can you wonder that I am so shy... until I get a part that I can make contact with. Despite her fears, she has a tremendous tenacity."

"Progress to the Park" started at the Theatre Workshop, and Miss Whitelaw started in it right there at £12 a week.

She insisted on staying with it, and with it she has reached the top.

When next she appears in a film no other woman will be able to compete with her. That love scene will be all hers. —(London Express Service).

BOOK PAGE

Lady W and the romance that made her wage war on father

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. A memoir by his grandson, the Earl of Lytton. Macdonald. 30s.

SCAWEN BLUNT belongs to a vanished age of aristocratic ease and contumacy. He was a rich Sussex squire quite contemptuous of money, provided he had enough of it. He was a good poet and a man of some energy of mind. And he had all the recklessness, arrogance and intransigence of his kind.

So he took up the cause of nations like India, Egypt and Ireland, whom he saw as oppressed by British policy. He begged them not to trust Britain.

Cheerfully one feels that—had he been born a little later—he could have been "out" in Easter week or hanged with Roger Casement.

Yet the same man would roller at Cranbott Park with his boon companions, sitting late at the table and competing in verse with Curzon (who often won). George Wyndham and the like, statesmen whose policies he reviled and who might at any moment find it their duty to send him to prison. (He did time in Galway Jail.)

Hot-bed

Blunt's politics were either generous and noble or perverse and foolish according to the point of view. His grandson, Lord Lytton, believes the first. His daughter, Judith (Lady Wentworth), writes:

"He was completely at the mercy of Oriental deceit and Irish blarney and believed every untruthful tale of oppression by the British Government, however fantastic. His home soon became famous as a hot-bed of conspiracy for the ruin of every nation."

Attractive

Lady W's opinion of her father was, however, not unprejudiced. She had a vehemence of temperament which matched his own and a remarkable ability to put her fury down on paper. She had also a grievance.

In Lord Lytton's sometimes naïve and ill-considered book nothing is so fascinating as the account of the relations between Blunt and Judith.

Good-looking and vain, Blunt was tremendously attractive to women. Among those who fell under his spell was his dark

by George Malcolm Thomson



Judith, Lady Wentworth, from a portrait.

and beautiful daughter who like an Edwardian sorceress, looks out at us from the portrait painted by her husband, Neville Lytton.

The love between Blunt and his daughter was shipwrecked when the girl discovered that her adored father, in his middle fifties, was making advances to her friend Lady Emily Lytton, aged 20.

Passionately devoted to Emily, Judith told her that Blunt had already been embroiled with a married woman by whom he had a child.

This disclosure made Blunt furious with his daughter and with her about property to keep the flames alight—the feud endured through the rest of Blunt's life.

When the old squire separated from his wife and installed two women in his home, one of whom was an attractive companion-secretary, Dorothy Carleton, Judith took her mother's part with some violence.

"Some years ago" she wrote to her father, "Your possible condition was a subject of common talk. Now my father's age has turned gossip into ridicule."

Waging war on her father, in defence of her mother, Judith was simultaneously reproaching her mother for maintaining her

Arab stud during the 1914-18 war. When the last war came, Judith, by that time owner of the stud, claimed rations for the horses on the ground of national importance!

A few weeks before Blunt's death (1922) a reconciliation took place between the two proud spirits.

Judith wrote touchingly: "My most beloved: Papa, I love you with my whole heart. ... You do not know how miserable your little child has been without you."

Readable

Alas. An hour or two after Blunt's death Judith's grief had vanished. She wrote: "I pray that his soul may not rest until the wrong he has done has been refuted."

Blunt in his will, had made Dorothy Carleton heir to his estate.

Lord Lytton was brought up to detect his grandfather's lies and to write an admiring account of him. For all its lack of expert handling, it is still a highly readable narrative.

The squire was in the line of great English ecclesiastics.

The king-pin of the freedom fighters...

WHO LIVED TO SEE THE DAY. By Philippe de Vomécourt. Hutchinson. 25s.

WHAT! Yet another book about the French Resistance? Yes but this one is different.

Philippe de Vomécourt was in the game right from the start. He and his two brothers can fairly claim to have been the first organisers and leaders of underground activity in France.

He watched the movement grow from a single cell operating near Chateaufort into a vast network which embraced the whole country. He played a major role in its development.

He was ideally equipped for the task, constitutionally tough, an ardent patriot, a stubborn individualist. His physical valour which prompted him to defy the Germans at the outset, was matched by his moral courage which enabled him to stand up against the chairborne warriors and military politicians.

In perspective

His personal story is as exciting as any that came out of Occupied France. But his book, thrilling as it is to read, is more than a mere account

of heroism and hazards. Placed as he was in a king-pin position, he was able to assess the value of clandestine warfare simultaneously at two different levels—as an agent in the field and as a policy-maker behind the scenes.

This dual viewpoint serves, like a corrective lens, to put the Resistance in its true perspective.

Its military value has already been proved and de Vomécourt does not labour this point. What he stresses are the lessons to be learned from it, and the mistakes to be avoided in the future. For many mistakes were made. Disasters occurred not only through the carelessness or insecurity of those in the field but, also, through the lack of decision and co-ordination of their superiors at home.

There were many injustices too. Self-styled patriots who for personal or political gain had climbed on to the bandwagon at the last minute were officially recognised and rewarded, while genuine but less demonstrative heroes remained unused and unconsidered.

But, whatever its defects, no one can deny that the Resistance kept the flame of the French spirit burning and the soldier soul of France alive.

XAN FIELDING

—(London Express Service).

Haig SCOTCH WHISKY

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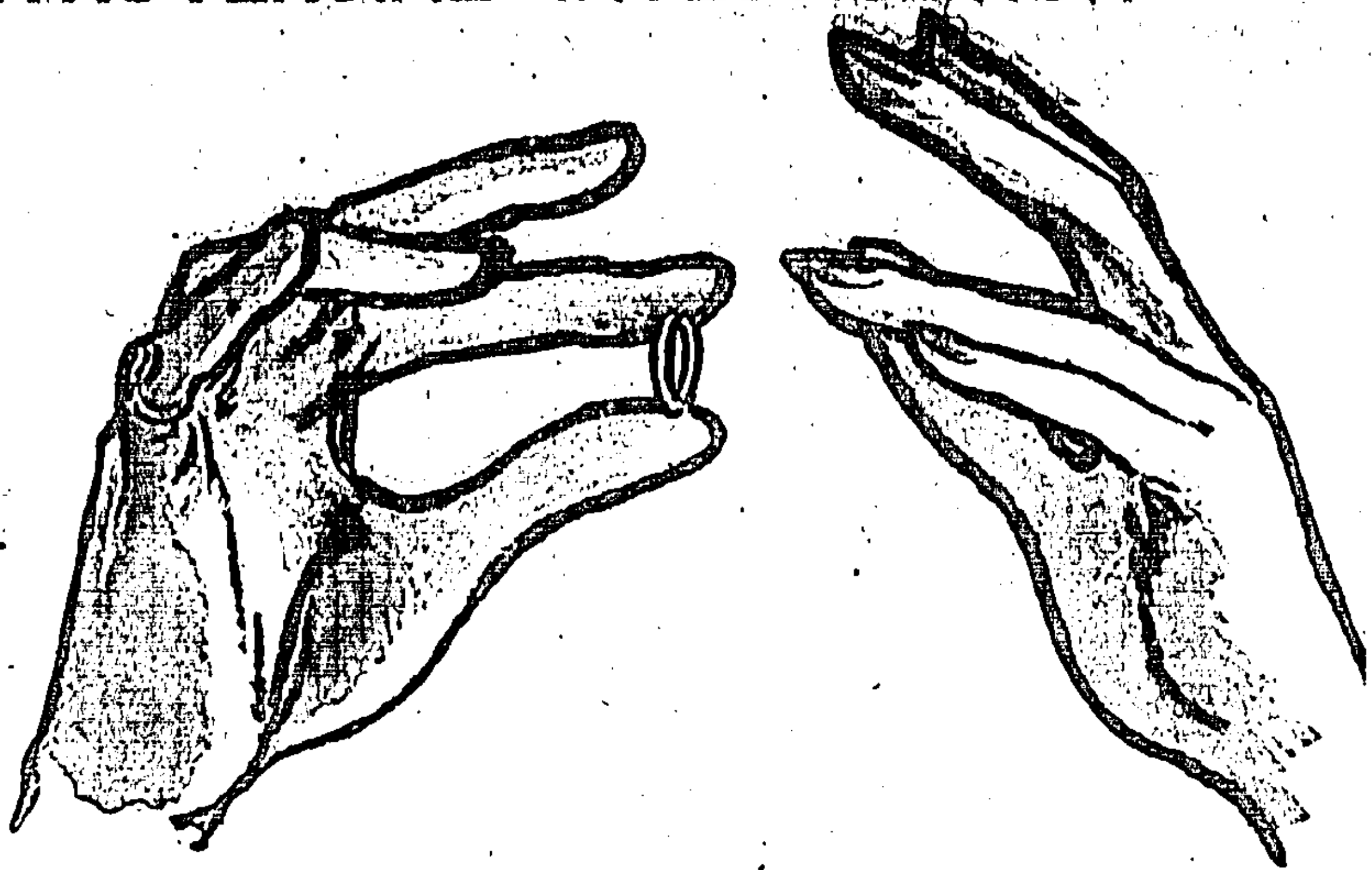


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A HIGHLY-CONTROVERSIAL INVESTIGATION THE EXPLOSIVE QUESTION... Does your husband sense the subtle change in marriage?



THIS is the tender, loving season and in the next few weeks 28,000 couples, filled with faith, will marry, believing all they have heard about love and marriage.

Together they will believe they are meant only for each other, that marriage is for happiness and for ever.

These tender, loving couples, most of them young, will see nothing unreal or unlikely in this. And they will probably not know that the pattern of marriage in Britain—indeed in the whole world—is considered by many authorities to be momentarily changing.

Fear

Dr. David Mace, a pioneer of the Marriage Guidance Council, has recently written:

"The break-up of the old type of family life... is now inevitable. It cannot be preserved intact in East or West, or anywhere else.

"We may well ask, in fear and trembling, what we are to put in its place."

What grounds are there for Dr. Mace's pessimistic views?

I have discussed them with sociologists, anthropologists and people like the author, although few go all the way with them, even fewer dismiss them altogether.

BY
**MERRICK
WINN**



And all agree that, while some of the changes in the marriage pattern are known already, there may be some, perhaps important, still to come but only guessed at now.

Let's look at some of the known changes—and at what could be wrong with marriage as it is, or with our attitude to it.

Marriage is more than ever popular, despite its apparently increased risks. More of the population are married, more are marrying.

Half the couples now marry without formal introduction. They pick one another out mostly in dance halls, often in the street.

Freedom

They know each other, on average, four years before marrying. They are engaged on average, for nine months. Nearly 75 per cent practise birth control after marriage.

Couples are marrying younger (with four brides in 10, marrying for the first time, under 21) because they have the money and the freedom, or they think it romantic, or the bride is pregnant.

The necessary marriages, involving one bride in six, need not all be shot-gun marriages, nor must they always turn out badly. When a baby is started there is usually love of a kind.

Besides, many young people—and older ones too—have shuffled off the old morality. This need not make them less loving, though it may make them lost for a while.

All the same, if recent trends go on one bride in four who marries aged 18-19 will eventually divorce. In the United States teenage brides account for half of the divorces.

Nearly 2,000 (7 per cent) of this month's 28,000 marriages will, sooner or later, also end in divorce, in most cases after more

than ten years, sometimes after more than 20.

What about the rest? Most of the couples will, naturally, go through a time of being disappointed in marriage. This will happen when they discover the wedded truth: that date comes in as well as love and can't be met by "share and share alike" and "have a sense of humour."

They will then divide into two groups.

Some will outgrow their disappointment and find it enough that they can live together, on the whole liking it. These are the "happy" marriages, the loving friendships.

Others will stay together but will still be disappointed, never having understood that heaven is rarely found on earth in or out of marriage.

It can be argued that these are marriages which, except for the children, might perhaps be better broken.

How many are there in each group? This is where I came upon deep controversy among the experts.

Mr. Joseph Brayshaw, secretary of the National Marriage Guidance Council, stands for the hopeful side and told me:

"I believe we are entering a more stable period in marriage. The divorce rate has declined, after the post-war boom, and now seems to have settled at

about twice what it was before the war.

"I think this basic increase means not that there are more unhappy marriages but that the unhappily married can now get divorced more easily and with less stigma.

"This in turn must surely mean the majority of couples who stay married must be happy."

But a London University anthropologist, not so hopeful, said:

"I wouldn't like to judge the nation's health by the death rate!"

He added: "I'd say we have many hidden bad marriages. And if we follow the Americans in their marriage trends as we seem to follow them in everything else, then I'd think we are due for real instability."

In the United States, says Dr. Mace, about half of all married couples rate themselves unhappy.

Guesses

Is Britain like this? Nobody can know and only a few have even the right to guess. Among these few are the family doctors.

One doctor, in a partnership which has 6,000 patients, told me: "I'd reckon 40 per cent of my patients' marriages are completely unsuccessful, 40 per cent are tolerable, and only 20 per cent are what I'd call happy."

And another: "You have to distinguish between people 'unhappily married' and unhappy people who would be unhappy whoever they married."

"In my view the second group vastly outnumbers the first but together they add up to 70 per cent of all marriages."

If these doctors are right it is not hard to find reasons. A psychologist who has specialised in marriage problems for many years told me:

"Our Western culture has got itself fixed on the adolescent level of love. You see this everywhere—in films, novels, TV, in the whole commercial cashing in on sex."

Lunacy

"Romantic love is natural—for adolescents. But it's strictly a happy lunacy. You believe unbelievable things. You stop believing them when you grow up."

"We haven't grown up. We falsify marriage as the adolescent boy falsifies his first girl. We glamorise it, instead of taking it just as a good and natural thing."

"We're suffering from marriage worship, and set standards for it that are in fact unattainable, build up expectations that can never be met."

"You can be married and be very happy. But happiness isn't the first purpose of marriage."

Here I found no controversy among the experts. The first purpose of marriage is the creation and protection of children.

You can't sentimentalise Nature. The truth, the biologists say, is pretty much as Dr. Johnson described it:—

"Marriages would in general be happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor upon due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the partners having any choice in the matter."

Change

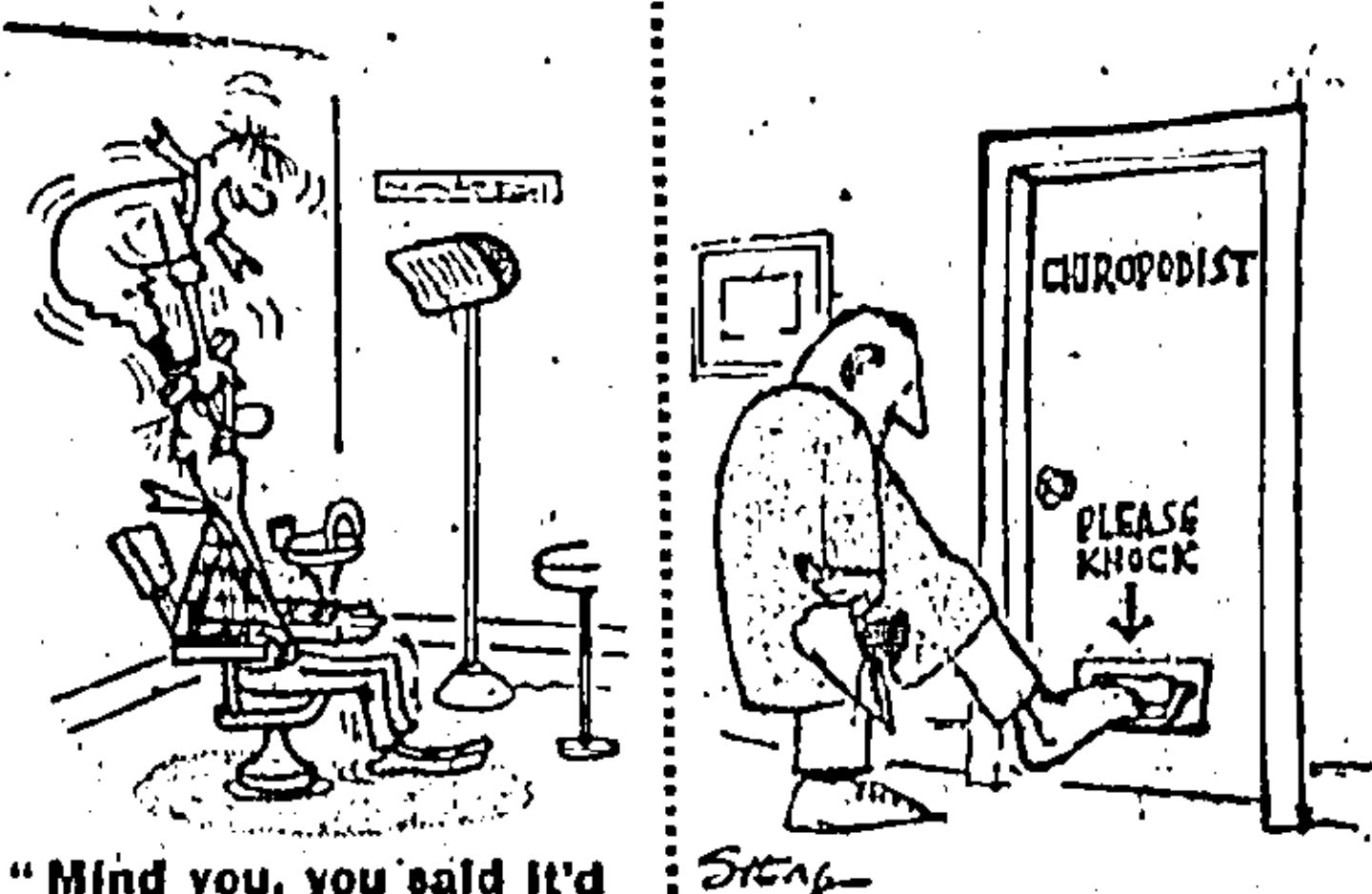
They have been doing roughly this in the East for 2,000 years with their systems of arranged marriages, with results far from perfect but as good as ours.

But we would not be wise to turn to the East, even if we wanted to, or could. They have troubles too. For Dr. Mace is right at least in this: all over the world the old ideas and ideas of marriage seem threatened with change.

The threat comes from an expected quarter. It comes from where men have feared for thousands of years it would come. It comes from women.

(London Express Service).

Cartoon



"Mind you, you said it'd be a difficult one!"



... and now Professor Club on how it escaped the Head-Girl's net."



"So your theory is, WE evolved from them."



"Really, Miss Hitler— I don't know what you see in that great hulking ape!"

IN A STATELY FRENCH CHATEAU A SON FINALLY FOLLOWS HIS FAMOUS FATHER

After 29 years comes a new Edgar Wallace thriller

by ROBERT PITMAN

"SMASHING," said 10-year-old Jonathan Pitman, as he looked from the window of the guest bedroom. "It's better than Buckingham Palace." Jonathan's judgment was not so naive. The 60-room chateau in which we were staying was one of the most beautiful and historic in France.

Centuries before Buckingham Palace was a palace at all, Bourbon princes had also looked with satisfaction from that window and whispered "Smashing" in medieval French.

But the man who had invited us there is no Bourbon. His lineage stems not from the royal banks of the Loire but from the bank of the Thames at Greenwich, where his father was brought up in a fish-porter's family.

He is Bryan Edgar Wallace, the eldest son of Edgar Wallace. Perhaps that, surprises you. Perhaps you were hardly aware that Edgar Wallace even had a son.

Bryan Wallace's name has not been in the headlines very often. It appeared briefly when his father's sudden death in 1932, when Bryan denounced the mediums who claimed to be relaying dictation from the great thriller-man's spirit.

It appeared later, in 1939, when Bryan divorced his first wife, Margaret Lane, the novelist, who then married the Earl of Huntingdon.

Heiress

In 1940 Bryan Wallace himself married again. His bride was Wyndine von Dyke Jones, an American heiress. For the next 12 years he worked quietly as a British diplomat in Spain. His name has cropped up from time to time in connection with his father's books. But he has never published a book of his own. Never, that is, until now.

For I had come to the rich Tolly valley to examine a fascinating development in

British publishing. At the age of 57, the son of Edgar Wallace has recently published his first book. Its title: **DEATH PACKS A SUITCASE** (Hodder and Stoughton, 15s.). It is a thriller, naturally.

Wallace met us at Tours station. A tall man, with a donnish stoop and a donnish manner. Not quite the Edgar Wallace manner, in other words. But there was no mistaking the hawk-like Wallace profile.

From Tours we drove off another 40 miles. Past the vast chateau at Chinon where Jonathan first met the Dauphin, past the street where Richard Lionheart died.

Finally we saw a wall running across the fields and through the woods. "That's the wall round our estate," said Bryan Wallace. "It goes on for four miles."

"When Wyndine first wanted to buy the chateau everyone advised her against it. They said it would be quite impossible to run. But I could see she had set her heart on it."

I was somewhat daunted by the thought of Wyndine. Then we arrived inside the great archway of the Chateau and I was daunted no longer.

Instantly Jonathan was taken over by a genial, bright-eyed American woman.

He was told about the strawberries which were waiting for him to pick; about the hidden mysteries of the moated chateau.

Soon, guided by Wyndine, his eager, scuffling feet were echoing from vaulted halls and stone stairs.

Bryan Wallace told me: "Wyndine bought the place for its beauty. But it could mean security too if ever the roof fell in—the economic roof, I mean. We have our own farm here, our own vines, our own rivers for fish. If necessary we could shut our doors on the world and live without outside funds."

I looked at the pictures on the walls, a Fragonard, a glowing Spanish master. On a table was a silver inkwell. It was a gift from a Fleet-street office inscribed "To Edgar Wallace."

It commemorated his years in South Africa—the vital years which Bryan's father began as a private in the Regular Army (he had joined up to escape semi-starvation as a house-painter) and which turned him into a successful war-reporter.

Agreed

Bryan Wallace smiled and said: "My father was a strange man, a difficult man. Once I was asked to captain the British boat-sleigh team in the world championship at Caux. At the time I was working in British Lion studios, of which my father was chairman."

"He wasn't keen for me to take leave to go to Caux—secretly I suppose he didn't

want me injured. But eventually I put it to him in a way which I knew would interest him as a betting man. I said: 'Let us practice. If the bookmakers put us among the first four favourites then let me go ahead and compete.'"

"He agreed. We were placed third in the betting. But then he asked me to return at once. I wrote explaining that I proposed going on according to our agreement. On the morning of the race I was handed a huge telegram. I can remember the words now: it said:—

"I WISH TO HAVE NOTHING FURTHER TO DO WITH YOU STOP AM CONTINUING YOUR ALLOWANCE FOR ONE YEAR AFTER WHICH YOU MUST SHIFT FOR YOURSELF STOP AM HAVING ALL YOUR THINGS MOVED TO PARK LANE HOTEL I DO NOT WANT YOU TO COME TO THE HOUSE AGAIN AND YOU ARE BANNED FROM THE STUDIO AND ALL THEATRES UNDER MY CONTROL STOP PLEASE DO NOT WRITE I WILL NOT READ YOUR LETTERS STOP IF YOU HAVE ANY COMMUNICATION TO MAKE THE NAME OF MY SOLICITORS IS ANDREW WOOD PURVES AND SUTTON."

"Sure enough, when I got back, I found that all my things had been moved to the hotel. But then he asked me to see him and when I did he simply told me about Caux as if nothing else had happened. The quarrel was over."

With him and specially placed the bust there. The last owner before us still made his granddaughters curtsy to Louis whenever they went downstairs."

Below stood a suit of armour. "Golly," said Jonathan, "I hoped there would be one of those."

Wyndine Wallace lifted up one of the steel feet. Under it were some keys. She said: "We don't keep the keys under the door-mat. We keep them under the knight's right foot."

Later we went to the wonderful chapel which is known as the finest stained-glass in France. Mrs. Wallace said: "It is our private chapel. The priest came to me to ask permission to hold the annual service for St. Louis which takes place every August. And I am a Protestant! I told him that he had my permission for ever. The chapel was shockingly neglected inside when we came. I want to make it as beautiful as it once was."

Her hand rested on a kneeling ruff-necked statue. "That is Henri di Bourbon. There is a quaint tradition here that any girl who kisses his shoulder will be married before the year is out. No one knows how it started, but I keep having to rub off the lipstick traces."

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At work

The next morning when Jonathan and I woke someone was already at work in a room above the courtyard. Bryan Wallace was busy finishing his next thriller.

Why had he waited till his father's death to write novels? In his workshop, surrounded by charts showing the movements and interplay of his characters, he told me:

"Wyndine has always wanted me to write a thriller. But I wanted to write something far more serious than fiction." He picked up a heavy manuscript.

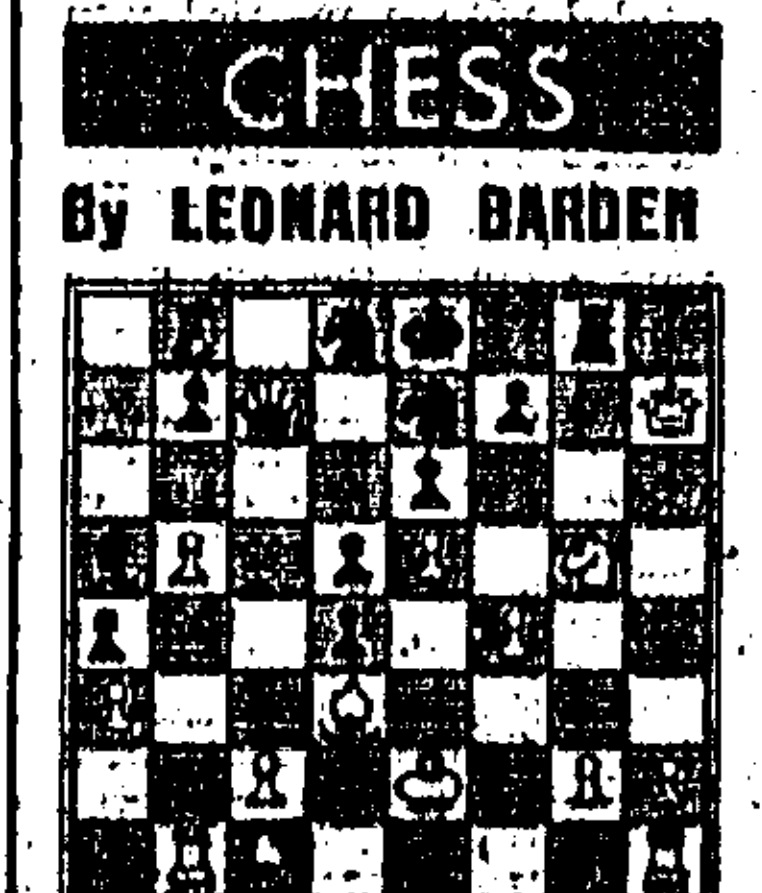
Excellent

I believe that is excellent news for the bookshops. As we left the chateau we talked of the next guest expected there—the mother of Fabiola, Queen of the Belgians. But I was thinking of someone very different—of the dreaming, threadbare boy in the Greenwich fish porter's family.

There are many things about his son's life today that would please Edgar Wallace. Not the least is the stud-farm for racehorses which, in part of the chateau's estate, ("He lost half-a-million on horses in the two or three years before he died," his son told me.)

And **DEATH PACKS A SUITCASE** Having read it, and having noted its uncanny resemblance to his own books—with their verve and crackling pace—I feel that Edgar Wallace would approve of that most of all.

London Express Service.



It is a position from actual play; White to move and win. London Express Service.

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Soccer Ambassadors collect nearly a quarter of a million votes!

Nearly a quarter of a million votes had been cast in the Ambassador of Football contest which ended last night. The public response was tremendous: the interest in the fluctuations of the poll was a real eye-opener.

Thirty-nine players received votes for a place in the Senior side and support was forthcoming for 25 players in the Junior section.

One of the big bright moments in the voting came on Thursday morning when supporters arrived at the voting booth with 10,000...yes...nineteen thousand...votes for young Wong Sze-keung!

The whole concept of the competition has given a refreshing touch to the typically drab end-of-season atmosphere and Hongkong Bottlers—along with their associates in the project, BOAC, West Kiu Yai, Po Rediffusion and, in all modesty, the China Mail—are due congratulations for their sporting efforts in making Hongkong's first Ambassadors of Football contest such a resounding success.

Final stage

Now the proceedings move into their final decisive stage.

The names of the 11 players who topped the Senior and Junior polls go forward to the Special Selection Committee and, while the votes they received in the public ballot will no doubt be remembered as an indication of general, and no doubt partisan, support, each set of eleven players will start equal in

the eyes of the Committee. Each player will be considered on his merits and the one in each group most likely to derive the greatest benefit from a visit to Blackpool, and most capable of passing on that benefit when he returns to the Colony, will be nominated.

Two among 22 Hongkong players now stand right on the edge of a wonderful experience. The big question now is...who are they? We shall have to wait a few more days before we can supply the answer.

A modern jet-propelled magic carpet awaits: a good old fashioned golden opportunity lies ahead...here's luck to those who now so anxiously await the final decisions.

★ ★ ★

"Football as we know it today—in spite of its undoubted popularity and its imposing history—is still in the infancy of its development as public entertainment. Those who have controlled it so far have almost completely missed an understanding

of its potential and I predict that in 50 years from now the whole character and presentation of the game will have changed completely."

These words are contained in a letter written by a frightened sportsman who has been attending the current American Soccer Tournament in New York. He is a man who knows what he is talking about and whose opinion is frequently sought at international level. If his first words are striking those that follow are no less so.

In an interesting review of the development of soccer he says: "Modern football had its birth in the United Kingdom and even in these days of far-fetched claims, few will dispute that. With cricket firmly entrenched as the accepted summer sport, football was pursued as a winter activity."

Strange

"Maybe it was a feeling of bravado, maybe it was a case of the joy of living and achievement...or, more likely it was sheer ignorance...but, for some strange reason, it seemed right to the early players and officials that the game should be played in slush, snow, mud, ice or in strength sapping near-Arctic conditions when it was an act of courage to turn out and a major achievement merely to stay on one's feet."

"How can football—real football be played in such conditions? Frankly it cannot but it is this stubborn determination to prove how tough it can be that is counting heavily against British football today."

"As the game in its path of progress spread out from the British Isles it travelled north, south, east and west and in many cases it reached places which enjoyed 'cricket' weather, and better, the whole year round. Instead of wasting their strength and energy trying to kick a sodden ball through a sea of mud or trying to keep their balance on a treacherous icy surface the players of the New Soccer Zones were able to concentrate on artistry and ball-control safe in the knowledge that only in the most exceptional circumstances would they ever be troubled with a ten-weight ball and quagmire of a pitch."

"In many countries where this idealistic situation did not exist all the year round the organizers intelligently called a halt during the bad months and resumed their domestic competitions when better conditions returned. In the mid-season break many of the clubs went on overseas tours to improve their knowledge, as well as their bank balances, and to my mind that is a much more sensible time to take on unknown opposition than at the end of a long tiring season ankle deep in mud or British mud."

'Offbeat' conceptions

"Several times in recent years I have seen both the England and Scotland international teams beaten in Europe. The records will show they lost against this or that country on a certain date but it is my opinion they lost because months before in the queuing surfaces of Old Trafford...White Hart Lane...Ibrox...Tynecastle and many more like them."

"Today one hears a tremendous lot of talk about reforms and while I firmly believe there will be some fundamental changes in British football I also believe the most important innovations will be forced upon the home associations by revolutionary thinking and action now becoming evident in other parts of the world."

"Recently I had an opportunity to exchange opinions and views with leaders of the game in some of the more progressive countries and I was shaken by the—I think the appropriate modern term which I learned from my teenage daughter is—'offbeat'...conceptions I encountered."

"Frankly some of it was a little frightening to my conservative mind, but now on reflection I find it all most stimulating. One Spanish gentleman told me he looked forward to the day when soccer became an INDOOR sport."

By I. M. MacTAVISH

when every stadium would have a protective dome: when every game would be presented like a grand gala show with spectators enjoying the theatrelike comfort. He pointed out that if a ballet dancer could not perform perfectly on firm ground one day, on a waterlogged surface the next and on a sheet of ice on the one following it, why should a footballer, who is nowadays a highly paid public entertainer, be expected to do so?

Super stadium

"It seemed a sound enough argument and when I left the Spaniard to talk football with a South American millionaire—who incidentally described himself as...an impresario of football and sport...I was almost an immediate convert to the belief that the soccer pitch would become, in the not very distant future, a sort of super stage. I didn't realise just how quickly I was going to get proof of this...strong, steel and concrete proof."

"The Brazilian with whom I had a lunch appointment brought an American from Texas along with him and, having heard all the popular stories I expected something big. I was not disappointed. On the contrary I listened in fascination and looked at pictures which appeared recently in the United Kingdom. It read 'The world's first and only covered air-conditioned stadium seating 65,000 is now under construction at Houston, Texas. It is going to be the last word in sports presentation.'"

"Planned as a venue for football, baseball, boxing and conventions its playing field and seating accommodation are completely roofed over. Furthermore, the grass will grow inside, for the roof is to be of translucent plastic which will admit the range of light spectrum necessary for the turf's cultivation."

"There will be no trouble with smoke or hot air. This will be extracted from the top of the domed roof 202 feet above the playing field."

"Every minute 250,000 cubic feet of fresh air will be drawn into the stadium. Floodlighting will be laid on for evening events and when football is being played the dirt areas on the baseball diamond will be turfed over to provide a perfect grass surface."

Intriguing feature

"Probably the most intriguing feature of all is that when the arena is converted to a baseball stadium it will need only the pressing of a button and the stands, holding 10,000 seats, will move round on steel rails until they are parallel with the football sidelines."

"Of course this sort of thing costs money—although no one in Texas seems particularly worried about that—and the bill for the new Houston stadium will come to just \$2,700,000."

"It is believed some of the visiting South American officials were most interested in this project. The latest reports suggest that at least two covered stadia will be constructed there in the near future...and it is no secret that the big thinking Spaniards are also interested."

"I feel a little overawed by it all. When you realise this particular stadium is going to cost just 123,200,000 Hongkong dollars I'm sure you will know why. At that sort of price grandiose football reforms are far beyond the reach of communities much bigger and wealthier than ours...unless, of course, we can strike oil at Soekunpo."

★ ★ ★

Don't ever believe the suggestion that soccer referees have no sense of humour. Some of them definitely possess such a quality...and one I can

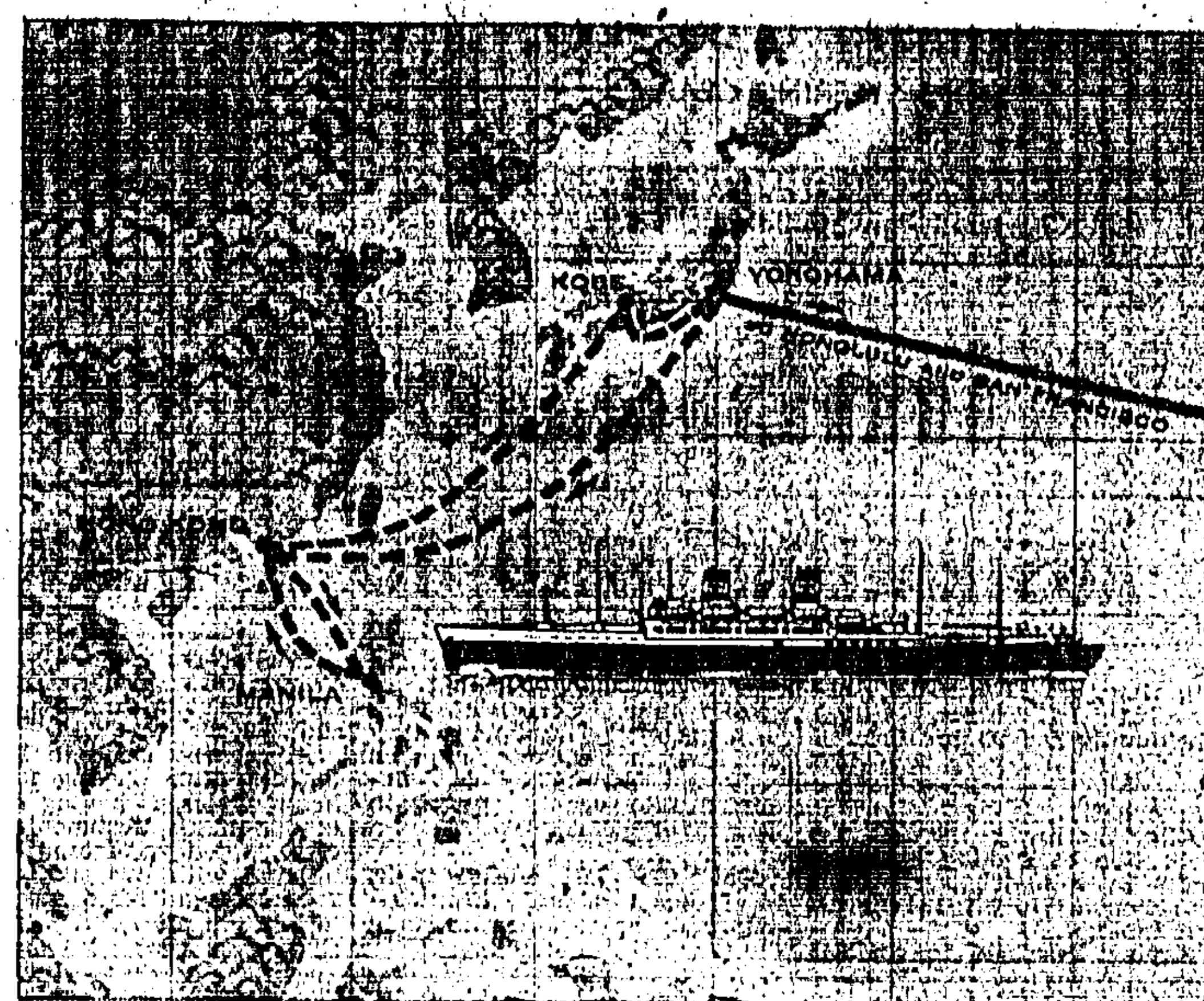
tell you about this week has it in generous measure.

After refereeing a rather boisterous match between two youth sides in Wales he submitted a report which read: "The winners behaved like jubilant delinquents. The losers were not quite so adult."

Full marks... Mr. Referee...here's more power to your whistle.

★ ★ ★

This week's tale-wagger concerns a contrast in care. Looking down on Soekunpo one can see the playing surface of the Hongkong Stadium being nursed skillfully back to sparkling green health on a treatment of complete rest and expert care while nearby, at Caroline Hill and on the Army Sports Ground, the already deep scars and ravages are being relentlessly torn still deeper and wider as game after game and training spill after training spill go on, apparently endlessly. Both grounds have already lost a full month of their vital recuperation spell and are quite browned off. The way things are going they will look pretty tired and jaded when September comes along. We shall have to open a Colony branch of the SPBDFP...the Society for the Protection of Battered and Defenceless Football Pitches.



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FUTURE SAILINGS TO MANILA:

SS PRESIDENT HOOVER.....	July 4
SS PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.....	July 18
SS PRESIDENT WILSON.....	Aug. 11
SS PRESIDENT HOOVER.....	Aug. 22
SS PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.....	Sept. 1
SS PRESIDENT WILSON.....	Sept. 27



7 CONNAUGHT ROAD CENTRAL • HONG KONG

COUNTY CRICKET

Hants still in the lead despite defeat; Middlesex now second

London, June 30.

Hampshire, leaders of the English Cricket County Championship table, battled badly against the Middlesex spin attack at Lord's today, and were beaten by 131 runs. But they kept their lead at the top of the table.

Middlesex moved up to second place at the expense of Yorkshire, who met unexpectedly stiff resistance from Derbyshire at Sheffield and had to be content with four points from a drawn match. Yorkshire dropped down to third place. A century by Bob Gale enabled Middlesex to set Hampshire to make 281 in 210 minutes.

Wild strokes

Alan Moss soon took the vital wicket of West Indian Roy Marshall when Hampshire went in and afterwards Hampshire's other leading batsman proceeded to get themselves out by the use of some very wild strokes. Derek Morgan and Ian Buxton battled defiantly for Derbyshire, and Yorkshire were left to make 100 at two to the minute. They lost quick wickets to fast bowlers Jackson and Rhodes and had made 75 for six wickets by the close.

England's captain, Colin Cowdrey, who failed in the second Test against Australia at Lord's, and who was out first ball in the first innings against Nottinghamshire at Tunbridge Wells, hit peak form in the second innings and his 135 out of 108 in two-and-a-quarter hours enabled Kent to score an exciting win.

Exciting finish

Kent, set to make 224 at 70 an hour, reached their target with two wickets in hand and three minutes of the extra half-hour to spare.

Northamptonshire ended a run of seven successive defeats by beating Worcestershire.

Sports Diary

TODAY

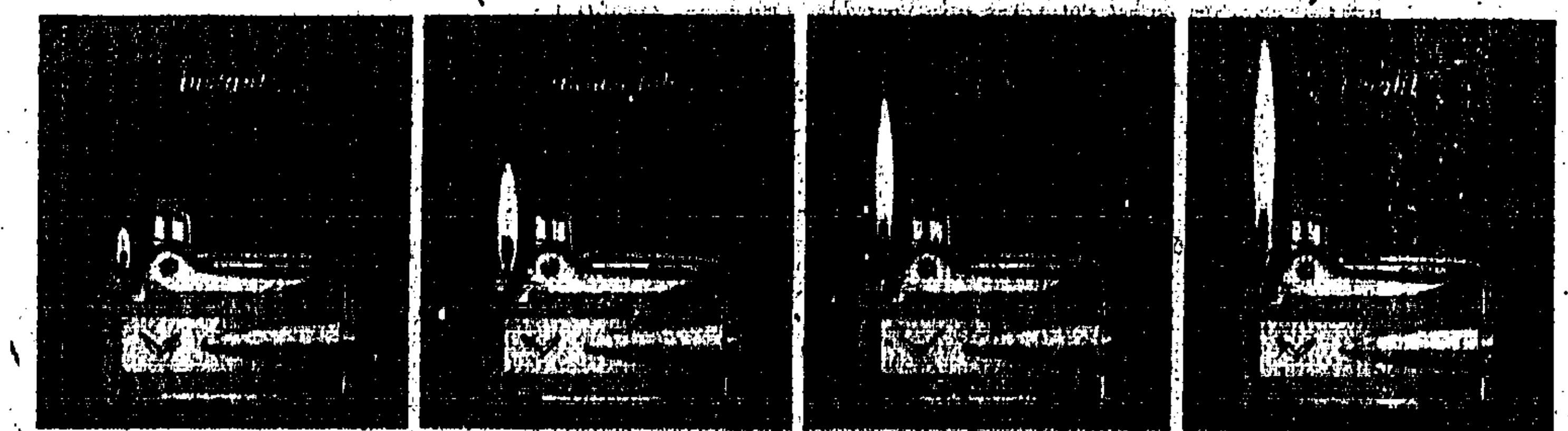
Annual Round The Island walk from Government House, 8.45 pm.
Lawn bowls.
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Div 100: Herts v Kent, 9.30 am.



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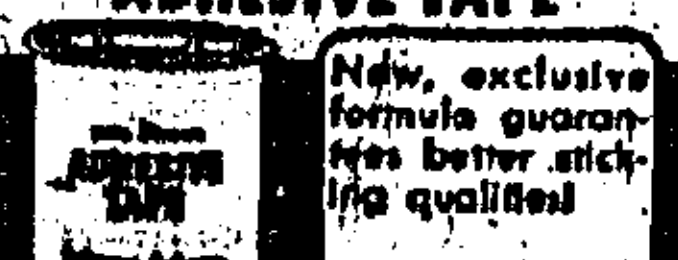
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CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1961.



Wimbledon reaching last eight

AUSTRALIANS HELD TO A DRAW

Taunton, June 30. Bill Alley, the 43-year-old Australian left-hander, battled brilliantly for 95 in helping Somerset force a draw against the Australian cricket tourists here today.

Alley narrowly missed the distinction of making two centuries in a match against his countrymen. He hit 134 in the first innings.

Runs in four hours after the second time, Somerset were soon out of the hunt when they lost their first wickets for seven runs and after Alley was dismissed the county were in danger of defeat.

But the last wicket pair, Brian Langford and Ken Bid-dulph, stayed together, resisting the new ball, to add 20.

Final scores were: Australians 440, for three declared and 202 for four declared; Somerset 208 and 230 for nine.

Alley, who came to England in 1948 after playing for New South Wales, is having his best season in his Testimonial year. His 95 today, scored in 123 minutes with two sixes and 15 fours, brought his aggregate for the season to 1,081, which includes five centuries.—Reuter.

Emerson, Sangster, Krishnan and Ayala in quarter-finals

London, June 30. Third favourite Roy Emerson, 24-year-old champion of Australia, and unseeded Michael Sangster, 20, of Britain, both moved confidently into the quarter-finals of the men's singles at Wimbledon today.

In torrid heat, Emerson won 6-3, 6-1, 6-1 in less than an hour against Roger Taylor, 19-year-old son of a Sheffield steel worker, who is one of Britain's up-and-coming youngsters.

The tall wiry Australian was far too experienced for Taylor with his low trajectory shots and fast angled volleys.

Taylor struggled against Emerson, who must have a great chance of taking the title if his higher rated countrymen, Neale Fraser and Rod Laver, fail.

Two six-footers

Neither Fraser nor Laver were in action today. Only four of the eight fourth round men's matches were down for decision.

With a shade temperature of well over 80 degrees, the sun-drenched Centre Court arena was like a cauldron when Sangster, with killing service power, overcame South Africa's Abe Segal 8-0, 6-0, 6-4, in a 100-minute battle between two strapping six-footers.

The 30-year-old South African left-hander had eliminated seeded Spaniard Manuel Santana in an earlier round, but he never looked likely to master the fast and flexible Sangster after the opening exchanges.

Sangster, son of a Torquay hotel head porter, has been holding the No. 2 spot in Britain's Davis Cup team this season after a highly successful winter tour of Australia.

Britain, who introduced lawn tennis to the world, has not provided even a semi-finalist in the men's singles at Wimbledon for 23 years.

Sangster, with no surviving "seed" in his section of the draw, has the power and fighting qualities to end that dismal run.

Yet to lose a set

Later in the day, Chilean champion Luis Ayala, seeded sixth, and Indian star, Ramanathan Krishnan, the 7th seeded player, reached their appointed places among the last eight.

On the Centre Court, Luis Ayala, who quietly fancies himself as a Wimbledon champion, showed the benefit of recent coaching from professional ace Pancho Gonzales by beating Britain's Billy Knight 9-7, 6-4, 6-2.

The chunky Chilean has yet to concede a set.

His quarter-final opponent will almost certainly be Laver, Wimbledon runner-up for the past two years.

Krishnan, a superb touch player, defeated Mexican Antonio Palafox on the adjacent No. 1 Show Court by 4-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-1.

The agile Mexican resisted more strongly than the score would suggest and the match produced some of the best

Schwepes

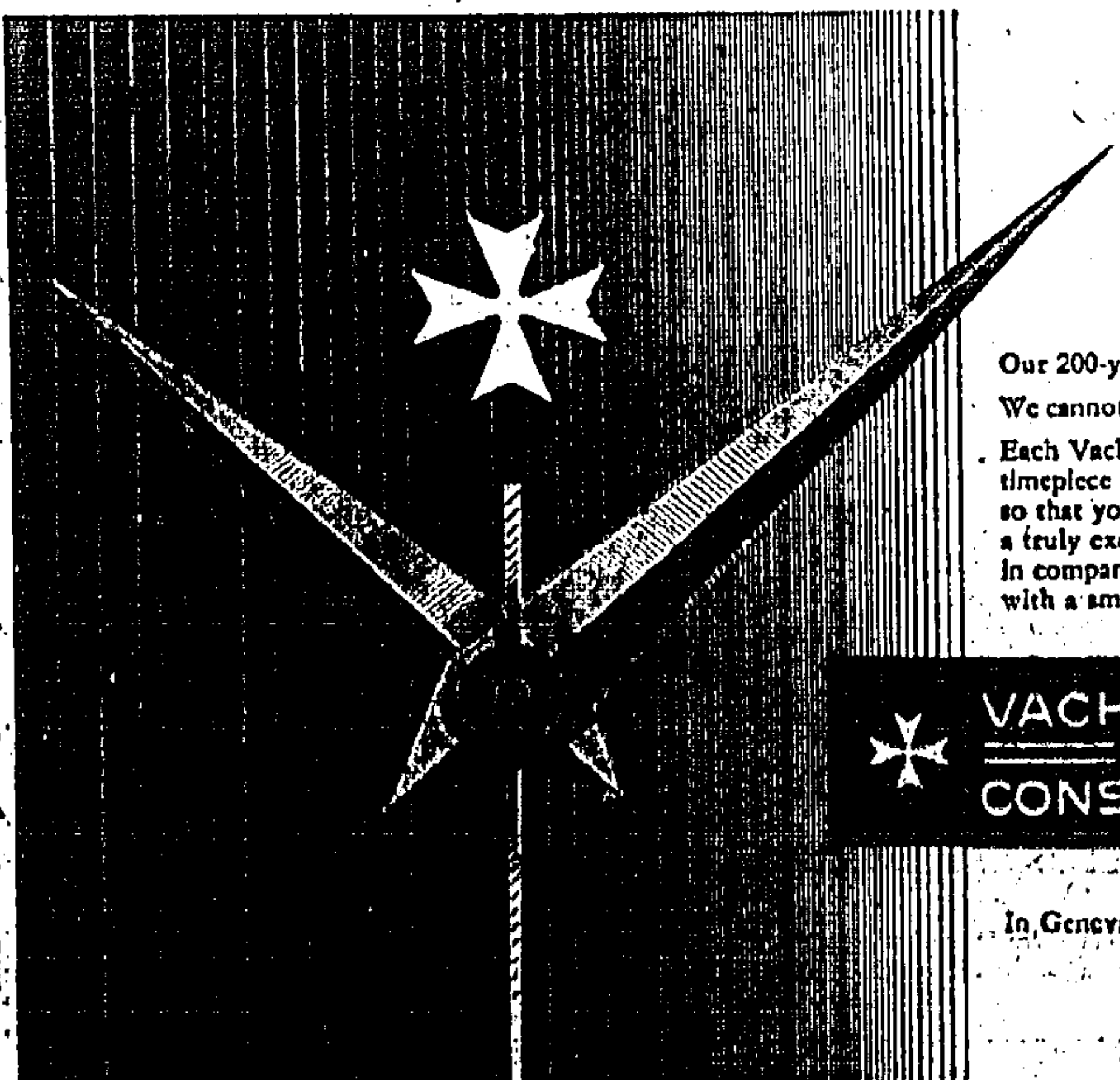
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Pone Kingpetch in Hongkong

Tokyo, June 30. Thailand's world flyweight champion, Pone Kingpetch and his manager, Nal Thongthos, left Tokyo for Hongkong today after Pone successfully defended his title against Mitsunori Seki here, on Tuesday.

Nal Thongthos said they would stop overnight in Hongkong and fly on to Bangkok tomorrow.

Madureiras draw in Hungary

Debrecen, June 30. The Madureira Football Club of Brazil tonight held Debrecen, an East-Hungary XI, to a 1-1 draw in a floodlit match here.—AP.

NOTICE

The undersigned Company will cease to operate the Broadway Theatre at Nos. 663-673 Nathan Road, Kowloon as from the First July, 1961.

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SAILS: The ship is expected to sail at 5.00 p.m. on Tuesday, 4th July, 1961.

BAGGAGE: Should be sent to the Hongkong & Kowloon Wharf Co's Godown (No. 2 Gate) Canton Road, between 8.00 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. on Monday, 3rd July, 1961.

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